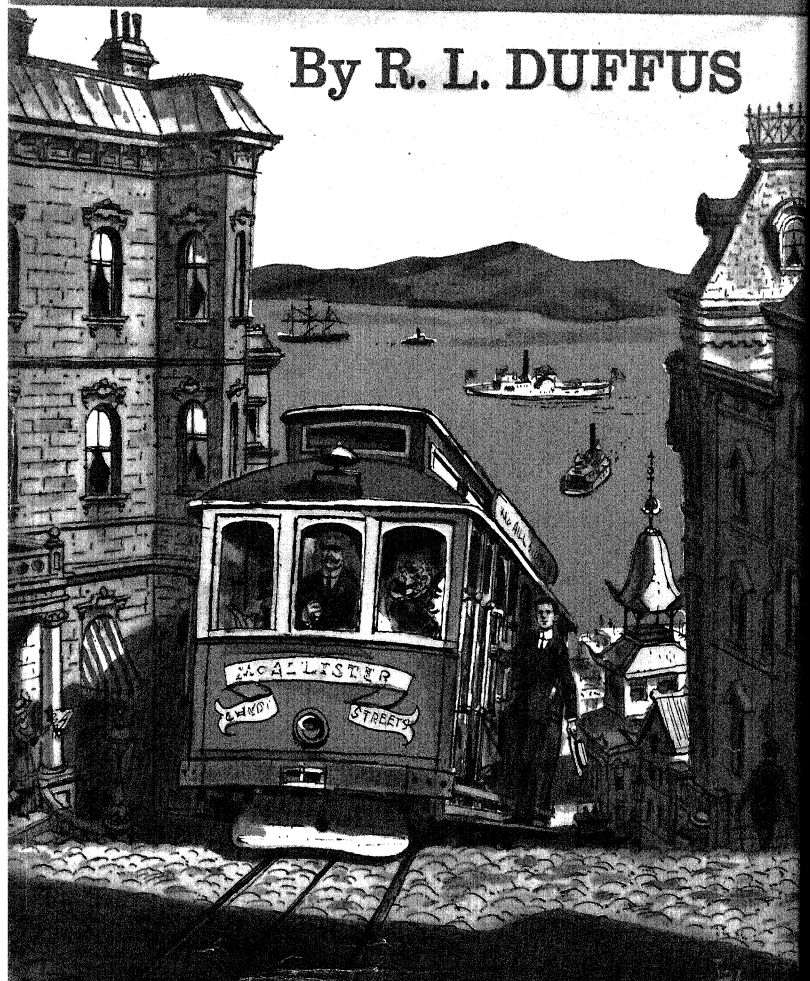


THE TOWER OF JEWELS

MEMORIES OF SAN FRANCISCO

By R. L. DUFFUS



THE TOWER OF JEWELS

Memories of San Francisco

By R. L. DUFFUS

The Tower of Jewels is the story of a great editor, Fremont Older, of a dramatically significant newspaper, *The San Francisco Bulletin*, and incidentally of a young man (as he then was) who between 1911 and 1918 served as a *Bulletin* reporter and later as *The Bulletin's* chief (and only) editorial writer.

This is also, in part, the story of a tumultuous and unrestrained city, which took crime and corruption in its stride but also experienced the joy of living; which was frequently sinful but always democratic; which made the young reporter and editorial writer love it even when he was dismayed by some of its failings, weaknesses and injustices.

Fremont Older was an editor who built up his newspaper's circulation by sensational stories, who worked hard to get sinners into jail and just as hard to get them out, who was not too snobbish to be a friend of millionaires nor too proud to exchange ideas with ex-prisoners; who stood for the rights of labor but had no use for labor leaders who exploited labor; whose heart was as big as all outdoors, so that he could weep without shame at the sorrows of a woman of the street; who could forgive those who did him harm, and whose bitterness was reserved for such impersonal things as prisons, unjust laws, hypocrisy and arrogance.

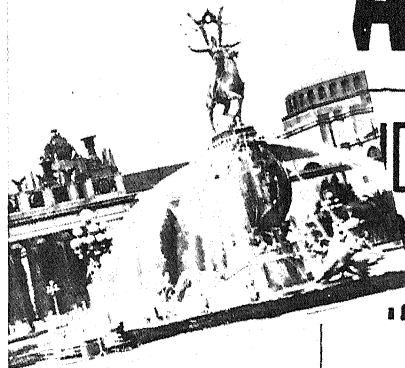
The author of *The Tower of Jewels* remembers and describes the hopes and dreams of his generation, partly as exemplified in the Panama Pacific Exposition of 1915 — a beautiful interlude, as he pictures it, before America was caught in the First World War.

MAIN

Bulletin

SAN FRANCISCO MONDAY EVE

WAY N



ABRAHAM RUEF.



10 \$000 LUMER "JAI POT"

Witness Tells Conversation in Which Payment Was Made.

WASHINGTON, 17.—The \$100,000 legislature "K" about which revolved charges in the election of Senator Lorimer in the testimony at the open today's hearing before the Scribner committee.

William Burgess and treasurer of an electrolytic company of Duluth, Minn., testified before the Senate that on a running out of Duluth about March, C. P. Wiehe, who is associated with Edward Hines, told him that "there was a bribe paid to elect Mr. Lorimer. I know I am talking about, because I subscribed \$10,000 to it myself."

Mr. Burgess today about this conversation said he and Wiehe had not before that day. They began conversing in the smoking car.

Burgess said today a remark about the Lorimer election, which finally led to the fact, whom, he said, was Wiehe, that Burgess "did not know" much about it.

Shortly afterwards, according to the witness today, Wiehe said: "There was a jackpot for the election. I know what I am talking about, because I subscribed \$10,000 myself."

"Didn't you think strange that a perfect stranger would make a confession of such corruption to you?" asked Senator.

Fourteen-Year-Old Victim of Dread Disease at New York

NEW YORK, July 17.—Fourteen-year-old victim of dread disease at New York continued today, with expert help, the local department. The 240 persons arrived here two weeks ago on the steamer Moltke and are under observation. A more time will be enforced at land, where fifteen cases are confined, with under suspicion.

Another death from cholera occurred at the Swinburn hospital during the night, fatal six. The latest victim, Parader, aged 14. The officers said today that Hoffman Island were at steamer Perugia from Russian is still at anchor, while her passengers are under observation.

SITUATION These cases, with the have occurred since the germ here from the reality of the danger from the epidemic in southern Europe.

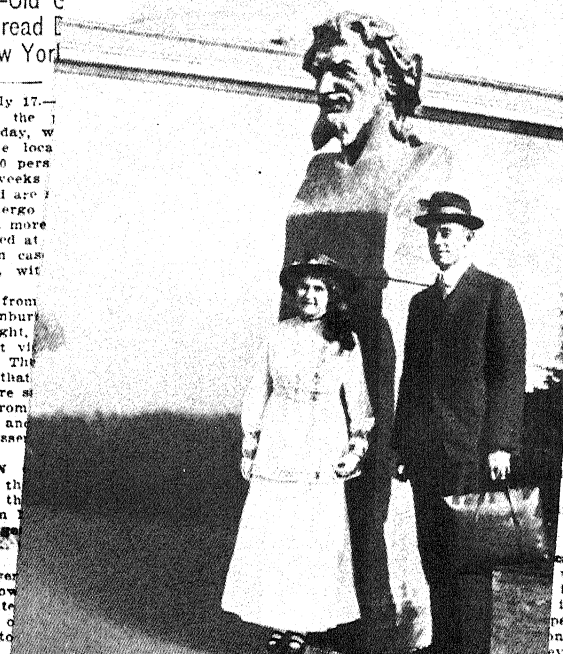
While nothing epidemic exists here now, receiving greater attention H. Doty, health officer, has felt called on to issue statement.

Dr. Doty says that can be received in one way through the mouth—and that there is no danger in ordinary contact with persons who have the disease.



JAP LATELY NOW IN EFFECT

HOTEL CLERK AND PORTER ARE HELD UP



Armed and Robs Victims and Escapes.

Armed and Robs Victims and Escapes. A pair of automobile highwayman held up Frank Lawson, clerk, and food, porter, at the Charles Eddy street, early this morning, successfully escaping after being followed for several blocks by Police Officer O'Connor.

Escaping from the hotel, the man forced Lawson and Haxton into a small room behind the hotel and carefully locked the door. The two men escaped, and gave the alarm to the men, who chased the fugitives.

The porter, was alone in the hotel at 5 o'clock this morning when an intruder entered. Lawson, clerk, had gone to the rear of the hotel for a moment, and was known to the highwayman. The place, the highwayman saw "Frank," referring to his first name. The porter called the clerk.

The stranger also disappeared in a rear part of the hall. He in a moment, however, wearing a pair of automobile goggles, appeared in his hand. Covering the men, he commanded them to put up their hands. They readily obeyed and as they held their hands up he hurried behind the desk and rifled the contents of the cash drawer.

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The tower of jewels.



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THE TOWER OF JEWELS

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THE WATERBURY RECORD
THE TOWER OF JEWELS

THE TOWER OF JEWELS

*Memories
of
San Francisco*

B Y

R. L. DUFFUS



W · W · NORTON & COMPANY · INC ·
NEW YORK

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FIRST EDITION

Library of Congress Catalog Card No. 60-16482

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
FOR THE PUBLISHERS BY THE VAIL-BALLOU PRESS

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

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Foreword

THIS memoir has unavoidably the autobiographical form, but I intend it as a tribute to a man—a great editor—a newspaper staff, and a generation that is now old or departed.

I have depended on my own recollections for most of the contents, supplementing them whenever it was convenient with supporting material. I have used little oral assistance from those who lived through the days and years I have tried to describe. Their memories would not be precisely mine, though they would be rich and I would value them.

Indeed, I think the truth is somewhere between what actually happened and what we remember. I would not attempt to draw the boundary lines.

All I am sure of is that what I remember, of men, women and events, during the years I re-live in this small book, stirs my heart, and I wish I could have found better words to say so.

I am indebted to Evelyn Wells for permission to quote from her excellent biography of Fremont Older. I am also indebted to my wife, Leah Louise Duffus, who read the manuscript and made suggestions. I would be indebted to many other friends if I had not decided that the best way to write this book was mainly to set down what I remembered.

THE TOWER OF JEWELS

CHAPTER ONE

First Day at School

THE World Almanac in 1911 made two bold statements: first, "Students of the industry assert that the day is not far distant when the power-driven wagon, in its various forms, will entirely displace horses in the great centers of population"; second, "The movement in behalf of universal peace between the nations has made great progress in recent years in the interest it has created and in the number and character of its advocates."

That excellent reference book furnished other information that is still of significance. The United States produced 190,000 automobiles during 1911. Its population was 92,174,515. The average income of bankers and brokers, those sinful children of luxury, as some of us impetuous youngsters regarded them, was \$7,726. The public debt was \$2,831,330,305.66, and it was expected that the 66 cents would soon be paid off. In 1911 Congress appropriated \$663,725,794.84, and some persons said the 84 cents were sheer waste.

There was no Federal income tax in 1911, although one was soon to be authorized by constitutional amendment. I supported this amendment, in the belief that I would never have enough income to pay any tax. The national death

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rate was about 15 a thousand. In San Francisco—a fascinatingly dangerous place—it was about 20 a thousand. First-class postage was two cents an ounce domestic, five cents an ounce foreign. Mail went overseas by steamer.

In 1911 Calbraith P. Rodgers made a record-breaking airplane flight across the continent: he left New York City on Sept. 17 and arrived in Pasadena, California, on Nov. 5.

In 1912 California was to be the sixth state to adopt woman suffrage.

Most of these things seemed natural and normal to me in 1911 and 1912. Those that weren't natural and normal were news, some of which I wrote.

1

My first sight of the offices of *The San Francisco Bulletin* was in May, 1911, when I went to Fremont Older, the paper's managing editor and presiding genius, with a letter of introduction from Ida M. Tarbell. Miss Tarbell was then at the height of her reputation as a writer for the liberal magazines and as a biographer of Abraham Lincoln.

Mr. Older gave me audience and listened because he knew and loved Ida Tarbell, and also, as I now realize, because he thought a Stanford graduate with a good scholastic record and an open mind might be useful to *The Bulletin*.

In my customary fashion I did my best to unsell myself. I said I didn't know the town. Mr. Older said that didn't matter—I would learn it. I said I hadn't had any journalistic experience in college, forgetting to mention that I had had plenty of it, after its sort, in the offices of the *Waterbury (Vt.) Record*, Harry Whitehill, Publisher. I wriggled and must have looked as green and unpromising a cub as could

be found.

However, Mr. Older said he would hire me after I returned from a trip to my home in Vermont (my first in five years, for I hadn't had enough money to pay my fare or enough fortitude to steal rides on freight trains); Mr. Older said he would hire me, and this he did do, on the 17th day of July.

Mr. Older started me off at fifteen dollars a week, which was just two and a half times what Harry Whitehill had been paying me five years ago. I could see that education paid, a little but not much. My Stanford A. B. and M. A. degrees were worth at least fifteen dollars, I thought.

If I had lied about the Vermont experience and made it more glowing than it was, Mr. Older might have paid me twenty or even twenty-five dollars a week. But I am glad I didn't lie. I wouldn't care to think I had ever lied to Fremont Older.

2

The Bulletin office was a shabby, four-story building on the south side of Market Street, between Third and Fourth—"sout' o' de slot," as the saying used to run, when one spoke of the Mission District, which was San Francisco's Bronx. *The Bulletin* was opposite the Phelan Building, in which a gunman once sat in an otherwise vacant room waiting to shoot Fremont Older, whose office was directly in line of fire; the gunman lost his nerve, and so Mr. Older, several years after that frantic episode in the graft prosecution was over, was still exceedingly alive.

The Phelan Building also contained the Crystal Cafeteria. This was where I took my first and highly economical

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meals when I was a cub reporter. I pause for a moment to revisit that lost magnificence. For twenty-five cents, in the Crystal Cafeteria, I could buy soup (five cents), a breaded veal cutlet (ten cents), a cup of coffee (five cents), a hunk of pie or a mess of jello (five cents), tip (no cents).

And yet at times, as I sat in the Crystal Cafeteria, especially in the evening, I imagined myself in Rector's or Sherry's or some other great restaurant in New York City; later I even wrote a short story or so, not subsequently published in magazines of large national circulation, or even of small circulation, in which I used the Crystal Cafeteria as a background. Beautiful women. Sinister-looking men, in evening dress. A hero, plain but brave. Like me.

I hadn't eaten much in restaurants during my college days. I had cooked my own meals, sometimes in partnership with my brother, or I had worked for board and room in professors' houses.

I suppose this digression about the Crystal Cafeteria means that I had breakfast there on that Monday morning in July, 1911, before I went across the street to report to Mr. Older. I probably lingered over my hotcakes, putting off as long as I could the terrifying challenge that lay ahead of me.

I wanted to become a San Francisco newspaperman. I was also afraid that the minute I appeared my inadequacies would reveal themselves and I would be thrown out, with mocking laughter.

But I did cross over. I crossed over and went up to the fourth floor in an elevator operated, or perhaps I should say nursed along, by an ageless person subsequently identified as Charlie. Charlie, as I learned all too soon, had a philosophy of his own, which was that the worst hadn't hap-

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pened yet but would happen before long; he had a severe pain in his stomach, which he thought was due to ulcers, but he had kept his hair (I was losing mine at the pathetically early age of twenty-three) by washing it every morning in warm water. No soap, Charlie said, positively no soap, just water.

The irony of it was that though Charlie kept his hair he died of whatever it was that made him ache inside.

Charlie deposited me on the top floor, and I made my way into what I later learned was called the City Room. Or news room, though we never used the phrase. This was a long catacomb, without any outside windows. What natural gleam it had came through skylights, which were dirty when I was hired and never got any cleaner during my seven years and more in that grimy, enchanted office.

I ought not to love the memory of that room the way I do. It was not adapted to the work that had to be done in it. It was not planned with any thought of the convenience of the occupants and employees.

I ought not to have loved it. But I did love it. I loved it with a love that was profitable to the ownership but not discreditable to myself; I loved it because I was permitted, even paid a small sum, to work there; I loved it because it had typewriters and copypaper, and the thing which at that moment I most yearned to do was the thing I was hired to do; I loved it because it made me, as far as I was able, and in due course of time, a San Francisco newspaperman.

Three sides of this elongated barracks dormitory were occupied, not by beds but by desks and typewriters, placed against the wall. The occupants of these desks sat with their backs to the room, facing the wall. The wall, like everything

else in that establishment except the flaming zeal that Fremont Older felt and inspired, was grimy.

Yet to this day I remember, and shall remember to the last flicker of consciousness, the thrill I felt when I first was assigned a desk and a typewriter that were to be all my own, so long as I was on that staff; I recall with delight the hurry-up moments when I would tear a sheet out of my machine and yell "boy," and a boy would come and take the copy away. *The Bulletin* had a pneumatic system that shot copy to the composing room, on the same floor; when this system was working well, as it occasionally did, it popped when the boy opened the lid and stuck a tube containing copy in it.

I am running a little ahead of my time as I wait for Mr. Older to remember me and hire me, as he eventually did. I may therefore mention that the City Room had a floor, which was swept once a day—I am sure it was once a day, not once a week or once a month. But at the end of the first hour of active work the floor was six inches deep in copped paper, each page of which consisted of lead paragraphs (the opening ones that lure the reader in) that reporters had typed off and discarded. We had—and I soon acquired, green and clumsy as I felt myself to be—what Veblen called the instinct of workmanship; this instinct was always at war with the necessity of making a deadline and catching an edition. Or else it wasn't. For of what use is it to write if one does not catch a deadline, and with the deadline some extra readers? The greatest of writers have caught deadlines. Shakespeare did. Who would have cared for Shakespeare if he had had to peddle his wares under Cromwell? Or, if he had been new and unproven, under Victoria? I respected

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deadlines then, as I do now. What is said in ~~time~~ is doubly well said.

I sat where I sat, on that first day, and I ~~Began~~ to learn to respect deadlines and the men who ~~expertly~~ served them. The noun ~~journalese~~, the adjective ~~journalistic~~ have been an offense to me ever since, when used by snobs, and who but snobs ever sneered that especial sneer?

Some time during that first morning I saw Fremont Older, for the second time. He was deeply ~~preoccupied~~, but not with me; a little later I understood what gripped him. He eyed me with what seemed then an absent-minded kindness; I am sure he remembered what he ~~saw~~, the kind of creature I was, and made a mental note as to ~~how~~ it might later be used.

But I withdrew from Mr. Older's ~~presence~~ somewhat baffled.

I sat where I sat, and whenever I sat at a ~~desk~~ reserved for some regular member of the staff I found ~~this~~ out, and rose, and moved, as unobtrusively as possible. I knew how to typewrite and tested out what I shall call ~~the~~ Roland typewriters with which *The Bulletin*, by some ~~break~~ of advertising, had found itself burdened. The ~~Roland~~ became a good typewriter, but this was later. Its action, as one of my friends said, then resembled that of a cow ~~pulling~~ her hoof out of the mud.

I sat where I sat, that first day, and ~~learned~~ my office geography. Looking northwestward, toward Market Street, I could see the city editor's den, and I ~~knew~~, from experience, that to the right of this glittering cell was Mr. Older's office. The door to this power station, this dynamo, as it really was, might be closed if Mr. Older had a ~~timid~~ caller

but usually it was open. Fremont Older pervaded that entire office, the news desks, everything, the windows, the skylights and the walls; he filled it like a wind from the sea; even if he shut the door and talked the deepest kind of politics with a visitor, you knew he was there; he was there—his being there was, then and until he left, the *San Francisco Bulletin's* excuse for existing.

On the left of the city editor's office was a slightly larger room, which afterwards sheltered a rudimentary form of copy desk. Newspaper veterans may not believe me if I say that for a time *The Bulletin* had no organized copy desk but either handed stories to reporters who had not written them or turned them back to the reporters who had written them, with the mandate to make them shorter and put a No. 2 or No. 4 head on them, rarely a No. 1.

The copy desk came in time. Its experience and its expertness awed me, even to the end of my service on that newspaper.

I was, I must admit it, scared that first day. How could a young man of such small pretensions, albeit an M. A. from Stanford, be of the slightest use on a great city newspaper in a real world that changed from day to day and could not be looked up in the library?

My college friend, Ernest J. ("Hoppy") Hopkins, came in after a while, and we resumed an old partnership. Hoppy was getting twenty-five dollars a week, and therefore was rich where I, with fifteen, was poor. Still, he introduced me to some staff members and I felt a little less like an orphan child.

Hoppy went out on an assignment, and I continued to sit, wondering what I would be expected to do for fifteen dol-

lars a six-day week.

By instinct I did what every newspaperman, young or old, ought to do every day; I read and re-read my own paper. My own paper! How proud I was to think that and not say it!

I have a facsimile of that day's front page before me as I write. It was not typographically astounding, as newspaper front pages went in those days. The headline type was not beautiful, and does not seem so to me now; it was square, angular and legible; if it moves me almost to tears as I look at it again it is because the hopes, the friendships, and the dreams of those past years give it splendor.

The important stories were, as always, local. The second most important was the first-column article, which carried the seven-column banner line, "FAIR DIRECTORS MAY NAME SITE TONIGHT."

The directors, whose names are still familiar to me, were planning the Panama-Pacific Exposition, which was to celebrate the completion of the Panama Canal. And maybe bring a little business into town, too. The names included Mayor P. H. McCarthy; a future mayor, "Sunny Jim" Rolph, and a raft of characters who could make news individually or collectively whenever they felt like it. San Francisco had its distinguished—or notorious—citizens, and everybody knew who they were; and it wasn't always easy to tell them apart.

One of the sites they were debating for the Exposition, dated for 1914 but later postponed to 1915, was "Harbor View," and this was the one that was finally chosen, on the shore of the majestic entrance to San Francisco Bay.

That was where The Tower of Jewels was later to rise. I

THE TOWER OF JEWELS

didn't know its significance at that time; I do not now, though I feel it in my viscera. That day I sat where I sat, reading the paper, and this was one of the things I read.

What would be called today, in most city newspapers, the lead story, the last one on the right as you go home, had to do with a hold-up; this fitted the folkways of the time and place and the habits of *The Bulletin*; my new newspaper hoped to do good but it also intended to be read.

"A man masked behind a pair of automobile goggles" (so the story ran, and has anybody seen any in use lately?) invaded a hotel on Eddy Street in the early morning, robbed the clerk, porter, and till of about \$35 and escaped, despite the efforts of Policemen O'Connor and Gorman (initials not supplied, which wasn't good workmanship) to overtake him.

A better story, from the long-range point of view, was a letter from Abe Ruef, a prisoner in San Quentin, outlining "a plan originated by himself for a self-help organization among convicts."

I will have more to say about Abe Ruef. I didn't at all understand on that first day all that this letter meant to Fremont Older, and indirectly to myself. It actually marked the turning point in Older's career from old-fashioned, self-righteous "reform" to an understanding interest in the root causes of crime. All at once, Abe Ruef, the corrupt city boss whom Older had worked hard to put in jail, had turned from an enemy into a friend. Older, as proud as he was just, had gone over to the prison to ask Ruef's pardon; first, for breaking a promise of immunity in return for testimony against men higher up in the graft ring (very high up, indeed, not only in the ring but in San Francisco society);

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second, for the more subtle offense of believing that because Ruef had broken a few laws he was thereby a bad man.

The Bulletin's news story on that July day in 1911 said that the Ruef plan was "a brilliant appeal for replacing the despair and despondency with which Ruef says the discharged convict now faces the battle of life with inspiration, encouragement and hope that he may again become a self-respecting and respected member of society."

What Ruef had in mind was a voluntary association of prisoners within the prison, a corresponding group of friends and well-wishers outside the prison, and some means to make it probable that the prisoner would have a chance to make good when he got out. Both Ruef and Older may later have concluded that some prisoners don't really want to make good when they get out—that is, don't wish to conform to the rules and regulations of what they think is an illogical and unfair system of society. Older, at least, saw at last that the crooked couldn't always be made straight without more pity and more patience than were usually at their disposal.

But that came later. In July, 1911, Ruef, who had a really excellent mind, was anticipating a trend in prison reform that soon became important and made a stir throughout the country.

The Ruef letter was news. It was first-page news when the former boss, then in convict stripes, came forth with a constructive and humanitarian proposal and chose *The Bulletin* to publish it.

So I might have deduced, on that day, that prison reform would be one of the subjects I would write about if I remained on *The Bulletin*. Nobody had to argue with me

to make me realize that the old system of ringing up prison sentences in court like money on a cash register in a store was wicked and foolish.

I passed from the Ruef letter and story to a dispatch from Washington, D. C., where a Senate committee was looking with an unhappy eye into the circumstances surrounding the election of one of their brethren, William P. Lorimer of Illinois. The circumstances smelled to heaven. A "jackpot" adding up to \$100,000 was mentioned. I was against that sort of thing, though on that first day on *The Bulletin* nobody asked my opinion about that or anything else.

From Washington also came word of a commercial treaty with Japan going into effect. At the moment the Japanese, as cheap labor, were not popular among California's working men, but no business man in California minded having the Japanese, in Japan, buy his goods; what the business man wanted, in his artless and truly human way, was to sell his goods in Japan, provided the Japanese could pay for them in real money, and provided the Japanese didn't insist on selling any competitive products here. Of course the business man didn't feel as badly about cheap labor as the union leaders did. The doctrine that well-paid labor was good for business because it could buy the things business produced and distributed was not as familiar or well-accepted as it is now.

Pursuing my survey of my new newspaper, I found a big story of six deaths from cholera in New York City and a summary of deaths in Italy (the figures are garbled and I won't try to explain them) from "fatal cholera." How many persons died of the non-fatal variety I don't know.

There was trouble in Nicaragua, with a state of siege and

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a few political prisoners described as "loaded with chains." This did not concern us too much, though sometimes a waterfront reporter could pick up a good story from a passenger coming in on one of the Pacific Mail liners from a Latin American port where there had been a little shooting.

I exhausted the paper, and each new edition as it came up. I felt homesick. For Stanford, for Waterbury, Vt., which expected me to make good and own a newspaper of my own in a few years. I felt homesick for almost any place outside the walls of this dingy, paper-littered, incomprehensible newspaper office.

Yet I wouldn't willingly have been anywhere else. I wouldn't have accepted a job in a grocery store, a saloon, or a bank, if one had been offered. I was beginning what I now know were seven of the best years of my life—years I wouldn't willingly have passed anywhere else in the world if I had had the gift of foresight.

But all I could do that day was to sit, as I said, scared and apprehensive, and wonder if I would have been any happier if I had hired out to teach history and English, which I knew, and football, which I didn't, to the young barbarians of some high school in the San Joaquin Valley.

There was luckily no choice. At the end of my first year in college I had come under the influence of Thorstein Veblen, a philosopher and skeptic who regarded competitive intercollegiate athletics with the utmost scorn; I therefore regarded competitive interscholastic athletics with the utmost scorn.

I knew, then, that I had made a better choice than the one I had momentarily confronted when I received the teacher's certificate entitling me to instruct the young in the

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high schools of California. Sometimes, even today, I wonder if that certificate isn't worth something. But always I am glad I didn't have to use it.

Nobody immediately realizes all the meaning, I imagine, when the angel of destiny taps him on the shoulder, shows his badge and says, I have a warrant here and anything you say may be used against you; you are to be a saint or a sinner, a jailbird or a judge, to do what your heart most desires or what it most detests; anyhow, come along with me, and we'll book you at the station house and leave the rest to the desk sergeant, that's a nice fellow . . .

My angel was there that day, and he didn't mean maybe, and he didn't promise, or later produce, disaster or dazzling rewards. He merely said, this is what you are to do, for your virtues or your sins, and let's get on with it and don't keep me waiting. That was a good angel, I now believe; I'd like to find him and thank him.

Or her. I like to think of lady angels, detached and businesslike though they may be, like airplane stewardesses, taking an interest in my well-being.

Anyhow, though the news room of *The Bulletin* in July, 1911, was a dingy sort of place, it was also beautiful.

I couldn't realize—no such raw turnip as I was could realize—that the hardened newspapermen (we never said journalists, it was to us in our make-believe modesty an insulting word) who began to drift into the shop were once as unboiled as I. But you did have to start. Even these godly creatures had had to start. You had to be born—where would they have been if they hadn't been born? You had to sit in a corner waiting for your first mean little assignment, from a city editor who clearly despised you and knew

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there wouldn't be any story. But so had they, these masters of the craft, these heirs of the great tradition.

My first assignment, if it can be called that, did not produce a story. The city editor at that moment was Jack Dunnigan, a tough old warhorse who knew San Francisco block by block and scandal by scandal.

Jack Dunnigan looked me over. I wilted slightly, but kept my chin up. Then he handed me some sort of memorandum. "Look," he said, "here is a man on Third Street, at this address. He says this job is not being built like the building code says it ought to be. He says it is likely to fall down and hurt somebody." Jack winked at me in a patronizing way. "I think he don't like the builder. You go and see."

I went and saw. I told the man who was loitering around the new construction that I was from *The Bulletin*. It was the first time I had ever been from anything as important as *The Bulletin*. My personality expanded. It hasn't got quite back to size yet. It is a wonderful thing to be from a good newspaper. My statement even had some effect on the man I spoke to. A look of mingled hope and apprehension came into his eye—a look I became almost too familiar with during the years that followed. I realized that I wasn't just myself any more, my private, insecure self, I was a printing press, I was an institution.

I liked this. I have liked it ever since, in spite of being at the same time an obstinate individualist, with roots in New England and in Scotland.

I returned to the office and wrote what the man told me. I suppose I wrote about half a column, having learned that much. I told Jack Dunnigan that the man seemed to me to be right; that that building was likely to fall down and hurt

somebody.

Dunnigan smiled at me wearily but not unkindly. He may have noticed that though I was unsophisticated I was eager. "Don't you bother about any story," he said, at last. "We're kind of full up today."

I didn't bother, and it doesn't seem to me that Dunnigan ever gave me a real story. He didn't have much time to do so, for two weeks after I descended on him he left *The Bulletin* to become clerk of the Board of Supervisors, and as far as I can recall I never saw him again.

Jack's place was taken by Carl Hoffman, whom I have always thought of as my first real city editor—partly because Carl at first suspected I was a protégé of another Stanford graduate, who happened to have inherited a good share in the paper. This was Loring Pickering, of whom I'll have more to say, chiefly because I was definitely not his protégé.

I think of Carl, too, because he was a newspaperman of supreme ability, and a man of great culture and charm; and because, when the situation was cleared up and he finally understood that I didn't even like Loring Pickering, Carl and I became warm friends. This friendship lasted until Carl's death—and has not been forgotten since.

Jack Dunnigan wasn't playing a part when he acted tough and cynical. He really was a rugged and skeptical man. But when Carl Hoffman took a submitted voluntary story of mine, early in my career on the paper, glanced at it, only glanced at it, then tore it up, let the pieces fall on the already littered floor and turned away, Carl wasn't being tough and cynical—he was merely going through the motions.

Carl wasn't being deliberately cruel. He hadn't a cruel drop of blood in him. He merely wished to impress me with

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my own position. He wasn't going to make it easy for any alleged buddy of Loring Pickering (and what a lovely word that turned out to be—alleged!) to get ahead on *The Bulletin*.

Loring had his virtues, I now admit, as well as his faults and pomposities. His chief defect, from the point of view of those who had made *The Bulletin* what it was at that time, was that he was the heir apparent and could lawfully take over and create a new kind of *Bulletin*, if he so desired, as soon as the insurance tables had disposed of his uncle, R. A. Crothers. Mr. Crothers was then acting as trustee.

The trouble was that young Loring was so constructed that he didn't like the kind of newspaper Mr. Older had created—or re-created.

It was not Carl Hoffman's intention, nor Fremont Older's, to let the owners of *The Bulletin* have the last word as to how the paper was to be run. Mr. Older could take this position because he had rescued *The Bulletin* from pending insolvency and had made it a profitable concern; he had done this by following policies the owners didn't really like. What the owners did like was solvency. I don't blame them. And that was what Mr. Older gave them.

Mr. Older did not for one moment question the rights of ownership. He would have been even more unhappy editing a paper controlled by the Federal Government, a labor union, a political party, the Chamber of Commerce, or a band of angels than he was in the situation he actually occupied. But he did do his best not to see his handiwork destroyed, and he correctly judged that what the owners surrendered in the way of free will they got back in the form of cash.

The owners couldn't fire Mr. Older without firing their

own profits—as Loring Pickering subsequently found out.

For these reasons it was better, in July, 1911, to come on *The Bulletin* as a friend of Mr. Older's than as an admiring classmate of Loring Pickering.

Mr. Older knew this. He could have told Carl Hoffman that the cub in the corner came in on Ida Tarbell's recommendation, and for no other reason. But he wisely left me to make my own way. And this, within the framework of that remarkable newspaper, the one I first and enduringly loved, I did do: I did not ride in on an elephant; I did, by sweat and earnestness, win the title of a member of that staff.

Little by little, in spite of Carl's dark suspicions, I settled into place. Ernest Hopkins and I formed a sort of Stanford University Alumni Association to offset the men from the University of California and those stalwart old-timers who boasted that they'd never been to any damned college, and no good would have come of it if they had.

Hoppy and I even did some stories together. Carl Hoffman seemed to realize, after he had watched us for a while, that with two such imaginations at work almost any item could be blown up into a story.

This was important, for *The Bulletin*, with its three daily editions, had to have a seven-column front-page line and a five-column line on each edition, each one yelling about some new thing that ought to have been important and often was. The lines had to be changed, right down to the late sports, so that people would know what they were buying, and might even be persuaded to purchase two or three copies of the paper on the same day; this was thought to be good for the circulation.

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For the first edition we rewrote stories from the morning newspapers, which had previously rewritten stories from the late afternoon newspapers; we also played around with the overnight wire services. Some space was still left to be filled, and we filled it with stories clipped from the Eastern exchanges, giving them new heads and brand-new date lines. In this fashion I made my first acquaintance with the *New York Times*, the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, the *Kansas City Star* and *Times* and other excellent newspapers.

We called this material grapevine—the thought being that it had been telegraphed in from some vineyard. After I had clipped, edited and headed several miles of grapevine the figure of speech did not seem quite so funny.

The second edition was supposed to appeal to people going home, on the streetcars or cable-cars, the down-Peninsula trains, or the ferries to Oakland, Alameda, Berkeley, and Sausalito. I think it was called the home edition and also went out in bundles to the suburban towns and cities.

The final edition was aimed at the night owls, who stayed in town for dinner, maybe went to the theatres or the motion-picture shows, and were profoundly concerned with sports, finances, or the latest scandals: we offered all three of those commodities.

Somebody invented the fudge box—a block of type which could be set separately and locked into an otherwise complete page. If the world had come to an end we would have had a fudge box, in red ink, but usually it carried baseball scores or other sporting news.

The Bulletin crusaded. It supported causes. It offended the comfortable and the righteous. But it had news in it.

CHAPTER TWO

The Craft So Long to Learn

THE STREETS of San Francisco, like those of most cities, are an odd mixture of history, accident, and dead-and-gone real estate operators. But they are lovely names, also: Mission, Market, and Van Ness; Brannan, Bryant, Folsom, Howard; Eddy, Ellis, Geary, Post; McAllister and Golden Gate; Kearny and Grant, Stockton and Powell, Mason and Taylor, Jones and Leavenworth, Hyde and Larkin; Buchanan, Webster, Fillmore, Pierce, and Scott; a breathing space of its own for Divisadero; Washington, Jackson, and Broadway.

Not all the streets were beautiful. At certain times some of them were dangerous. Some were tawdry. Some, block after block, were shabby and grim, and a young newspaperman might associate them with crimes, poverty, and warped lives.

But there was always the poetry of the names of the streets, and the thought of the persons who had walked along them before the names had been found for them, and the feeling of the never-distant sea that cleansed everything and of the ever-returning fog that softened the hard outlines and made mystery.

THE CRAFT SO LONG TO LEARN

Mission, Market, and Van Ness: it is like the beginning of a poem. Or the end of one.

1

I had planned to be a reporter, and for a while I was. I can call back some of the stories that I, in my more or less innocent way, covered. I am nostalgic for those days, but I cannot tell whether this is because I liked reporting or merely liked being young. I never became a star reporter. Something else happened first.

But, good or bad, the memories cling. I substituted for the waterfront man, Edgar T. ("Scoop") Gleeson, while he was on vacation. In this I was somewhat like a green fisherman going down somebody else's trout stream, I tried so hard to find stories where there apparently weren't any.

I went aboard a small French freighter moored at the dock, and found a crew who spoke no English. I tried them in my college French and seemed to learn that they had had a good trip around the Horn. Or around something from somewhere. Aft, on the main deck, was a pen with a fat sow in it; I couldn't find out whether or not she had also rounded the Horn, or whatever it was.

Carl Hoffman gave me a chilly professional *no* when I tendered him this bit of information.

I went into a cheap lodging house where a roomer had been found dead. It wasn't a flop house, for he had slept and died, alone, in a small room, with partitions that didn't go quite to the ceiling. It wasn't the St. Francis or Palace Hotel, either. The clerk knew the name the man had signed, and nothing more. Had there been anything peculiar about him? No, said the clerk, except being dead. I gave up and

went along.

I was sent late one afternoon to a medium-class hotel, not too good and not too bad, where a man had shot himself. He had registered from an address in Oakland, which the detectives hadn't checked yet. For some careful reason, some motive of neatness inherited from a remote childhood, he had gone into the closet of his dismal chamber before shooting himself. Perhaps he could not do it in the presence of the engraving on the wall which showed some happy scene in eighteenth-century France; happiness had been an offense to him, from which he wished to remove himself, as he did, forever.

He might also have thought, or so I wondered, what a surprise he would be for the hotel maid or porter, or even a subsequent hotel guest, when the closet door was opened.

There was, of course, an official person whose duty it was to deal with remains. I suppose this man dealt with remains all day long, for some inadequate wage, and then went home to a jolly supper with his wife and maybe his children. Or ready to produce some children if there weren't already some.

At any rate, this man said: "I know what will happen when we lift him." The suicide had shot himself in the mouth, and it did happen. If the suicide had known all the trouble this would cause, and especially if he had known the extremely undignified appearance he would make (and which a green and at that moment green-hued reporter would forever remember) as he was lifted from his crouched position on to a canvas stretcher I wondered—and now wonder—if he would have done what he did. He had meant to be dramatic. But there is nothing dramatic about a remains

on a canvas stretcher, with a rubber blanket, dripping blood. This merely spoils a cub reporter's appetite—saving him twenty-five or thirty cents, maybe.

I couldn't get the name and home address in time for *The Bulletin's* last edition; somebody's heartbreak, the screaming or the dull uncomprehending silence, this had to wait till morning, when the *Examiner* and the *Chronicle* had it.

It wasn't much of a story, even then. Business worries, some people thought. A woman, maybe, said others scornfully. Though if any woman had loved him she wouldn't have gone on loving him if she had seen him the way I did; this was something to be removed from sight and forgotten, the soon the better; this was no Tristan, dying to music for his Isolde.

I wanted so much to find romance, but this wasn't it.

There was a girl who had killed her baby, being guilty of the crime of ignorance as well as inexperience, and there was also a putative father. I went to the gray house in the Mission where the uniformed police and a few plainclothes detectives were earning their pay by looking into the matter. The girl they could punish, for they had her in custody, but they wanted to catch and punish the man. That was the law, that was justice.

One of the detectives suddenly swung round and pointed a finger at me—I must have looked scared or repentant or like a Stanford University senior majoring in history.

"Who are you?" he demanded.

"I," said I, lying my way out of the situation as well as I could, "I am a reporter."

The man looked at me disdainfully. "You mean you're trying to be," he snorted. He seemed to realize, in one sharp

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glance, that I was too inexperienced to be even a putative father. I felt hurt, somehow.

I went back to the office and reported that the baby was still dead and that the putative father couldn't be found, and Carl Hoffman said to write about two sticks to the effect that the police knew who the man was and an arrest was expected at any minute.

An elderly woman was found mutilated and dead in a dismal shack in the Potrero district—and how dismal such houses could be, even in that most glorious of cities! I didn't see the remains, fortunately for my dreams. I did see—and still can see—the detectives questioning her middle-aged son in the street in front of the house. The man was bald-headed, stooped, lame, somehow out of shape, looking at the same time as though he might have done the horrible thing and as though he were too sickly and too frightened to be capable of any positive crime.

One of the detectives came up to him, glaring. The savage hunter in the woods, searching for the biggest game of all—that is what an old-fashioned detective was, under such circumstances. There wasn't any intellectualized Sherlock Holmes, any gentle Father Brown about this man. "You!" He shouted. "You did it!"

The man cowered, as though expecting a blow—and I have no doubt he received a few before his questioning at the station was over. My sympathies were instantly with him, not with the law.

I was glad later when his trial came up, and he was acquitted.

I was sent out to report on another suicide, preceded by murder. It was in a clean, bleak, respectable house in the

Mission District. It was a house that had been neatly and carefully furnished, with small touches of drapery, pictures and chinaware on shelves, as though someone had tried to be happy there.

The police were all over the place when I arrived, but by this time I resembled, however remotely, a reporter, and they paid little attention to me. I must actually have been quite sophisticated, for I stepped carefully over the wax-work figure that was lying placidly in the middle of the parlor floor, with a bullet through its heart and no visible blood, and stole a framed photograph that stood on the mantelpiece. The police either didn't notice or didn't mind.

I think now my pay should have been raised for this exploit, but it was not; the picture didn't even appear in *The Bulletin*; the *Examiner* sent over and borrowed it, and ran it without credit to me the next morning.

Once in a while during this early reporting apprenticeship I was sent to the Morgue on special stories that weren't good and yet might produce something. I recall a young wife who had quarreled with her husband and taken poison. She had started screaming, but it was too late, and when the horse-drawn ambulance got her to the emergency hospital she was dead. She looked as though she were asleep—and he must have thought so when he came stumbling and sobbing in, as he did, to claim her.

Another set of remains I am glad I didn't see, though there was a beautiful story behind it. A house, one of those wooden affairs that burned like paper, had caught fire before the mother living in it could save her baby; she rushed back, into the flames, wrapped her arms around the child—and so died.

THE TOWER OF JEWELS

"It's like a statue, kind of," said the benevolent elderly morgue attendant.

I begged off.

More tenderly remembered is an image I have of another mother, on a hill in the Potrero, a bare, brown hill, with no trees, no shrubbery, no inherent beauty at all, and yet with a breath-taking view of the Harbor and the city.

This mother's adolescent daughter had disappeared. It was my duty to ask the usual torturing questions: was there a man in the case? Was her daughter pregnant? (Yes, we asked such questions, in San Francisco, in those days.) Where was the mother's husband? Did she have one? (Yes, we asked those questions, too; I was ashamed, but I did.)

There weren't any answers, no answers that would make a story—and I did want a story all my own, for no other reporter was present; I did want a small scoop.

Yet there was an answer of a kind, that I remember to this day; the mother, an Italian speaking broken English, came part way down the brown hill with me as I left, following an adobe path, for there wasn't any real road to her door. I waved good bye and she smiled a little. Then she broke out weeping, and raising both arms, praying wildly, to the lovely impersonal sky.

I am glad now to know that the police found the girl, unharmed—not even pregnant. She had gone off on some strange but innocent errand. It was a happy ending. So few of those stories had such endings. A story with a happy ending wasn't a story; it was unhappiness that tramped across the front page shouting and, as we thought, induced people to buy our wares.

Sometimes there wasn't any tragedy. Sometimes the joke

was on the reporters.

Hoppy and I and Estey, *The Bulletin's* ebullient and philosophical photographer, were sent down to the waterfront one morning in a great hurry. The office had been tipped off that an incoming freighter had struck a rock on the way in, but was limping into port just the same—how a ship limps I don't know, but we said it did.

The three of us charged on to the dock, paying no attention to guards or policemen, for as newspapermen we were above such nonsense. The vessel was there, tied neatly to the dock and floating as high as most incoming ships did. A stream of water—bilge water—was issuing on her port side, which was the visible side. This phenomenon, as I subsequently found out, is normal.

Hoppy and I made notes. It was clear to us that the *Western Gropser*, as I shall inaccurately call her, had to pump water because she had a hole in her garboard strake or something like that. At least, we wished to make this clear to our readers, for we were young and unscrupulous, and we yearned for at least a five-column head on page one of the first edition.

A gentleman identified as the captain was pacing moodily up and down the dock, beside his ship. Estey stepped forward, with his usual engaging smile.

"Captain," he said, "I am going to take your picture."

The captain turned. "The hell you are," he replied.

And the hell we were.

Hoppy and I did a story. I forget who wrote what part of it, but perhaps Hoppy did the lead and I did what was later called in the trade a side-bar, full of the mystery and tragedy of the sea but not containing much solid informa-

tion. And we did get a five-column line in the first edition. The reason our story was put inside in subsequent editions and finally suppressed altogether was that though the ship had almost grazed a rock it had suffered no injury beyond a little rubbed-off paint and was in no danger of sinking.

"Just our luck," said Hoppy meditatively. Or maybe I said this to Hoppy. We didn't want ships to sink but we did want to be on hand and beat the town to the story if they did.

Ships and salt water fascinated me then, and still do. I loved to go aboard the incoming liners when I was permitted to do the waterfront during Scoop Gleeson's vacations. I loved it even though I did not have his enterprise, experience, nerve, and Irish way of disarming people who didn't want to talk, and getting stories out of them.

Once, indeed, I did get a story—a great big story about a captain who traveled into port in person as a passenger on a Pacific Mail liner, and who had lost his ship through no fault of his own far out in the ocean. His narrative was almost as good as that of the late Captain Bligh of the *Bounty*: he kept command, sorted his crew out into two whaleboats, and sailed one of those perilous craft 2,000 miles to safety. He brought the whaleboat into San Francisco, too, on the liner's deck—I saw it, and Estey photographed it.

But the syndicates, magazines and book publisher's undercut *The Bulletin*, which offered no money. The captain said yes, it was true, he had done what everybody said he had done, but he wasn't giving out any further information. He was far better-tempered than the captain of the *Western Groper*. "I'm in the writing business myself now," he said.

So I had the story, and I didn't have it. The incident still

annoys me, for I would have liked to pump that captain dry, bilge water and all.

Once in a while, or twice in a while, the California Coast produced a shipwreck whose genuineness could not be disputed or concealed; all the way from the Eureka Bar south there were the bones of ships. I loved to sit in on the hearings that usually followed a new deposit of ship's bones. Once I interviewed a shipping-line attorney.

"What do you know about ships?" he demanded. "You are certainly asking some embarrassing questions."

"Nothing," I replied, with my customary and not altogether uncalculated modesty. "I'm just wondering why you let that ship go out with a defective boiler and a hole in her bottom."

I really did wonder. It was dawning upon me that wondering about such things was a good quality in a budding reporter.

Besides this, we were liberals in those dear old days. If we could catch a shipping line, or anything else organized in corporate form, doing wrong we just loved it. But I also loved the ships and admired the men who sailed them.

I loved those ships very ignorantly and very much. I loved them in spite of the fact that I was among those weak-stomached passengers who got sick each time a coast-wise steamer carried them through the so-called Potato Patch, just outside the Golden Gate, and stayed sick until the steamer reached the shelter of the Channel Islands going south; or, going north, got into a port or well inside the mouth of the Columbia River.

They were lovely and lovable ships: they went to such wonderful places, to Hawaii, Tahiti, Japan, Australia, New

Zealand, China, the west coast of Mexico—wherever, indeed, a young reporter would wish to go. Around the world, and everywhere, to lands where people were contented and picturesque, that was where those ships went.

That was where I didn't go, not then, nor largely afterwards. *The Bulletin* wouldn't send me. My pay of fifteen dollars a week, rising later to twenty-five and later still to somewhat more, wouldn't let me save enough to go to Manila, Colombo, Calcutta, or Sydney. Besides, I was saving to get married. I preferred marriage to the Great Barrier Reef and the Indian Ocean, and I think I was right. But I wouldn't have minded, nor would my fiancée have done, making a wedding trip around the world and sending back dispatches from unheard-of and unbelievable ports.

Yet San Francisco was a port, and if I had to be in any one single, separate port I wouldn't have asked—and still wouldn't ask—for any other. Here were the ships, the water, and romance. Here was the glory of life on land coming in touch with the life of the sea and the overseas.

Nobody said Bikini to us then. Nor Marshall Islands, except in a casual connection. Nobody said Eniwetok. Nobody said anything about the actual, arriving future—nobody knew there was to be any such.

So the stories came, and when possible I wrote them.

A retired school teacher from the Philippines came in by steamer. Scoop Gleeson flagged him down and I caught him later at his hotel. He had been in the head-hunting country, north of Manila, where a young man used to be considered ineligible for marriage until he had gone over into the next county and brought back a head; girls in that country, it had seemed, were like Salome, and they did like fresh heads.

This man had taught the natives to play baseball, and in a few years the tradition had changed: a young man had to pitch a hitless game or slug the ball into the shrubbery out back of left field before he was considered ideal matrimonial material, but he did not have to bring home any heads. In a way, this was too bad, because the icebox had then been introduced into Luzon, in a primitive form. But you can't have everything.

The teacher thought this change, with or without the icebox, had been an improvement, and so did I. This made a story—not a top-line, front-page, but of the kind I wasn't too inept in doing.

A girl swam the Golden Gate, opposite to what was then called Fort Point, and I was sent to cover this feat. She was the first girl to go the distance, in that way. We weren't as much accustomed to the athletic type of girl then as we are now.

Eager to get the whole story, in all its colors and tones, I jumped into the launch that accompanied the lovely swimmer. My rival on the other afternoon paper did the same thing, but he first gave the Coast Guard bos'n on shore the sum of one dollar to watch the course with a telescope and telephone the results in to the *Post*. I couldn't do this, for I had no dollar of my own, and *The Bulletin's* owners were stern about reporters who spent the paper's money needlessly. I had come to the scene by street car, five cents out, five cents back, not by taxi.

The result was I got the better story but the *Post* had it first—as Carl Hoffman pointed out when I telephoned him long after all was over; and you can point things out over the telephone, no matter what the purists may say; you can

point them out pointedly.

My memories of the day are mixed. I was on the verge of seasickness all the time I was in the launch, and deeply regretted the cantaloupe (ten cents) I had eaten in my hasty breakfast. I also thought the girl swimmer very pretty and wondered about her personal life, and did she have a sweetheart, and where was he, who was he and did he encourage or discourage her efforts, and somehow or other I got these items into my story.

In the end Carl Hoffman forgave me. We made the Home and Sports with my telephoned eye-witness account, and Carl did like good prose (as I like to think mine was), even though it was late.

One night I went out with Hoppy, just for the ride, for it wasn't my assignment, to witness and listen to an experiment at one of the forts. An officer was trying to get in touch with a destroyer just offshore by a new invention, the wireless telephone. He kept shouting, "Come in, Barry," or whatever the name was, "Come in." He was yelling into a funnel like that of an old-fashioned phonograph. But the destroyer didn't hear, or didn't answer, or it answered and it wasn't heard.

So the experiment, that night, was a flop. Later the wireless telephone was quite a success.

The memory of one other quite different waterfront story has stayed with me, it seemed so shining, good and hopeful, in a bright world of dancing water, and the sun on the Marin hills—and myself being young, so unbelievably young.

It was a simple story. The United States, like her allies, had exacted an indemnity from the old Imperial Govern-

ment of China for loss of life and property during the Boxer Rebellion at the turn of the century. We took this loot, in the old-fashioned manner, but we were using a part of it to provide scholarships in this country for Chinese students.

Some of these students arrived one day. An immigration officer, waiting for the launch to go out to meet the ship, was turning his shiny blue serge suit into a uniform by snapping gold shells over the plain buttons. After he had done this he looked much more authoritative.

He said he believed the students were a good thing. They would learn English, and acquire American ways, and then they would go home and make friends for us with the hundreds of millions of Chinese who didn't have scholarships.

I liked his talk and took notes on it. China will be a democracy some day, I thought, as the launch moved toward the waiting ship in that Grecian sunlight; every part of the world will be democratic some day, and there won't be any more wars. I was sure that democracy would cure anything that ailed humanity, though I couldn't have stated precisely what I meant by democracy. When we boarded the ship I couldn't talk much with the students, who were as yet sluggish in their English and inclined to substitute smiles for words. But I did a feature story that Carl liked.

In those days, even when I wasn't working, I had a hunger to know the city. I memorized its principal streets, so that they were still familiar to me in their proper order, forty years later—I couldn't after all those years repeat them but I could recognize them, street by street and block by block, and dear they were and are to me.

I also prowled the waterfront, a lone adventurer, looking for I scarcely knew what. I knew the accessible piers, all

the way around from Fort Point to the Union Iron Works, and beyond.

I walked in the sunlight, and in the fog, which, like any good San Franciscan, I grew to love, and still love. What I learned I can hardly remember, for I dug up few stories; it is in my heart rather than in my mind. I was hungry for life, though what life was I couldn't tell.

2

Meanwhile, I worked at becoming a newspaperman. I tried to be at ease under all circumstances, the way newspapermen were supposed to be. I could, as I have stated above, do things and ask things for *The Bulletin* that I would never have ventured to do for myself. I used to like to go into the plush hotel lobbies of the day—the St. Francis I especially favored—and act like a privileged character. I have spent pleasant hours writing letters in the St. Francis lounge on hotel stationery, and never once did a hotel detective ask if he could be of assistance. If the St. Francis wishes to send me a bill of perhaps four and a half or five and a quarter dollars for stationery to which I was not legally entitled I shall gladly remit, even though the statute of limitations must long ago have run out.

The St. Francis had Chinese attendants who came through the lobbies and lounges with little dust-pans and little brooms, emptying ashtrays and looking other-worldly and ornamental. Before the 1911 revolution in China these attendants all wore Chinese costumes and queues. After the revolution they continued to wear Chinese costumes and queues, with the difference that the extra hair, like the Oriental shirt and pants, could be hung up on a hook when

the attendant went home. The patriotic Chinese, of course, did not wish to be reminded of the bad old days when the Manchus made them wear their hair long and braided. And the non-patriotic Chinese, if such there were, did not wish to have their ears pinned back, as they went about the streets in their leisure time, by the patriotic Chinese.

I strolled nonchalantly, as I thought, into the St. Francis, but I never carried a cane, my clothes were not made to order by an extravagant tailor, for a long time I wore a hat that was made of seersucker or some such lowly material, and in short, I could not have impressed anybody as a young man of wealth and distinction. But reporters didn't have to do this; they were thought to be gay, reckless, a bit Bohemian.

I didn't know how to be these things, especially on fifteen to twenty-five dollars a week, but I tried. I who had never been able to strut, and had no reason to do so, tried to manage a swagger.

Meanwhile, I kept looking for stories. I suspected (correctly) that I would never be famous for handling spot news in a hurry. So I looked and looked for what we called atmosphere or feature stuff. When I found it I didn't always know what to do with it.

There were stories that weren't stories. Carl Hoffman would have seen no story in the watchman, ancient, crusty, yet somehow kindly, who told me I could not go on the rickety wharf at the Union Iron Works. He thought, perhaps, I might steal an anchor. If I had been a journalistic genius I would have stolen his life story instead—maybe he was like one of those antique crustaceans of W. W. Jacobs, an old seaman come ashore after many voyages and

garrulous about the half-remembered past.

But though the watchman and I parted in friendly fashion we did not evolve a story *The Bulletin* would print. That was my fault, I know; if I had been quicker on my feet and sharper and warmer in my imagination I might have had a different career.

I loved romance, and there it was, all along the waterfront, all the way from the Seal Rocks to Hunters Point, romance in the wind and sun, and romance in the quiet fog. I would have liked to pass through contested battle lines, on a quiet sort of horse, and bring in the first story of a victory or a defeat. I didn't want to be a hero; that ambition had died with adolescence; but I did want to look at heroism and take notes on it.

Some romance escaped me, I am sure, when I refused an invitation to live in a settlement house in the Potrero. The settlement house was operated by persons I admired. They were not stuffy; indeed, they were privately proud of the truculence of the inhabitants of their district. Police came by twos and threes into the Potrero in that epoch; the inmates just didn't like police; it wasn't so much that they were law-breakers as that they were, in their simple and honest way, opposed to too much law.

They may have been right. What has too much law given us since 1911: two world wars, both started by the extremely law-abiding Germans; the federal income tax and some state imitations; a passport system under which the intending traveler must prove he never thought any improper thoughts; these, and a few other impediments to comfortable living; what, indeed?

I am not an anarchist, philosophical or otherwise. I do

not entirely agree with that dangerous character, Henry David Thoreau, who upset the tranquility of Concord, Mass., and made Walden Pond a favorite picnic ground. I just, as I look back, wonder.

However, I did not go to live in that charming settlement house, though the gracious lady—no, I will call her a good woman, which she would prefer—who supervised it told me to roll up my napkin in a silver ring as a symbol that I would return; I did not return, I taught no classes there, which would have educated me if not my students; I did not go tearing through the woods on weekends for the Boy Scouts or the equivalent thereof; I did not enrich my life by studying at close hand the domestic habits of the Potrero.

I wish I had done these things, even though it was doubtless in the cards, in the predictions written in advance by the bored angel clerks who keep tabs on us humans, that I should not. What I did instead was to work faithfully for *The Bulletin*, because I loved that newspaper as a young man loves a young woman and a sailor loves the sea, purely and with all my heart. I worked faithfully during the six days required of me, and I read deeply and without too much guidance or wisdom during the evenings and the other day. All by myself, with no encouragement at any time and no natural talent in that field, I probed into the mysteries of the drama and of dramatic criticism. I read, then or later, the Harvard Classics. I was, indeed, an egghead.

And yet, in a mild way, they trusted me—Carl Hoffman, the city editor, and Fremont Older, the still remote managing editor. I know they trusted me, because for a while I was put on the late watch at *The Bulletin*. This meant that I was left all alone until about seven o'clock in the evening,

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with instructions to call the city hospitals, the police and the fire department at intervals; and to start getting out an extra if a big war, another earthquake and fire or the end of the world, complete with archangels and the Four Beasts of the Apocalypse, seemed to be in sight.

They knew this wouldn't happen often. In fact, this was before the world seemed to be about to end any rainy Thursday afternoon when somebody in Moscow or elsewhere had eaten something that didn't agree with him.

They must have trusted me—I can't understand why, for my spot news perceptions were slow in coming of age. Happily the evening never came when I had to decide whether or not to dash out to the composing room, alert the press room and start a search of the nearby saloons for printers and reporters. These things had to be done first, if the city sank again in ruins under a new slip of what the geologists called the San Andreas Fault; if the President died; or if a really bloody murder occurred, loaded heavily with sex, politics, and social eminence.

The possibility of an extra bloody murder troubled me most. I knew I could handle the situation all right if panic seized thousands as ferry boats collided in bay in fog with heavy loss of life.

The question was, how much murder, how much bloodshed, how many lives before I started the presses rolling and called Carl Hoffman in his Piedmont home to tell him what I had done. Suppose I started an extra when none was indicated? Suppose I omitted to start one when one was indicated? Suppose the *Post* got on the street with something I had passed up as of no consequence? I wasn't easy in my mind. Still, they trusted me.

Fortunately, no crisis ever arrived. All was reasonably tranquil in San Francisco and the world at large (and we didn't then care too much about the world at large, not realizing the harm it could do us), and I always shut up shop at seven, ate a thirty-cent dinner at the Crystal Cafeteria (I splurged a little on that, on account of working so late), and went to my lonesome room in Oakland (why I lived there, and continued to live there, far from my day-time interests, I can now hardly imagine), to read Lang's translation of *The Odyssey*, or some other good book.

I often think of that room in Oakland, a good room in a family-style house, to which a good friend of myself and of my fiancée had referred me. But why did I choose to live in Oakland and commute? Why didn't I find a room in San Francisco, a room unlike my first room, a room where the trolley cars and the (subsequently) picturesque cable cars did not tangle and squeal every few minutes on the near-by corner?

Why didn't I? Why don't we? Why aren't we wise while we are in the thick of life, and not just afterwards?

I lived in Oakland, for quite a few months. On Sundays I sometimes went to a little red church, of the denomination to which my fiancée belonged, and where nobody ever spoke to me, going or coming. I lived for a little while in the Oakland Y. M. C. A. and later in the Berkeley Y. M. C. A. Why didn't I live in the San Francisco Y. M. C. A.? Perhaps because the desk clerk there had beamed on me as he told me I was just the type of young man they liked to have in their building. Perhaps I was that type of young man, but I was stubborn enough not to let any desk clerk, or anybody else, specify what kind of young man I ought to try to be.

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Some San Francisco newspapermen had money enough to live at the Press Club, to drink at the Palace Hotel bar (there was a Maxfield Parrish mural there, and still is); but on fifteen dollars a week, or even thirty-five, I couldn't do this. I still had only thirty-five a week when I got married, but then what I wanted was to go home after work as soon as I could, and not to flourish a wild cane on Geary Street.

But even before I was married I couldn't be a young man about town, because my background was plain but honest, and so remained, and because I didn't know how, and nobody, especially no woman, told me how.

And how a newspaperman in San Francisco at that time could live an expensively and expansively gay life I did not know then, and can only surmise now. The best of them didn't—that I know. Or, for we must be charitable, the best of them may have inherited a large fortune, or a weakness for luxury, or a careless sort of genius, from their loving uncles. What is an uncle for, anyhow? What is genius for?

I had the feeling sometimes, I have it still, that I was not behaving as I should. I did my work, to be sure. I did it so well that Carl Hoffman, who still suspected me of being a Pickering emissary in disguise, sometimes smiled slightly when I handed it in.

After a few months he broke down completely and took me to the Russian Ballet on office tickets (does any ancient person still remember Pavlova and Mordkin?) and was kindly and entertaining all the evening. And once he asked me to his home in Piedmont, where he lived with his lovely, music-loving mother, and for an hour or so we listened to records which we didn't know were far inferior to those we can hear today.

Carl was beginning to forgive me for existing; he was beginning to see a use for me on *The Bulletin*; I wasn't to do police all my working life and maybe I could do something more significant—if such there was, or is—than police. Carl was looking at me, and wondering.

So I did my work well enough, and in a hopeful mood most of the time, but outside my work I was lonesome. I had great dreams, the office of *The Bulletin*, dingy and dusty and gray, was full of dreams, the world was about to be made over (so I thought) by the ideas we were building with, but outside my work I was lonesome.

This was a recognition of fact. The dreams would only partially come true. But I fumbled, during this waiting time, and half the world was roses and half was gray ashes, and what the hell was a cub who was trying to be a reporter to do in his off moments?

I had Sundays off, and I climbed Mount Tamalpais; I once sat on a slope there, my hands clasped around my knees and heard a hiker explain to his girl, supposedly out of my earshot, that I looked like a vulture he had once seen, on a similar hillside, in Italy; I had never been in Italy, but I felt my hackles rise, I felt shabby and moulting; I wanted to bring up my steed and take off, like Lochinvar, but there was no horse, I was no Lochinvar—this much my mature years had taught me.

My lonesomeness was before long to be taken care of. I waited, but while waiting I did not learn all I thought I should—or all I now wish I had—about Life in the concrete or the abstract. I am sorry. I apologize. I did not think how interesting this would have been to write about many years later.

3

Carl Hoffman, more and more my friend and kind instructor as the weeks went by, discovered that I was thoughtful, crammed with history and economics, and therefore able to do stories that were beyond the old-fashioned newspapermen who said, in their bitter moments, that they had learned to read by deciphering the labels on whiskey bottles. They could do stories that were beyond me, of course, for they knew the police force by its first names and were cynically well-informed about the entire Board of Supervisors, the Judges of the Superior Courts, both civil and criminal, and what lady was mistress to whom.

Carl gave me the Superior Civil Court beat, which consisted mostly of divorce suits, will cases, damage cases and general boredom. I rarely got an exclusive story (I confess this now, not wanting that beat restored to me), but I sometimes brightened up what I did get; few reporters of my age and weight in San Francisco could make the situation seem funnier than I could when it was a matter of a husband throwing loganberry pies at his wife, or a wife casually admitting she had been married three times before, and what was all the fuss about, even if she hadn't been legally separated?

We thought such cases were amusing, and I wrote them so.

The exclusive stories on that dreary beat went to a red-headed Irishman, who was subsequently killed on the road to Half Moon Bay with a lady who was not and never had been his wife. Whether he got his scoops by bribery or by blackmail I don't know; all I know is that Carl Hoffman

often asked me, in a plaintive way, why I didn't get them, too. Maybe if I had got them I'd still be on that beat, and the recognized dean of the Superior Civil Courts reporters.

Of course Carl knew well enough why I didn't get those stories; I didn't get them for the simple reason that I was not in a position to do favors for the court filing clerks; I was not instructed, and I believe *The Bulletin* would not have permitted me, or furnished me the funds, to bribe those clerks; I did not wholly understand the political background, as my Irish rival on the beat surely did; in short, I didn't have those magic qualities and attributes known as influence and sophistication.

Fremont Older could have gotten certain stories out of certain judges, but he was evidently not willing to bother about exclusives in the civil section of the Superior Court. Judge Graham, the Great Reconciler, could go ahead and reconcile and I could do two paragraphs about it, but this operation didn't touch Mr. Older's basic preoccupations.

So I never scooped anybody while I was on the Superior Court beat. I grabbed the open complaints out of the basket and made what I could out of them, and because I had a restless imagination I was better at making fun of other people's sorrows and miseries than some of the others were. But I never, in my time on that beat, dug up an exclusive.

I wish I could have brought Carl Hoffman a story nobody else had; it would be something to be proud of now, and a wreath to his memory. But I never did, and he must have forgiven me.

It was easy enough, up there in the Superior Court building, on the civil side. It was easy and dreary. I can shut my eyes still, and see the dingy little press room where we

worked, and from which I had a direct telephone line into *The Bulletin* office. I could lift the receiver, and there I was. The only trouble was that if I didn't have anything to say the person who took the call was either ribald or annoyed. Stories were what the paper wanted.

There was a tall locker in the press room, on which somebody had drawn a picture of William Randolph Hearst, labeled, "The Perfect Boss, the Newspaperman's Friend." Mr. Hearst had his faults, which subsequently I wrote about and possibly inflated, but he had raised the general level of newspaper salaries in San Francisco and other cities.

But the office where we reporters sat, each with his typewriter, each with his telephone, wasn't lively or colorful; a Chinese laundry would have been more so. The experienced reporters sat around all day, pretending they didn't like work or approve of it, shared their stories when they could, played cards, and smiled in a kindly way at my childishness, eagerness, and inexperience.

So I got tired of the Superior Court after a while, as I began to realize that I might become an expert in divorce cases and damage suits without really getting ahead in newspaper work. I therefore prevailed upon Johnny Doran, who was studying to be a lawyer, to take my place in Superior Courts, civil, where, as I assured Johnny, he could learn more about law, and how to make use of it, than he could ever rake out of books.

Johnny did become a lawyer, and I never heard anybody say he wasn't a good one.

Carl Hoffman readily consented to this exchange, though he didn't suggest it. So I found myself back in the news room, a little more experienced, subject again to the flow of

events, to Carl's whim and purpose, to Mr. Older's call whenever he remembered I was there. I intended to sit there and be visible, and to work like a beaver whenever anything was asked of me. I meant to be a two-fisted, hat-over-eye, general assignment, devil-may-care reporter, kindly to cubs like my former self, cynical with my peers, yanking the truth out of people when they least wanted to let me have it, grabbing the telephone from a score of competitors, beating the town, the state, the nation, the universe, with stories as hot as the furnaces in the kitchens of hell. Alas, I never made it, I never was. In time I became reconciled. I saw that I had qualities that Carl Hoffman and Fremont Older valued, and these qualities, though not dashing or picturesque, I tried to develop.

I wanted more pay. I wanted to get married. There is nothing like wanting to get married to make a young man exert himself.

4

I was ambitious and frustrated. I was still incredibly unsophisticated in the ways of a big city, and didn't know how to learn San Francisco, speak it and understand it. I didn't always know news from what wasn't news.

But I did know, in all my unwisdom, that I had had the extreme good luck to become a member of a great companionship. On thirty-five dollars, a little less or later a little more, a week, I was infinitely rich. What number of millions of dollars a week would have compensated me for not doing the work, the drudgery sometimes, the occasionally terrifying tasks that opened the world to me?

Loring Pickering once said to me something that showed

he regarded newspapermen—those on whom his own living and his own fortune depended—as unfortunate children of the dust. What future was there in it, he inquired. What future? I had come away from home hastily that morning, with a button missing from my coat. Did he regard that ragged, buttonless spot as a symbol of status? He was sorry for me. But I wasn't sorry for myself. I didn't wish to be Loring Pickering, in his blindness to the glory and the dream, the pride of craft, the sense of manhood, that could button its coat with a safety pin if necessary, and not be ashamed.

I sat and waited, in the wings of that dusty, beautiful theatre called *The Bulletin*. I am scarcely modest when I say that I had a right to be there, first, because I had to earn a living and knew no other way half as agreeable; second, because I respected my demonstrated betters, and still do, and had—and still have—a burning ambition to be a little more like them.

There was no routine in the life I was living, now that I was off the Superior Court beat, except that one arrived in the office at the designated time; after that each new day was a possible new adventure.

Little by little, however, my assignments edged me in the direction of the life I was to lead for some years to come. Carl Hoffman saw that I might not be better than run-of-the-mine on plain, old-fashioned murders—though I still insist I always got the corpse's name, address, and occupation—but that I was interested in ideas.

It may have been an error on my part to let him find this out. I might have been more spectacular, in a generation that even more than the present one demanded action, if I hadn't done so.

For stories with ideas with them did not usually lead into the romance of Chinatown, or the mysteries of the fog-bound waterfront; at the best I managed to be sent to Sacramento once, when the Legislature was in session, to put my first little story on the wire, with a thrill I am only now willing to admit; I also covered some hearings in railway freight demurrage cases, but if you think that is dull, try to keep a freight car on the siding after you should have unloaded it. Nothing is dull that hurts a man's feelings or costs money.

I worked with my cherished old friend, Max Stern, who ran the Oakland office. Max and I had a system under which I would do rewrite all morning in his quarters, and then, around noon, take the resulting copy—except the urgent items that had been telephoned at what we considered enormous expense—and carry it across the Bay to San Francisco. This system saved messenger service. It also enabled me, for about fifteen cents, to have a cup of coffee and a snail (not the insect or reptile, or whatever it is, of that name, but the sweet, succulent, and deceptive bun) on the ferry as I rode over. All things worked together for good in those faraway days. If I became excessively thin I also saved money: it balanced.

I had covered the waterfront, after my fashion, for "Scoop" Gleeson. Now I covered Alameda County for Max Stern, the hope being that this arrangement, while he was on vacation, would save the paper money, and that I might get a story or two if it were dangled, like a fly in front of an ancient trout, under my nose.

I did get a story, too. Max had a female friend in some important position in the simple public welfare set-up of that

day, and Max instructed me that this lady would have an exclusive story of some bold, new enterprise—or so it seemed to me—in her field during his absence. This was natural. Everybody loved Max Stern. There wasn't anybody in his territory, male or female, who wouldn't do everything possible for Max.

I went to see the social-worker lady, who gave me the complete story, reserved for *The Bulletin*, and then asked me to wait a day or two until she had her political wires ready to pull.

I ruffled imaginary feathers, feeling like Horace Greeley in his prime. "Miss X.," said I, speaking as though I owned the entire stock of *The Bulletin*, "I shall not publish until you say I may." I paused, wondering then, more than I do now, what the slight smile on her face signified. "At least for a day or two," I added. "We can't let the other papers get hold of it."

Miss X. got her smile under control. "Of course we can't," she agreed.

I went away, feeling pleasantly the power of the press to give or withhold. I gave Carl Hoffman the story when she said I could. Carl sniffed mildly at it and gave it two sticks, under a Number 4 head, on an inside page of the Oakland edition. A North Beach murder—and they did have lively murders in those days in that section—crowded it out in the final editions.

On another occasion, wandering around Oakland during a threatened streetcar strike, I went into a union meeting-hall and sat down without identifying myself. My musings about organized labor and how I loved it were interrupted when half a dozen voices suddenly called out: "Who's that

fellow?"

The Bulletin was, as they knew, their friend, and they decided not to throw me out when they were assured I was no spy. But I learned it was better to let people know who you were when you got into tricky situations.

I learned such things the hard way. Nobody told me anything. It seemed to be assumed, which was flattering but sometimes inconvenient, that I had more sense than I really did have. The trouble was that though I had won a Phi Beta Kappa key at Stanford this was not because I had shown any understanding of the facts of life in a big city.

As I was reminded on my very first day in *The Bulletin* office, San Francisco was then getting ready to hold a World's Fair to celebrate the opening of the Panama Canal. Actually, the date had to be postponed from 1914, when the first ship went through the Canal, until 1915; when the Fair did open, the First World War was in full swing, and there was almost a civil war between the German colony in San Francisco and the somewhat less numerous French.

The slogan of the Fair was, "San Francisco, the City Loved round the World." I didn't then love San Francisco quite as much as that. Today it seems heresy of the blackest sort to say this; but I am trying, in these memoirs, to be as truthful as is convenient. The truth is that my love affair with San Francisco was not one that began at first sight. I was at first homesick, frightened by much that I did not understand, shocked by things I understood only too well.

San Francisco had its grim aspects and moods: the long rows of dreary gray houses, worn with the weather, as one went west and southwest; a peculiarly flaunting and ugly kind of vice, flourishing on the renowned Barbary Coast but

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just as cruel and corrupt in less spectacular districts, where it could be had more privately by those respectable-seeming persons who had more money to spend on it; the rush-hour traffic on the streetcars and ferries (and when was rush-hour traffic ever romantic?); the bums, hoboes and wanderers of inelegant leisure in the wintry lodging-houses south of Market Street.

The fog would come in, at the appointed hour and in the appointed season, and sometimes the fog was heartbreakingly lovely, because it hid much that was evil and ugly; and sometimes it drifted through the streets and misted the street-lights until a person who was already lonesome (and that was my burden during those first pre-marital years) wanted to crawl in somewhere and hide. I didn't drink at all at that time, but I could understand why San Francisco was one of the drinkingest cities in the world.

Whether or not the result was due to propinquity, I finally did fall deeply and forever in love with the city. But to say this in personal conversation with my journalistic peers in 1913 to 1915, or thereabout, would have branded me as simple-minded. The city loved round the world, the way we scoffers and jesters looked at it, was a phrase invented by business men who wanted to turn emotion into money. I don't know what we thought the business men would do if they didn't make money; I don't know what we thought was so wrong about money, for we wanted some ourselves.

So we young calves on *The Bulletin* made light of the Fair we were to remember with so much yearning for long years afterwards; we poked fun at the sudden blooming of the silk hat on the heads of San Francisco's eminences as they received delegations from far and near who came to

make arrangements for the Big Show.

The days of 'Forty-Nine were indeed gone, we said; time was when a silk hat couldn't get half a block down Market Street without being knocked off by justly indignant citizens.

The Fair was slow in taking form, but it did make news. When Secretary of State Bryan came West in 1913 to plead in vain against a Japanese restriction act the Legislature was about to pass, we were much more interested in whether President Wilson would send the Fleet to the Fair than in what he would do (he couldn't do anything, as it turned out) if we were unkind to the Japanese.

The Tower of Jewels took slow shape on the reclaimed ground by the Golden Gate. It seemed to symbolize something. We young sophisticates hated to cheer for a cheaply theatrical commercial enterprise. But we did cheer, though we didn't admit there were lumps in our throats and a stinging of salt in our eyes.

For everybody the Fair celebrated the Canal. For the old-timers it also celebrated the nearly complete recovery of the City from the earthquake (yes, there was an earthquake) and fire of 1906. The new city wasn't as glamorous as the old city had been—that was what the old-timers said, wagging their long gray beards and dripping tears out of their ancient, rheumy eyes—but it was good enough, it was better than any other city; and its bankers, merchants, crooks, politicians and hired help, though they could not agree among themselves, all agreed they wanted more business and more money.

In addition, San Francisco really was better than any other city, except, maybe, Paris and Rome and, if you cared about size, New York. So all of us, the skeptics and the

dreamers, the profit-seekers and the poets, had in common an unadmitted something.

How do you draw up a profit-and-loss account in such cases as this? There was a certain amount of hokum, baloney, applesauce or whatever the frivolous chose to call it, in the Panama-Pacific Exposition of 1915.

There was also a certain amount of beauty, which we youngsters did not then know was so rare on the man-made part of the earth, and which we could not deny in print and did not actually wish to deny in our hearts.

This was a Golden Age, indeed, in spite of all the base metals that got into it; it was the triumph of Man before he betrayed himself; this I happily did not know, this none of my cynical but exuberantly young friends knew, at that time; those who lived long enough found out about it later.

The last flickers of the optimistic nineteenth century, the hopeful, cruel nineteenth century, were dying out in the second decade of the twentieth century, when I went to work on *The Bulletin*; they were dying out, in the end, like fireworks that had been made ready for a happy celebration but are exploded by accident, and cause loss of life.

You could hope anything in those days, say anything, believe anything. Woodrow Wilson, elected President of the United States, said, and was not impeached, that we were all Socialists. This was a singularly innocent thing to say, but that was the Age of Innocence.

And Mr. Wilson did not mean to say that he or the rest of us had accepted the doctrines of Karl Marx. We hadn't even read Karl Marx. Nobody who had a living to earn could read Karl Marx. Karl Marx, even in English, was illegible. What Mr. Wilson meant was that we were, more and more, intent

on economic justice and economic democracy; he thought this objective could be attained by the Democrats of New Jersey, supported by the Democrats in other Northern States, and by enough of the Southern Democrats, who in that generation were in no mood to vote Republican under any circumstances.

We were all confused, especially the so-called liberals and progressives, without capital letters. I recall saying to an equally woozy-minded friend that there was really no difference between socialism and the single tax—both proposed justice for the poor.

I didn't especially like the poor. I didn't like poverty, so far as I had tried it. But I didn't like the rich very much, either. I just liked to have things going smoothly and simply, with nobody in bad trouble and nobody trying to lord it over the rest of us.

But things didn't go smoothly, and people did try to lord it over the rest of us. And some of the good companions who stood side by side with *The Bulletin* in its pre-war campaigns died of influenza in the great epidemic, died of wounds in the First World War, or, worse yet, decided it wasn't worth while to fight for lost causes.

I rise now, however, in a solitary and imaginary toast, to salute those who died and also those who deserted or resigned. I speak again from the point of view of a budding reporter of the years 1911, 1912, and a part of 1913. This was an ingenuous reporter, hoping the winds would fill his sails, not yet calloused to the oars.

So now, again, I drink, in wine neither aged nor soured, to that brief portion of my personal past—and of so many valiant pasts signifying more than mine—that past so dismal,

so nerve-wracking, and so very beautiful.

We had great faith. We believed much that wasn't so. But our opponents, the defenders of things as they used to be, the holders of an unearned dominion, the occasional corrupters of the city for their special purposes—they also believed what wasn't so, though I do not know what their faith, if any, was.

5

I must come back to my personal adventures, since like all men I must be two eyes looking out and two ears listening.

I think my period of probation, so far as Fremont Older was concerned, ended one day when Sherry called me up from police headquarters with one of the stories he knew superbly how to get and define but didn't want to bother to write. Sherry was Frank Sheridan, a veteran reporter whom everybody respected and of whom I stood in great awe. Sherry believed—and there was merit in this belief—that what counted in a newspaper was news, and that a man who could find news was more valuable than a man who could only find words.

Sherry cut me down to size whenever I tried to show off, as I occasionally did by pretending to recognize names when I didn't or when I tried to imitate the old-timer's memory for stories long gone by.

"Hell, no," Sherry would retort. "You've got your wires crossed, Buster. You listen now, and take it straight."

I would say yes, sir, as though Sherry were the President of the United States, and I would take it straight.

But on the morning I am remembering I mostly listened.

THE CRAFT SO LONG TO LEARN

The police had cornered a gunman somewhere down in the Red Light district, the old Barbary Coast, which years later you could go innocently through as a tourist by paying an admission fee, and he had preferred to shoot it out with them rather than put in a stretch at San Quentin. There were arguments on both sides. San Quentin was not a pleasant prison then.

Sherry's version was something like this: "They'd been looking for this guy quite some time, and somebody tipped them off where he was." Sherry was on friendly terms with the police, but he never did take stock in the theory that detectives solved crimes by studying pipe ashes, footprints, or bits of thread. They solved them, he had noticed, by being tipped off.

I think Sherry smoked or chewed cigars. Since I hardly ever saw him I am not quite sure, but he sounded that way over the phone. "There was this girl," Sherry went on. "You be sure to get her in. She wasn't the one who gave the tip. She was straight, see? She'd been living with him. She was right there in the room. He pushed her down when they started breaking the door in. Or maybe she was down already. Anyhow, she didn't get hurt."

"Were they married?" I asked.

"O my God!" said Sherry. "Were they married, he wants to know. When they broke in the door they filled little Johnny so full of lead they could have sold him for scrap metal. And they thought the girl was dead, too, because she had fainted—or pretended to. But she wasn't. She wasn't even scratched."

"What was her name?" I asked. I was being taught to be sure to get the name.

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Sherry drew an audibly long breath, and possibly bit his cigar in two. "Her name was Harriet Beecher Stowe," he said slowly, "and she was a direct descendant on the female side of George Washington."

I kept still. I wanted no more of Sherry's well-earned derision.

"This is what I want you to get," he resumed, and I thought I heard him spitting out pieces of cigar. "They took this girl to the station and asked her questions. They couldn't charge her with anything, you understand. They just wanted to know all they could about little Johnny. She didn't tell them anything at all, because she had been quite fond of little Johnny and she was crying because he wasn't going to be around any more."

Sherry waited a moment, and then threw in his punch line. "This girl, Marie Antoinette, or whatever her name was, said, and I am giving you a quote here, 'I don't know what he did that was wrong but he was always good to me.' End quote. And then one of her friends came along and bailed her out." With this, and with a few lesser details, Sherry hung up and went back to his poker game, or whatever it was that was being played on the police beat that year.

I felt my spine tingle with my first authentic recognition of what makes a human interest story. Then I sweated a little, and then I wrote my lead sentence: "I don't know what he did that was wrong, but he was always good to me."

I gave the story almost as Sherry told it. I knew I had done it right, for that newspaper, that city and that day. Gunmen shot it out with the police quite frequently: when another one did it it was usually news but not unique. But when a dead gunman's girl acted like an innocent wife who had just

lost her beloved husband in an accident, that was news, that was unique.

I wrote my story that way and gave it to Carl Hoffman, who read it swiftly and took it into Older's office.

Carl said nothing more to me about my piece that day, but it appeared in the next edition, on the front page, under a good-sized two-column italic full-face head. It hardly occurred to me until I came to write these words that Carl gave me no by-line. On *The Bulletin* you had to work hard for a by-line; too many by-lines and a reporter might get a better offer from another paper.

Next morning Carl called me into his office. "Older liked that piece of yours about the girl," he said. "You do some more like that and you'll be all right here." And he gave me a quick thump on the shoulder as I turned to leave. I felt a warm glow, for now I knew that Carl had forgiven me for my unintentional crime of having known Loring Pickering slightly in college.

The ironic fact about this bit of newswriting is that as far as *The Bulletin* was concerned it largely separated me from news—not right away, but eventually. Since it also gave me Carl Hoffman's friendship and a close working relationship with Fremont Older this was not a misfortune.

In later years I did reporting for magazines and for the Sunday edition of a newspaper called *The New York Times*, but after Fremont Older got his fatherly eye on me I moved more and more in the direction of writing anonymous comments on the news.

But I never forgot that gangster's girl, whom I never saw. She may have been saving her own hide, playing innocent the way she did, but Sherry didn't seem to think so and I

don't think so—not even now, years and years later. And who cares whom she loved, now, and what does she care?

I tried so hard to be cynical, the way a newspaperman ought to be, but I couldn't always manage it then, and I can't always do so now.

6

I was not immediately called into Mr. Older's office, promoted (if that was the word) to editorial writer, offered a blank contract, and told to name my figure. Nobody ever asked me to name my figure, then or later.

But I noticed that Carl Hoffman was trying me out more than he had done, and looking me over more carefully. We had an editorial writer in Jack Waldorf; Jack had been through the mill and had fallen arches and a sort of farm in Santa Clara County, south of Palo Alto, from which, God helping him and the railroad still being tolerant of commuting traffic, he commuted.

Jack said that many a man born on a farm went to the city and sweated half his life away in order not to have to live on the farm. Then, when he had got a little ahead, he bought a farm (not the one he was brought up on) and sweated away the other half of his life trying not to live in the city. Jack was doing this, he said. He had a cow or two and did the milking before he took the train to come to work. If Jack's cows were like the cows I used to know all too well he had to milk them again after he came home from work. After that, he would be ready for bed.

But Jack, the old warhorse, the self-styled cynic, the man who did not believe in honesty or virtue, had a conscience he couldn't suppress. If he hadn't had this conscience he could

have slept until about six-thirty instead of being up and around at five-thirty. But Jack's conscience made him resign when he found that *The Bulletin* was determined to support the Progressive ticket in the Presidential election of 1912.

Jack said he didn't mind burning down orphan asylums and robbing old ladies of their hard-earned savings (I think he may have been joking) but he could not and would not, for an extra hour's sleep or for any other reward, write editorials in support of a maverick Republican. Any Republican was bad enough, said Jack, who was a Democrat, but the wild sort, the Theodore Roosevelt sort, the sort who would not do what the county chairmen had decided they ought to do, he could not endure. Jack believed in a two-party system. How could you have a two-party system if the wild jackasses of the desert kept breaking ranks after the orders had been given?

So Jack retired to the copy desk, where the old men, of forty and up, labored day after day, and he got up earlier than he had been accustomed to do, but he had greater peace of mind. This had an effect on my own career, but not immediately.

Jack was succeeded by Jim Wilkins, who had once been warden of San Quentin Prison, though this, as I now suspect, was less because he knew about prisons than because his political views and services were satisfactory to the incumbent State administration.

Jim was pleasant. He was as pleasant as a life insurance salesman, and not so full of tactfully gloomy thoughts. My wife and I once had an enjoyable weekend at his house in Marin County, in the course of which he tried to sell us a

building site he happened to own on Drake's Bay; he also fed us on quail with shotgun bullets in them, which tasted good but broke our teeth.

But Jim wasn't as loyal to Mr. Older as he was to Jim Wilkins. I don't know quite what happened, though Mr. Older applied to it an adjective I won't use here—after all, the part of the quail that didn't have bullets was very good. At any rate, Jim had to be succeeded as editorial writer by somebody who had a streak of loyalty in him, whatever his other qualities; I had that streak of loyalty, whatever else I had.

I had written an editorial or two while Jack was edging his way out and Jim was feeling his way in. I thought it might be pleasant to write editorials and not have to chase around for stories which might or might not pan out. Editorials were like my freshman English course at Stanford—I knew I could pull down at least an A minus if I got the chance.

But if I thought these presumptuous thoughts I didn't mention them around the office, not even to Hoppy. I went on trying to be—and to some extent becoming—a reporter. I feel strangely modest about that statement. Yet after all these years who can prove me wrong?

Carl sent me to cover an investigation of conditions in a blind children's asylum in Berkeley. This was better than it would otherwise have been because Governor Hiram Johnson was sitting in on that investigation and making something out of it. Of course he needed to keep his name before his public. Of course he needed to be thought a humanitarian, concerned with the sorrows of the poor and the afflicted. I don't see what harm this motivation did, for he

certainly cleaned up the blind asylum. And I must add that though Johnson had some curious ideas in his head in later years (or so I thought) after he became a United States Senator and after he gave up his Vice-Presidential and perhaps Presidential ambitions, he did have sympathy in his heart, and a sense of justice.

The children in the asylum had fallen into various bad habits because they had not been given entertainment or enough to do; and the management had tried to make them behave themselves by tying their hands. Hiram Johnson flamed at this medieval nonsense and brutality, and his anger made good stories and headlines.

One day I got from him orally his final denunciatory speech as he rode over to Berkeley on the Key Route Ferry and train; then I got off at an intermediate station and phoned the story in before the speech was delivered. Carl Hoffman liked this sort of forehandedness and gave me a good piece of rewrite to do when I returned to the office.

I wasn't always so clever. One evening Carl sent me out (no overtime, no extra pay, just love of the trade), to cover a speech by Francis J. Heney, old-time graft prosecutor who had been shot and badly injured years before by an aggrieved witness during the Ruef trial. I took the train to Alameda, which ran round a loop, missed the proper station, and found myself back at the pier just as the lecture was about to begin. One didn't take a taxi in such emergencies in those frugal times. I came home.

Next morning Carl sent me out to Heney's house to apologize and catch up; and Heney recited the whole lecture to me as he shaved. I was always grateful to him for that, and the story may have been better than it would have been if

I had heard the original version.

Heney had a right to be bitter at fate; Hiram Johnson had succeeded him as special prosecutor after Heney was wounded; it was Hiram who became Governor, then an unsuccessful candidate for Vice-President, finally a Senator of some repute. Heney's life, by contrast, was obscure and disappointing.

Another of my assignments was to attend meetings of the State Railway Commission, which had been reformed and reinvigorated under the Progressive regime, and was headed by a brilliant chairman named John Eshelman. The old commission had done what the railroads told them to do; this one took no orders from any railway or any other public utility. It was a pleasure to watch the old-fashioned type of railway attorney squirm in this unusual situation.

It is sad to think, now that railways are the underdogs and at times a bit on the quaint side, how high they were then and how they have fallen. Who cares what railways think now? If they don't wish to haul ourselves or our freight we can get a truck to do it, or a bus, or a plane. But they were the lords of creation then, just as in the days of Frank Norris and his Octopus, and when the State Railway Commission under Eshelman cut them down to size we underlings rejoiced. This was freedom, this was the day of jubilee.

Hiram Johnson's own career exemplified what was happening in our world. When he first ran for Governor he traveled by automobile so that he wouldn't be beholden to the railways, or dependent on them. They couldn't sidetrack him, that way, when he had a speech to make at an important spot at an important time.

Later in his career, even before he ran for Senator and

said good bye to the old reform movement in California, he supported a bill regulating the operation of automobiles. In a speech or message he came out against the unrestricted operation of "private locomotives"—I think those were his words—on California's roads.

But John Eshelman, who was doomed to die of tuberculosis and not go on to the higher destiny he deserved, was out to show that the people of California, whose hired man he was, should not, did not have to and would not take dictation from any public utility, railroad or otherwise. John Eshelman was saying, in a proper and judicial way, that the rule of the Southern Pacific machine in California was over. It was. He wasn't being mean to the utilities, he wasn't being cruel, he was just setting the balance right.

I sat in at those hearings, and thought that democracy had been reborn in California, and probably elsewhere, and how wonderful it was to be young and one of God's chillun with wings, because I thought we all had wings, black, white, east or west. The old evils, war, poverty, corruption, were dying. That was what I thought and I didn't mind being alive to watch it.

What was true, however, and this I mourn, was that the progressive or liberal movement in this century's second decade was fragile, elusive and subject to change without notice. What was going to be required of us was discipline and what we were trying to arrange was that orders shouldn't issue to anybody except when absolutely essential, and that we all might be airily free.

I went on being a reporter, sometimes half-scared to death at the thought that I might come up against a situation I couldn't handle, at other times exhilarated by the wonder

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and gamble of it all. Because a news story, then as now, was a direct contact with the life of one or more human beings at a critical or interesting moment. It was even more like that in 1911, 1912, and 1913 than it is today, for the blazing searchlight of the news has swung toward the comedies and tragedies of millions of people, and one human being, caught in some especial trap, without general significance, can't always make today's front pages.

What sort of cosmic meaning was there, for instance, in the old horse-cab driver I went out to see in the county home that lay under the sad shadow of the eucalyptus trees of the Sutro Forest, on the outskirts of the city?

No meaning, perhaps, but I remember him. He lay in a clean bed in a clean ward, and the nurses were indulgently good to him, but he sorrowed and regretted. He had driven important people in his time, he said; he couldn't remember their names, but they were big people. Actors, he thought, some of them. Business men. And there was the fire. It was hard to get back into business after the fire.

"Those were the great days," he said. "I got a five-dollar tip more than once. And once I took a grand lady down to the ferry to catch the east-bound train; she was a great singer and you'd know her name if I could remember it; she was French, young man, and beautiful, and she smiled at me, and when she tried to give me a tip I wouldn't take it. 'Madame,' I said, 'from you, no.'"

The old man smiled, not gaily. "So here I am," he concluded. "Maybe if you put my name in the paper some of my old friends will hear about me and do something for me."

I put his name in the paper, but I never learned anything more about him.

There was a woman in one of the emergency hospitals who had tried to kill herself by taking too many pills. She was glad she hadn't succeeded. In fact, she was so jolly it hardly made a story.

The attending intern spoke to me in the corridor. He was trimming raw edges off his shirt cuffs with a tiny pair of surgical scissors. "They're always pleased when they don't make it," he said. "They cause us a lot of trouble. What for?" He shrugged his shoulders. "When I get out of this place I am going to treat rich old ladies who do not want to die."

I took run-of-the-mill assignments, some of them involving free meals. There was hardly anything we young, underpaid and unmarried reporters loved more than free meals. Since we were usually seated, for practical reasons, where we could hear and see the speakers we also had a certain sense of importance. What I regret now is that in those days I did not drink much and so missed a quantity of good California wine (they did not throw hard liquor at the reporters, perhaps because they assumed we were already full of hard liquor) that I wish I had by me at this moment, or inside me. Hardly anything made a reporter feel so much like a statesman and a child of the gods as to drink wine and eat chicken and peas for which he didn't have to pay.

Even the speeches taught me something that has been useful since. I do not report speeches any more, and except under heavy pressure I do not make speeches, but even today I am sure I could report one, of the customary sort, with quotes that any sensible speaker would accept, without listening to it. The fact is that though there are some poor reporters, most reporters can report better than most speakers can speak, and wise speakers know this. The same

principle applies to interviews. It is sometimes better to let the interviewer phrase the replies as well as the questions—provided, of course, the reporter and the interviewee are in agreement as to what ought to be said.

This sounds cynical, perhaps. It isn't. Few persons, in or out of public life, can say what they mean without prompting. One of the missions of the press is to prompt them.

I did interviews fairly well, having grasped this theorem. I did them best when they were exclusive. I wasn't so good when I had a ring of rival reporters competing with me against the selected prey. On such occasions those who yelled the loudest often got their questions answered, but it wasn't always the loudest questions that made the best story.

I bring to memory Minnie Maddern Fiske, deeply veiled, sitting in the St. Francis Hotel and telling me, exclusively—not about her theories of acting, which I would dearly have loved to hear, but about her crusade for the protection of fur-bearing animals, and of birds. Mrs. Fiske was even then past the first glow of her youth but she had that mysterious, perfumed, magic thing called presence; and I found it hard to keep my mind on what she had to say, I admired her so, and was so deeply under her spell. If I could have gone directly into the woods and shot a hunter I might have done so.

I was sent to ask Nance O'Neill, a California-born actress then at the top of her fame, whether she had changed her religion, and why, and how the change might affect her acting. She knew the Olders, and was kindly with me. She smiled, a little sadly, at my innocence, and at my blundering questions, and said she was sorry but religion was, for her, a personal matter. I said I was sorry, too, because my city

editor had expected me to bring back a story and would think I had failed—and at this she smiled again and said she wished she could, indeed, she did wish so, and then the maid was at the door.

I talked with the elderly Ina Coolbrith, who had once helped Bret Harte edit the *Overland Magazine*, and who had lived long enough and been gifted enough to win the title of poet laureate of California. She spoke of Harte, Clemens, and one or two of the other giants. "I often wonder," she mused—and I do recall the words—"if it would have been better for me if I had gone East the way they did." She sighed. At seventy, which may have been the occasion for my 1912 interview, her name wasn't much known outside of California; she had touched success and it had slipped away from her. Who knows? Even then I thought, fate is fate, and you can't alter it by moving around on the map.

I think my favorite interview, which occurred several times in the course of a year or two, was with the late Alexander McAdie, who until 1913 was weather forecast official for San Francisco. Mr. McAdie wrote a number of absorbing books, among them "The Fogs and Clouds of San Francisco."

The advantage of interviewing a forecaster was, and is, that he inhabits the top story of a sufficiently tall building, and you have a view as you converse; the world is below, and spread out, and thus easier to endure.

Alexander McAdie made a young newspaperman feel calm, philosophic and intelligent—he was that way himself and inspired in others the temporary illusion of being so. I couldn't imagine him ever losing his patience or being gloomy in the morning.

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Mr. McAdie would tell me what the weather was about to be, and why it did what it did, and how he and his colleagues learned about these matters. He explained to me, so lucidly I could almost report his reasoning today, if not his words, just how it was that the heat in the Central Valley pulled the fog into San Francisco but did not pull it over the Coast Range. He explained, also, why it rained in winter, and why the trade wind blew so steadily in summer.

I hope this was a satisfaction to him. I would have liked to tell him, but it is too late now, how comforting it was to me to talk to him—comforting because I sometimes went up to his high perch in a mood of disillusionment as to what was going on down in the streets, down in the Western Addition, down in the fog, in the side alleys of the Mission, along the wharves; and because the world where he was, the world of which he spoke so wisely, was rational and therefore beautiful.

With actresses and meteorologists, with murderers and corpses, with heads of state commissions and teachers returning from the Philippines, with sailors and with sinners but not often saints, I was learning a good deal, even about reporting.

But destiny was closing in on me. Just as I was about to become a journeyman reporter, just then, in fact, just then . . .

CHAPTER THREE

The Editorial We

THESE WERE the days when the Progressives, so they said, stood at Armageddon and battled for the Lord.

There are ages of great expectations, and this was one of them. Such ages do not last long, and this one did not.

They also return. To say that one has passed is not to say there will not be another.

There was so much reason to hope, so it seemed at the time. Every morning brought the news, not of another victory but of another invention. How happy mankind will be, we thought, when it enters into the new world of flight; and the divers nations, learning more about each other, come to like each other better.

How fortunate we were, we thought, to live at a time when one by one the old diseases were being conquered, when knowledge was being more and more widely spread, when the old superstitions and fears, the old imperial systems, the urges that made for war, were about to fade away.

One image came to me over and over again. Perhaps it was based on my deep love for the hills that rose above the Santa Clara Valley on the ocean side; and the way the mist drifted in through their passes, and the sure knowledge that

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if one went to the top, as I often did, one's vision would be limited by nothing but fog and water.

Fog and water, and the shapes of warm red-brown hills coming and going; there lay the future, there lay, as old Benton used to say a century and more ago, the road to India.

In those days the word "future" had a lovely sound.

1

Carl was still trying to find out what kind of editorial writer I would be. Once he gave Scoop Gleeson and myself what we regarded as an opportunity to get ahead in the world; he said we could go out on Sundays and do a feature that would be called, "Do You Know San Francisco?" Scoop would take pictures, at which, as in everything else, he was good, and I would write the text.

It never occurred to either of us that we ought to have been paid for this entertainment; I think it should have occurred to us; I think we should have been paid extra—but we weren't. Such payments were not customary in San Francisco in those days. What we did get was by-lines, which were supposed to have a market value.

I can bring back several of those little stories: the grave of Yankee Sullivan, an early-day prize fighter and all-round bum who got himself lynched, and was then buried near the old Mission Church; the old seamen's hospital, down by the waterfront, under Rincon Hill, a decrepit building, long dis-used, with plank floors so rotted we hardly dared step on them; and Fisherman's Wharf, which wasn't then a tourist showplace.

The fishermen didn't have gasoline engines then, or not

many did; they had red and orange sails in the lateen Mediterranean rig, and their crafts were so lovely as they came and went that it almost broke one's heart to look at them. The use of sails broke the hearts of the fishermen's wives and children, too, sometimes, for the men fished outside where it was rough, and once in a while a boat didn't make it home.

I must have loved Fishermen's Wharf, the one in San Francisco, and the one I later got acquainted with in Monterey: I associate the smell of fish, fresh or cooked, with my dreams of heaven.

After a while Carl must have decided that everybody now knew about San Francisco, for our feature was cut off. He next turned to Hoppy and me and set us to doing a column of short paragraphs. We didn't call it a "colyum." We took turns at it, with the usual stipulation that we would get a by-line apiece but no extra pay. One thing I remember out of it all was Hoppy's paragraphs with the head or subhead, "In Praise of Jazz." Believe it or not, that word was just coming into common use at that time; and Hoppy, who had a sharp eye for new things, picked it up just as he discovered the psychology of a Viennese doctor named Freud.

As I range backward and forward over those early, indeed almost primordial years, I come on 1912, during which there occurred the three-cornered battle of the century: Taft running as a Republican, Theodore Roosevelt prancing around on the Progressive ticket, and Woodrow Wilson, a highly civilized ex-college president, sedately preaching Democracy.

I was, on the whole, a Wilson man, I hardly know why, whereas *The Bulletin* was beating the drum for Roosevelt.

Mr. Older once or twice came roaring out of his office and tried to convert me—or anybody else within hearing. I don't suppose that this great and poignantly humane cynic, which he was at the last, really swallowed all that the Bull Moosers (the Progressives, that is) handed out, but he thought they were better than the Republicans and much ahead of the Democrats from below the Mason and Dixon line.

I replied, with a quiet obstinacy that ought to have disgusted Mr. Older, that I thought there was much to be said for Wilson. I said I didn't believe in the high tariff policies that the Bull Moosers were advocating (David Starr Jordan had turned me into a free trader), and that I didn't trust some of Colonel Roosevelt's Wall Street friends. Later I judged that my brash independence might have pleased Mr. Older.

The campaign went its historic way and wound up as the fates had intended it to do. On the morning after the election I came early into the office and Carl Hoffman, looking in vain for an office boy, ordered me to trot down Market Street a few blocks and pick up the Associated Press night copy. At this time the A. P. wire ran into our office during working hours but we had no operator to receive it after our last edition. By day I sat near the A. P. man when I was in the office, because I had found that his Morse receiver made just enough noise to discourage my beloved fellow reporters from telling me interesting stories and anecdotes.

We had a semi-silent friendship, this operator and I. I caught my last sight of him one day on an Oakland ferry boat. He greeted me with a glassy look in his eyes, and when I kidded him (that was the word) he said he had just had news that practically all his family had been wiped out in

an automobile accident back East somewhere. I remember his stricken face. There was nothing to say to him, nothing to mumble, when we parted on the Oakland Mole; I could only crush his hand and give him a hard thump on the shoulder, and turn away before whatever emotions I had could show.

When Carl sent me to the A. P., on an errand any animal with a sense of direction could accomplish, I concluded that he was annoyed with me about something, and wondered if, after all, I shouldn't have gone into high-school teaching instead of newspaper work.

Perhaps, I imagined, Carl had dreamed that Loring Pickering had taken over *The Bulletin* and doubled my pay. But I went and picked up the A. P. night file, just the same.

I went with resolution but with sadness. Maybe, I bitterly reflected, Carl might next want me to go out for a ham sandwich without mustard. I determined, for I could (and can) be put upon just so much and no more, that if Carl asked for it without he would get it with. I liked Carl, but I had begun to think I was a reporter, not an errand boy. He would laugh if he could know this now, wherever he is.

The A. P. copy was duly handled, together with whatever else trickled in from our own stringers, the occasional correspondents in the counties where there were more trees than people.

The Bulletin's banner line that day, Nov. 6, 1912, startles me as I look at it after so many years. It said "ROOSEVELT 3,000 AHEAD." Ahead of what? Mr. Roosevelt, as my beloved newspaper truly said, was as we went to press three thousand votes ahead of Wilson in the State of California.

This made *The Bulletin* feel better because we lived in the State of California and because *The Bulletin* (my reluctant self and some others excepted) had preferred Roosevelt to Wilson. If California had been a nation we would—I mean *The Bulletin* would—have won that election.

But *The Bulletin* did not tell lies, even though our first-column head stated that "Race Is Now Nip and Tuck to the Finish." Roosevelt was crowding Wilson aside in our territory, but we also carried a headline (front page, column two) that admitted, on the basis of what I take to be an Associated Press dispatch: "39 STATES CARRIED BY WILSON," and continued, in the "bank," "Democratic Candidate Will Have 415 Electoral Votes; Roosevelt Gets 104."

A careless reader, and I suppose there were some in those days, before radio and television had enlightened the world, might have concluded that *The Bulletin*, along with the Progressive Party, had won a great victory. There was no such victory, to be sure. The only victor I knew of on our paper was myself, because I had never, after my M. A. degree at Stanford, had much confidence in that amateur cowboy who called himself Theodore Roosevelt.

I liked Woodrow Wilson better, though it would be untrue to say I warmed to him. Wilson was like George Washington in one respect, and also like Henry David Thoreau in Emerson's famous phrase: one could admire and even revere him, but it was hard to love him.

I wonder what would have happened to our country and to the world if Wilson had had, and kept, the enormous popular appeal that Theodore Roosevelt somehow drummed up, or that Franklin D. Roosevelt later invoked, or that made

people stand in line for hours to pass in front of the coffin where Fiorello La Guardia, late Mayor of the City of New York, lay in state. Who knows this magic? Who can define it? What makes the public love some of its great men and merely respect others? My maternal grandmother wept when Lincoln died; long afterwards she told me so; but when Wilson died there was no weeping, only mourning.

Woodrow Wilson didn't involve all our emotions. He got our support, in a divided election. We trusted him to keep us out of war, in 1912 but especially in 1916. He led us into a little war, in Mexico, in 1914, into a bigger one in 1917. Most of us who had voted for him continued to trust him.

2

On this morning of Wednesday, November 4, 1912, *The Bulletin* said what I have mentioned that it said; it also said that the Democrats would control Congress, even though a body could not be certain as to what the new State Legislatures would do when they chose the new Senators—as was then the custom, and a bad custom and bad habit.

Our own special friends in San Francisco had done well. Wilson carried the city by a plurality of over 10,000 over Roosevelt, but of the "Congressional and legislative candidates nine Progressives were returned winners, six Democrats and three reactionaries." And I quote.

A "reactionary" was a Thing that did not have to be defined, even in what purported to be a straight news story. Reactionaries were not nice people. They were stuffy, untrustworthy, devoid of human sympathy, and—worse yet—inclined to be rich.

San Francisco, dear old San Francisco that did not give

a solitary damn for the power and glory of the upper classes, not a fig for family, not a small red cent for wealth and prestige; dear old San Francisco, that didn't care for any of these things unless it was them, or had them, or badly wanted them, dear old San Francisco kept the "reactionaries" down to proper size—three, yes; more than three, no. So much for aristocratic Pacific Avenue, that lay so conveniently in a line with wicked and ribald Pacific Street.

I sat around the office after my errand and waited for whatever might happen. I guessed I might be sent up to City Hall or somewhere, to get local figures and what we called atmosphere. I liked atmosphere, I could feel it, I could write it, after my fashion.

I reflected that the election of Wilson wasn't going to please Hiram Johnson, who had run so hard for Vice President on the Progressive or Bull Moose ticket. It would cause trouble among the ex-Republicans as well as among those who had stayed Republican and died on the barricades with William Howard Taft, who that year won eight electoral votes.

My cynical friends in the news room were amused rather than depressed by this situation. As for myself, I was all for ideals and not so much for practical politics, and I wished it were possible for the good Bull Moosers, not including Munsey the newspaper magnate and Perkins the Wall Street crusader, to line up behind Mr. Wilson and bring in the practically perfect world.

I waited for an outdoor assignment for an hour or so and didn't get it. I felt then I was surely in disgrace and wondered why.

Then Carl Hoffman came out of the inside office where

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Mr. Older sat and said, almost casually, "He would like to have you write an editorial on the election. A big-size one. We'll blow it up and fill the top of the page with it."

In any other newspaper office in the United States, Carl would have told me to go in and talk with Mr. Older, or would have had suggestions as to what I should write and how I should write it. But this wasn't the way Carl or Older worked. They were ahead of their journalistic generation. Or behind it, depending on how one looks at the predicament. The truth was, Older knew by this time what I thought, and how I thought—just as he knew those things about all his staff, being an editor of the first water—and he also knew that the Wilson editorial had better be written by somebody who had been for Mr. Wilson all along. That was me, and others. I wasn't the only wise young man in Mr. Older's city room.

So I sat down and wrote the editorial, and somebody else, the office boy who had finally arrived, got the rest of the A. P. copy. Carl Hoffman, my later dear and admired friend, would have sent me for it if I had been available.

Would it have been better for me if I had gone on carrying the A. P. copy? I can't decide. I might then have turned in a direction that would have taken me to the Western Front some years later; I might now be dead, stricken down while trying to give the world the news it ought to have; but no, I accepted the assignment given me, I wrote the editorial I thought *The Bulletin* would print, and it did.

I now re-read my great adventure with a sigh. Some of the conclusions in the editorial I wrote were correct and some of them were wrong. But the type and display were magnificent. The type, I may modestly reveal, was twelve-point,

or about one-third larger than the customary body type of that day.

The massive lines at the top of the editorial said: "PROGRESSIVES DECREE DEATH OF REPUBLICAN PARTY AND MAKE NEW JUSTICE THE GREAT DOMINANT ISSUE." I didn't write that line. I think Carl Hoffman did, and that he went a little too far. But so did the editorial. I thought this was Kingdom Come, and the Day of Jubilee. It wasn't, not quite.

I said, in my editorial: "Yesterday's election sounded the death knell of the Republican Party. After fifty-six years of power in the affairs of the nation it is on its way into history."

I was wrong. The Republican Party still exists.

I went on to remind my readers that the Republicans had indeed abolished slavery, but that they hadn't been able to keep up with the "problem of democracy"; that without democracy "thousands of workers" (why didn't I say millions while I was at it?) "fell victim to commercial exploitation"; that Theodore Roosevelt's "single-handed struggle for social justice had endeared him to thousands of his countrymen" (after all, we had supported Mr. Roosevelt); that "the Republicans lost because they were a senile party"; that "the Progressives lost because they had not yet attained full strength"; that some voters may have been scared away from the Progressives because they thought that "the protective tariff, in some strange way, causes the high cost of living" (yes, indeed, we had that painful phenomenon even then); and that "a popular confidence in the integrity and essential progressiveness of Woodrow Wilson [here I got in, as may be seen, a kind word for my preferred candidate] won many votes from those who were not without sympathy

for the new party's program."

I said that Roosevelt and Johnson had not "failed." That they had "made it certain that government from now on will not dare to neglect the crying evils to which it has so long shut its eyes," that "the will of the people, in its truest sense, will surely prevail," that "the reign of the dollar in America is over" (it wasn't), and, finally, that "for Progressives there is reason for a calm determination but none for discouragement; the future will vindicate them." (It didn't.)

I was, please remember, only a little past the age of twenty-four. Anybody who has ever been twenty-four will realize what this meant. I knew something about history but not much about the practical side of politics. I didn't know—nobody bothered to tell me—that there was a certain amount of cat-and-dog infighting among the Progressives themselves, and that such crusaders as Frank A. Munsey (a much later but not beloved or admired brief employer of mine) had something besides stars in their eyes; it may have been, charitably speaking, conjunctivitis.

But on the day after Election Day, 1912, Mr. Older liked my enthusiasm, Carl Hoffman began to wonder if I might not be, after all, a cut above the level of Stanford graduates; and in my honest and innocent way I had got *The Bulletin* off the Progressive hook and attached it, tentatively, to the Wilson bandwagon. For a reporter of two years' standing this was quite an achievement; I imagine it showed that ingenuousness often has its advantages. Or used to.

I wish I could be that ingenuous again.

I am still somewhat surprised at this exploit. What I wrote was in quite good style and mood, though somewhat lacking in logic and almost entirely lacking in the prophetic

quality.

We were, after all, a comparatively small newspaper, in a comparatively small city, far from the seats of government and power. But we had in San Francisco, on Market Street, in the office of that half-drab, half-golden dream called *The Bulletin*, our own Tower of Jewels, our own shining hopes and ideas; we thought humanity better than the cynics had supposed, and too good for the institutions that confined it; we had an enthusiasm that was soon to be blasted to the land of glory—but we had it, we did have it. This was our treasure, of which time could not rob us.

Bright was that dawn, just as it had been a century earlier, when the excesses of the French Revolution had not yet blighted Europe, and the cold, satiric Napoleon had not begun his sinister masquerade.

San Francisco, November 6, 1912. It wasn't a bad city or a bad day. I wouldn't mind having the city and the day back.

3

I walked around the city somewhat dazed after this exploit; I walked along the docks, looking longingly at the ships; I walked out through Golden Gate Park to the outer beach and waded in the ocean; I crossed the Sausalito Ferry on a Sunday afternoon and had adventures, alone and in company.

Nobody said, this is a turning point in that slow chemical process, that simmering pot of dreams, that spark, flicker, and darkness you call your life; nobody said anything; I did my work, and I liked my work.

But I kept thinking of that twelve-point type on the

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editorial page, and all the wise things I had put into it, and how grand it had looked, and sometimes I had thrills up and down my spine and thought maybe I could get married, as planned and hoped, in another year or so, and maybe have enough to support a wife on.

The pay came in a small brown envelope, and was still in gold—for this was before the Federal Government decided gold was bad for us. At first it consisted of a ten-dollar gold piece and a five-dollar gold piece, then of two tens, then of two tens and a five, finally, shortly before I was married, there were three tens and a five.

The Bulletin office was a refuge from the places where I lived, or pretended to be alive. By this I mean that my dwelling quarters, except when I was with the Stern family in Berkeley, and later at a boarding house in Oakland, were lonesome indeed until marriage solved that problem.

I did more and more editorials and fewer and fewer news stories. Once I told Carl Hoffman I thought I could do better with the editorials if I wasn't always being interrupted by assignments in the street. He smiled goodnaturedly, and made my heart jump with the remark that before long I might not have to do anything but editorials.

I'm afraid I was lazy. I should have insisted on doing both news stories and editorials. But at twenty-five one doesn't know all that is to be known about the proper conduct of life: such wisdom, I believe, comes when it is no longer needed.

So the day finally did come when Jim Wilkins wasn't around any more and Carl and Mr. Older agreed to turn the editorial page over to me. I took to it like a cat to a catnip bag.

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I don't suppose anybody will believe the system under which we got out *The Bulletin's* editorial page. I hardly believe it myself, now. But the understanding really was this: if Mr. Older had something special to say he would tell me about it, and I would write it; I wrote it cheerfully and with no qualms of conscience because I worshiped Mr. Older, and practically everything he believed (there were one or two exceptions, as in the case of the first Wilson candidacy) I believed, too.

Most of the time, however, Mr. Older let me go my own way. Every day I wrote several editorials, often a sort of essay on almost anything—dogs, camping out in the Sierras, passages from any one of dozens of favorite authors, all the way from Thoreau and Montaigne to Cervantes and Shakespeare, and sometimes, even, a comment hitched directly to the news.

We didn't try to cover all the news in the editorials, or even the most important news; we merely tried—or I did—to make the page as readable as possible. I think it was sometimes what we then called highbrow, as contrasted with the front page and the sports section. I had to get the bad habit of writing periodic and balanced sentences out of my system; this took a long time and maybe I haven't yet succeeded.

I would write these miscellaneous editorials, take them out to the composing room (where I soon knew all the printers and make-up men), read proof on them and fit them into the space—often without showing either copy or proof to Mr. Older. It was Mr. Older's theory, and maybe a good one, that he got better and more original work out of me by giving me my head than by keeping a tight check-

rein. In fact, I think three or four of the printers, who were inclined to be left-wingers in the innocent fashion of that day, gave me more suggestions than Mr. Older ever did.

Mr. Older did not often complain and he never interfered, though he had a perfect and traditional right to do so. Once he said thoughtfully, as Carl Hoffman reported to me afterwards, "I wish Bob hadn't written that." But he did not kill the editorial—or me.

He must have liked the product as a whole—that is all I can now conclude. Perhaps he liked it better because Mr. Crothers and Loring Pickering often didn't like it.

And Mr. Older knew that he had an admiring disciple on hand when he needed one, to put the Older philosophy into words. It wasn't that he himself couldn't write, and write well, for in his later career this was what he did. It was just that in my day on *The Bulletin* he couldn't find time to do all he had to do.

There were, in those years, so many things to put into words, and the philosophy, whether wholly Mr. Older's or partly mine, had to run hard to keep up with the events.

War seemed to be in the air, even before the assassinations in Sarajevo, in the summer of 1914, gave the statesmen and the military geniuses of Europe a chance to show off their abilities. We seemed to be on the verge of war with Mexico, where Victoriano Huerta was President during the first half of 1914—a bad President, many Americans thought. The Hearst papers, our rivals to a certain extent and therefore regarded by us as wrong in some other respects (and I still think that in their Mexican policy they were hideously wrong, just as I thought then), seemed to be pushing for war with Mexico. We had annexed a good fraction of that

country in the mid-nineteenth century—why not take the rest now, as one of Mr. Hearst's cartoonists and a flock of his writers suggested, and civilize it with little red school-houses?

The Bulletin opposed the plan to conquer Mexico and then annex it. No matter how red the schoolhouse was, we argued, it wouldn't be worth the blood required to paint it. This was what I was writing in early 1914, and not bothering Mr. Older with.

I wrote an editorial published on April 21, 1914, in which I said and declaimed: "The outcome of the Mexican crisis rests, as it has rested any time these three years, in the power of the people of the United States." I said, with some but not complete accuracy, that President Wilson represented "a Christianized diplomacy whose guiding principle is justice for all nations and friendship toward all nations." I admonished whomsoever it might concern that "there must be no flood of madness to submerge real patriotism [my kind, of course] and sweep us into a criminal conflict."

I think I was more nearly right, in this editorial, than when I rang the death knell of the Republican Party. I think I was more nearly right than Mr. Wilson was when he sent Pershing into Mexico and landed marines at Vera Cruz. It is pleasant to have been right so long ago, after all the wars, and all the blood. Yet I imagine it may have been easier to be right than to be President.

But Mr. Wilson did, in fact, send Pershing into Mexico, and he did, in fact, land marines at Vera Cruz. My heroes, of whom President Wilson was one and has so remained, did not always live up to my expectations. I did not then understand how much easier it was to be an editorial writer

advocating peace, justice and good will among men, than it was to live in the White House, rent free, and lie awake nights worrying about the necessary political arrangements.

Three days after I had given the best advice I could to Mr. Wilson, who didn't take it, after all, I went after a newspaper publisher, name not given but recognizably William Randolph Hearst; I said, and Mr. Older let me say:

War is a crime against labor; it is a crime against capital; it is a crime against humanity. We play with loaded dice. No one can win.

Maybe I was right. I couldn't cite the H-bomb, for in that backward generation there was no H-bomb; I wonder now how we ever got along without it, and without many other modern improvements.

I inquired: "Is civilization to be thrust home with the point of the bayonet and written down in the heart's blood of dead soldiers?" (It was, indeed.) I added: "Is it to mean a callous disregard of those murders of American women and children that took place this week in Colorado, while we visit a barbarous revenge on thousands of innocent Mexicans?"

I was trying to hit wide and deep; I was linking with the trouble in Mexico the so-called Ludlow "massacre," in which a half-witted militia officer had his men fire into a strikers' tent camp in the notorious Colorado Fuel and Iron controversy. I was saying we had better put our own houses in order before we began a bloody house-cleaning in other people's countries.

On that same day I had nothing but words of praise for six Chicago aldermen (and everybody knew what sort of

men *they* were) who refused to dress for dinner while visiting at White Sulphur Springs, Virginia. I said every man "with enough manliness in his bosom to rebel when he has to put a boiled shirt over it will sympathize."

I didn't have a boiled shirt. I didn't have a dinner suit, let alone a thing with tails, and a white tie. I didn't want these sinful luxuries and couldn't have afforded them if I had wanted them. But if I denounced them on other men's chests and backs it was in high spirits and not in envy—I loved my work.

I loved my work, indeed I did. I loved to take John D. Rockefeller, Jr., in hand (young John D., as he was at that time) when the company I thought he should have controlled got into trouble in Colorado. I loved, in my penurious anonymity, to tell Mr. Rockefeller what to do.

I blamed Mr. Rockefeller for saying to a Congressional investigator that "he was in no position to arbitrate the labor troubles in the Colorado coal fields." I blamed the strikers, mildly, for using weapons, but I pointed out that Mr. Rockefeller "was not made desperate by want, tyranny and injustice." I concluded that "when the community suffers from industrial war it has the right to interfere and see to it that even-handed justice, not violence, wins the day."

This was a young man in his middle twenties talking, but with the backing of Fremont Older and others of many more years and much more experience.

Would I say things like that today? For various reasons, I wouldn't and I don't. I wouldn't say them about Mr. Rockefeller, who after he had learned more about his family's interests and powers in Colorado and elsewhere carved himself out a broad humanitarian career. I would never

again be so sure or so severe.

Yet it was fun to be so sure then. I was reflecting an attitude and belief common in that day among intelligent and non-dogmatic persons; I was voicing an old-style, homespun, democratic American idealism, mild, orderly and non-dogmatic, that went down the wind when the First World War began. This way of thinking was influenced by the sentimental socialism of Gene Debs, but it could never have had any truck with the vicious and violent absurdities of Communism. We didn't believe in killing people, what we believed in was persuading them.

The most complicated questions were simple to me in my youthful wisdom. When the Eastern railroads hinted that if they didn't get the five per cent freight rate increase they were demanding the country might have to choose "between giving them the money or running the railroads itself" I didn't have to pause a second for an answer. I retorted: "Much has been said about the intrinsic weakness of public ownership, but there is nothing in the prospect to alarm the nation which built the Panama Canal."

I wish I could be as quick and sure with the answers now. They are the more amusing to me now because when I made them so jauntily in print I was still personally a young man of mild manners who never argued much with strangers. I argued with *The Bulletin* behind me, with Fremont Older permitting me, for his own inscrutable reasons, to have my say.

4

I marvel now at how much Mr. Older let me say, at the fact that he never told me personally that he disliked anything I wrote, that he trusted my judgments so much. He

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could well have trusted my loyalty, for I worshiped him, but why was it he trusted my intuitions?

I am not being modest when I say this; I ask myself, would I have done the same if I had been Fremont Older and the creature I call myself had been available to write editorials? I am afraid I would have meddled with those editorials. But Fremont Older did not. He intervened, not to take anything out, not to find the least fault, but to say something, at times, that in his opinion had to be said.

When he did not intervene I went right on. I asked the Rockefellers, "not to give up their profits, not to refuse to share in the proceeds of other men's labor, but just to deal fairly and sympathetically with the miners." I cited John Reed, then a correspondent in Mexico and not a candidate for burial under the walls of the Kremlin, and I said that "Villa and Zapata have won their battles because they personified the hopes of the humblest peons for a Mexico in which every man could till his own ground"; the program I was supporting did not allow for scientific, large-scale agriculture, nor for Federal price supports, nor for shoe factories and hospitals, nor for literacy and some commonsense, but it sounded well.

And I do not now apologize for it. It was wonderful while it lasted, and the basic fault it had was that it wouldn't work.

But let us proceed. I had my own ideas as to how to run the United States and I expressed them, with Fremont Older's permission. I am not sure what effect they had, though I fear it was less than I hoped.

I do not know whether or not "Senator Henry A. Du Pont of Delaware, head of the busted but prosperous powder

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trust," ever heard that I did not wholly approve of him; or that I said that "whenever the United States buys any powder of the Du Pont Company it automatically fattens the Senator's pocketbook"; or that I saw a sinister connection between "the Senator's position as a member of the Senate Committee on Expenditures in the War Department" and the decision as to how much powder, "as a manufacturer, he should sell to the Government." I guess I did not bother the Senator much.

In later days the Du Pont Company went into peaceable chemical activities and was not nearly so much fun, except when a former foe bought a dribble of their stocks and the stocks went up in price. But for some years, during and after the First World War, the company served as a good whipping-boy.

I believe I subscribed, in that age of the world, to the theory that wars were promoted, against the wishes of peaceful populations and governments, by manufacturers who desired to sell their munitions. I now believe the causes of war were deeper.

On the day I had written one of the editorials just cited, *The Bulletin* carried a cartoon by Maurice Ketten showing a peace dove trying to find a lighting place on a turbulently exploding earth. Mr. Ketten called this cartoon, "A Hard Place to Nest." And we had no atomic explosives then—just old-fashioned, horse-and-buggy-type dynamite and such truck.

The fateful days were ticking by, in early 1914, a world was dying, the destinies of millions of people were being ignorantly decided by those who made a trade and profession of ignorance, and the wise young editorial writer on

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The San Francisco Evening Bulletin, like older and wiser persons, didn't know what was ahead.

When the First World War broke out, in August, 1914, we on *The Bulletin* spoke harshly about it, just as we had done of many of America's own domestic crimes and blunders. The war couldn't have turned to us for a reference.

I wrote, on August 4, 1914: "Across the Atlantic time has spun backward and Europe has slipped back into temporary barbarism. . . . The armies of Europe are madly at work tearing down society."

I don't think anybody today would maintain that I was wrong; the Belgians and the French, and in time the poor, bewildered, frustrated Czarist Russians were defending their respective countries; the British were loyal to their treaties as well as to their interests; but it was likewise true that this mixture of loyalties, interests, and savagery was forever ruining the old European civilization; I shall not retract what my younger self was allowed to say about this planned and skilfully executed catastrophe.

I damned that war with deep damnation, in terms I hoped San Francisco people would understand. I said: "Europe is just a San Francisco on a large scale, with its different nationalities living in different districts instead of scattering themselves more or less freely." We did have Chinatown and the Italian North Beach, but these instinctive and harmless ghettos never marched against each other.

So I said: "There would be just as much horse sense, and just as much civilization, in Telegraph Hill maintaining a standing army to defend itself against Russian Hill, or the Potrero sallying forth with armed men to conquer territory in the Mission, as there is in the present situation in Europe."

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I said: "War is an absurd investment, even for the trading class, and conquered territory is merely a form of insurance against peace." "The people of America," I assured our readers, "will remember this gigantic object lesson when the war lobby next gets busy in Washington."

I was right, of course. *The Bulletin* was right. All our friends, including many men who were before many years to be "lapped in lead," were right.

It was only history that was wrong.

CHAPTER FOUR



The Magic Tower

THE TOWER OF JEWELS at the Panama-Pacific Exposition in 1915 was designed by Carrere and Hastings. Ben Macomber, in a guidebook, *The Jewel City*—an old and shabby book now, a cobwebby dream of a book about a dream—called it “the central structure of the Exposition.” He said its “arch and its flanking colonnades” were “truly imperial.” The jewels consisted of 50,000 bits of glass, each backed by a mirror surface, each made to twinkle at night by the blaze of powerful searchlights. The tower was 435 feet high.

The Tower doesn't look as wonderful in the photographs as it did in the round. It looks a little like a set of blocks—a bright child's set of blocks.

But in its time and place it was a thing of magic. The winds came in from the sea, and the bits of glass were hardly ever still; and the crowds stared and exclaimed, and nobody worried too much about the future, on those days and in that place.

The future, in 1915, was happening very fast, and the joy and beauty that the Tower of Jewels seemed to foretell were being accurately shot away on the Western Front.

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But there the Tower was, and many thousands of us saw it at various times of day, and loved it at sundown, and marveled at it after dark; and sometimes it seemed that this Exposition and its Tower of Jewels would stand forever, or at least until the whole earth had been converted to justice, freedom, and peace.

There were some errors in the calculations, but these were not the fault of Carrere and Hastings, whom I take this belated opportunity to thank.

1

Mr. Older was a man who couldn't help enjoying life even though he didn't believe life was worth while. He said he could see no sense in bringing children into a world such as this was—even then. He was good to children, though. He was good to every living thing. He was, though he would deny it now if he could, a good man.

In 1913 he abandoned the city and bought himself a ranch in, or above, the Santa Clara Valley, within commuting distance of his office. Every morning he rose at some hour that would have seemed inconvenient to most persons, and rode the train, or sometimes drove, to town. Every afternoon he reversed the process.

The ranch was, and remained after his death, a lovely, restful spot; in later years a place of quiet pilgrimage where Mrs. Older continued to receive her own and Fremont Older's friends. Nobody of any importance—or so it seemed to me in those days—passed through San Francisco without being detoured to the Older Ranch.

I remember the first time I went there; it must have been after February, 1914, for my young wife, married in that

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month, was with me; and we both felt young indeed in the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Older and of the gracious middle-aged actress—but her name I am not now sure of—who was their guest that night. I can't recall the play in which she was working, nor the part, but only her kindness to two young persons whom she had never met before and would never meet in that way again.

The conversations, those evenings at the Olders' that we were fortunate to listen to over a period of years, were always warm and friendly. They were sometimes deeply pessimistic, if that mood were uppermost in Mr. Older's mind at the moment, but they seemed to sweep the world.

Steffens came, and Darrow, and a politician or two, and a poet or two, and an ex-prisoner now and then, either to cook or to talk, or both; and the summing-up of all of them was that in one way or another they were all released and free. They were never stuffy, never pretentious. Those who were present were welcome for what they were, and not for what they had in the bank, or the offices or reputations they had won.

To be at Woodhills Ranch was to be above the world, above the battle, above mean and little things, and not in any superior sense but to relax after struggle and before redescending into strife; that was what these acres meant for Fremont Older, that was what he made them seem to even occasional visitors. He grew fruit there, and vegetables, and possibly grain, but what this self-styled pessimist mostly grew, on those golden acres, in that enchanted area, was hope.

Fremont Older's pessimism was never cynicism. It never had in it the cheap sneer of the defeated and frustrated

idealist. He thought he had given up hope for mankind. He thought he had parted with hope, altogether. But he had not.

One of the things he hoped for, and may have expected, as the rest of us did, was universal peace and disarmament. I suspect he had more faith in men's intelligence than he did in their goodness, though his way of defining goodness sometimes left out judges, millionaires, and the other potentates of the earth and included ex-prisoners, bums, and second-story men.

Hoping or not, he permitted me to crusade for peace. I had been schooled for this adventure under President David Starr Jordan of Stanford and Professor Edward Krehbiel, who had given a course on the history of war. Dr. Jordan's "War and the Breed" was one of the books I read at that time, and still possess and refer to.

It was easy to prove that war was a bad thing, and it wasn't too difficult to prove that no war had ever accomplished any good thing. I tried this theory on the American Revolution and the Civil War. I wish I could reproduce the arguments by which I convinced myself, but I am afraid it is too late now. This is a pity, for the Civil War, like baseball, now has its fans and enthusiasts, who seem to envy the soldiers on both sides who had their faces shot off or their bowels disembodied a century ago.

But Jordan could demonstrate that past wars had done great harm; they had lowered the stature of the French people after Napoleon's time; they had spread disease; they had impoverished the public; they had strengthened despotic governments and made democracy more difficult; in short, the continuance of the war system was, he contended, pure

insanity.

I therefore joined the campaign for peace, in 1913, with an enormous zest. In 1913 we were still under the baneful influence of that childishly combative individual, Theodore Roosevelt, and Mr. Roosevelt's admiration of the martial virtues was destined to make trouble for his liberal admirers.

But it was fairly safe to be a pacifist—and we did call ourselves that, without shame—in 1913. In 1913 nobody was at war with anybody on a large scale, although the Kaiser was worrying about the Yellow Peril.

Persons who had been to Germany came back with stories about how arrogant the Prussian officers were, how they pushed civilians off the sidewalk, and all that. I am sure they did, for Hitler had already been born and Hitlerism, under other names, was sprouting in the rottenness of some German cellars.

This was the beginning, for me as well as for others who wrote or talked on this subject, or just lay awake nights over it, of a strangely split creed: we hated militarism as we thought we saw it exemplified in Germany; then, when Germany went to war, we vigorously upheld the cause of the Allies, who had to militarize themselves considerably in order to beat down the German variety of militarism.

We wanted to keep out of war, but when a war arrived across the ocean we wanted our friends to win the war they happened to be in.

Down to 1913, however, everything was clear. The cost of the British Navy and of the German Army was obviously hurting the workman (and we were warm friends of that abstract individual, the workingman, of whom we sometimes spoke as though he had been shaped out of human

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clay by a cookie-cutter); our own Navy was buying armor plate at prices we considered needlessly high—especially when the armor-plate companies sold the product abroad at bargain rates; and possibly we thought that if all the world, including ourselves, gave up its fighting tools there would be no more wars.

Militarism, as we liked to call it, seemed to be the foremost enemy of the program of peaceful, democratic reform to which we were committed. I wrote my heart out in favor of a world in which the lion and the lamb would play on the front lawn together during the long summer evenings, and lie by the open fire on winter nights.

As I said, it was safe in 1913 to be a pacifist. The objections to this doctrine were not then backed up by sentences to the Federal penitentiary. Not that there weren't objections in abundance: from people who thought that since this was getting to be a big country it should be ready to throw its weight around; and from middle-aged and elderly persons who had come to believe that our youth was too easy-going, lazy, and undisciplined, and would profit by being given close-order drill.

Maybe those happy youngsters, of whom I was one, would have benefited by what the armed services had to teach. All I was sure of then—and I don't recant now—was that the young men I knew best were no more lazy, easy-going and undisciplined than their fathers before them.

The young men I knew best were, of course, young men of no great means. Nobody pampered them. They worked—they had to. When they were later put into the Army and shooed into action—as some thousands of them were in the First World War—the military perfectionists of other nations

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were shocked; not shocked by the softness of American soldiers, but by their tendency to take greater risks than the situation called for.

I am told this same thing happened again in the Second World War, when undisciplined, easy-going and lazy American youth (as they were still being called by their savage elders) fought reasonably well in some rough campaigns; though the explanation was that they wanted to get home to their mothers or down to the corner drugstores, and so did what they could to get the fighting over with.

A few young men out of every ten thousand, so it was said, really liked battle, but I don't believe universal military training ever made this kind of man like battle any better.

Anyhow, in 1914-1917, we liberals, as we called ourselves, were not in favor of introducing the goose step into our truly beloved country. We remembered how many Americans of that day were descended from fathers who had come to the United States because it was a free nation, and who measured freedom, in part, by the lack of military coercion.

We were a dreamy lot, we 1914-1917 liberals.

We were also suspicious. In time we came to suspect that some employers looked at universal military service with longing eyes because they thought it would make labor more docile.

Labor in San Francisco was not noticeably docile—and has not since become so. Labor in San Francisco was rough and ready, and always had been; its leaders were frequently corrupt but they were also powerful; and if any city in the country was afflicted with what was called class conscious-

ness it was San Francisco.

So we found, on the whole, that labor, organized and unorganized, though sometimes willing to beat the hell out of strikebreakers, was pacifistic in international matters. Labor didn't care to join the army and go down and democratize Mexico—and this project was often discussed in those days, and not merely in Mr. Hearst's newspapers.

We also found, on the whole, that business was in favor of what soon came to be called preparedness. Thus, little by little, the peace movement, beginning so peacefully, as a peace movement should, got itself entangled in some far from peaceable sentiments, emotions, and activities.

This development was one of my first major adult disillusionments. I had thought that all we needed to do was to show that war was bad and that munitions-makers, plus armies and navies, caused wars—and this argument seemed to me, in my ingenuousness, irresistible—and that public sentiment would overwhelmingly demand peace.

We pacifists were doing well, with all the good arguments on our side, when we were interrupted by the First World War.

2

My fiancée and I chose the year 1914 and the month of February to get married. We thus preceded the First World War, though we never thought we caused it.

We had a little four-room house on a Berkeley hillside, that I rented for fifteen dollars a month and furnished on the installment plan. I suspect my bride was somewhat appalled by the quartered oak I bought for us to sit on, eat at, and put things on, but in time, and little by little, her good

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taste tactfully modified our domestic scenery.

I was still not overpaid, even by the simple standards of that day—I had thirty-five dollars a week. I used to write editorials at home, and for the first few months I wrote them on my beloved portable typewriter (the kind—I wish I had one now—that could be dropped out of a fifth-story window and be ready for use when picked up), using an orange crate as a table. I had stained this crate, appropriately, an orange color.

We had no good way of warming our little house. But we were sitting on a grassy slope where no house had ever previously been built, we were sure, since the beginning of time; a little stream ran at the bottom of the nearby gulley; I had planted some sweet peas—almost the only flower-gardening I ever did; and we could look straight out through the Golden Gate, and watch the sunsets and the fog drifting in over the towered mystery of the city on summer afternoons.

Beyond the sunsets, so the map indicated, were Hawaii and the lonesome islands of the South Pacific, peaceful islands where people dreamed their lives away, far from struggle and battle; and further yet were the quaint and picturesque lands of Asia: Japan and China, Malaya and India, Burma and Ceylon. We felt an impulse to go there, to escape from the crassness of our own civilization, but we never could do this. That portion of the dream remains unused and therefore unspoiled.

At thirty-five dollars a week my wife and I couldn't immediately take a wedding journey. I continued at my work for some months before there was enough money on hand to pay for a week in Carmel. And then there wasn't enough,

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but we didn't miss it too much.

In later years we could never find the house where we spent that week, so many houses had been built around it, and the whole town had changed so much. The house we had was clapboarded and the original brown outside paint had been weatherworn by the sea winds, the salt mist, and the sand. It was a lovely house, the kind of house that Stanford professors used to buy or build for some fantastically small sum for a vacation home.

Carmel was, indeed, quite a place for professors in those days; the professors arrived first, then the poets, painters, and other eccentrics, finally, the real estate brethren and those strange persons who think that by being near poets and painters they may become cultured without working at it. Carmel was then so full of human freaks that a San Francisco newspaper could be sure of a good story at any time just by sending down a reporter. An imaginative reporter, of course.

But I didn't go down there to report. I earned my vacation in advance by writing up some columns of editorials to be used as needed; I could do this because of our happy-go-lucky way of picking subjects out of history and literature and often letting the news alone. There was news enough, of course: I think it was during that time that the Germans, stopped on the Marne, swung round and took Antwerp.

But the war was still going on, and even in Carmel, even under the deep harmonies of the surf that hardly ever ceased, I couldn't get it out of my mind entirely. Not, at least, out of what I later learned was my subconscious mind. One night, and this was before the first Battle of Ypres, I

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dreamed that my wife and I were fleeing with a multitude of other people from a cloud of poison gas. We crossed the Oakland Ferry, in my dream, coming east from San Francisco, and pressed on toward the mountains, but not fast enough, for we were being overtaken. I woke up before it was too late, and so we escaped. But, continuing to be alive, I could not, as I now see, escape the gases of history, the mephitic influences that were beginning to sweep around the world.

Yet the sense of doom, in nightmares or sometimes by day, made Carmel and its nearby coasts the lovelier, the more dreamlike.

Carmel had memories for us, and would have more. I had first visited it when I was a student at Stanford University, walking in over the trestles of the old pipeline that ran from Pacific Grove. My old friend, Ellen Veblen, wife of the renowned Thorstein Veblen and in her own quaint way equally gifted, had had a house there—and in the little garden and along the outer walls, hollyhocks and other flowers.

My wife and I went walking mostly, being young and not having money to hire a horse or car. One day, near Midway Point, with no wind blowing and no clouds, we witnessed a huge ground swell, great breakers rolling majestically in and rising thirty or forty feet on the rocky and grassy banks.

A horseman came along, one of the rangers from the Del Monte forest, and we spoke to him. He pointed seaward: "I used to make my living out there," he said, with a touch of wistfulness. "I used to be a sailor. I wish I was out there now." He paused. "Now, don't you two young

people go down on the beaches today," he added. "You might get caught by one of them waves. An old fellow like me might not mind that, but you would—you've got all your lives ahead of you."

He rode off. We had a friendly feeling toward him—and indeed toward almost everybody. It was a friendly world, in the fall of 1914, six thousand miles from the war.

Another day we walked along the sand toward the mouth of the Carmel River and out to the imposing and dangerous rocks of Point Lobos. The farmer who then owned this promontory had a sign on his gate that read, "Admission, ten cents," but the sign was weatherbeaten, the gate hung loosely, and since we needed the ten cents for other purposes we went on through without hunting up the proprietor.

Later I worried about this small crime, as I always did about the crimes I kept right on committing. I thought some harm might come because of it, some bad luck; I thought such things, without really thinking them, long after I had become an editorial writer and was full, as I believed, of worldly wisdom.

But at Point Lobos the Pacific Ocean put on its show for us, just as though we had paid a dime apiece. It seemed to know it wouldn't have got the dime, anyhow. The water ran up on the little beaches, some of them hard to reach because of the rocks around them, and if you went to the right place and leaned over and listened you heard a tremendous booming as the water rushed in and compressed the air.

It was like Greece, we said, the isles of Greece of which burning Sappho sang; this was the tide Sophocles had heard

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long ago on the Aegean, though not so sad as Matthew Arnold had imagined it. We had forebodings of several sorts, we heard the hounds of doom barking in the night and at dawn, but yet the audible, visible world of Carmel was good and beautiful, and the world was young, and the war a long time and a long way off.

At night we had a driftwood fire in the fireplace, and I caught daddy-longlegs, which were adequately numerous, and tossed them into the fire for the savage pleasure of hearing them pop. My wife said she thought I shouldn't do this, and now I wish I hadn't, though the amiable little creatures that ran around and sometimes accidentally tickled us when we were thinking of something else would have been dead by this time, anyhow.

We miscalculated the amount of money we needed, but since we had had the foresight at the beginning of our week to buy a quantity of rice and some milk tickets, and also our tickets home, we were in no danger of starving or having to appeal for public relief.

We ate rice and milk, and possibly some of those yellow mussels that cluster below high-tide mark on the sea rocks, my wife read aloud to me, while the surviving daddy-longlegs seemed to listen gratefully, and it was a happy period. The war and all the things the war brought, and was to bring, the construction and collapse of our tower of jewels—these, and all the unborn years, were a great way off.

When we went home to Berkeley at the end of the week I had twenty cents in cash, and to save ferry fare we changed trains at San Jose and trundled sleepily around to Oakland on the eastern shore instead of through San Fran-

cisco. Next morning I had ten cents left to pay ferry fare to the city, and in the office I found a whole week's pay—thirty-five dollars in gold—and of course we were rich again.

I went back to my happy daily chores of writing editorials for Mr. Older, some of them about the war, arguing for peace and damning the Germans for conducting the war in a needlessly inhuman way. Sometimes now, looking back, I think, the poor Germans, they took the rap for much that was inherent in our superficially humane western civilization. But I am inclined to believe that in 1914, as in 1939, the Germans—bearers of so much light, drinkers of beer, lovers of music, exponents from time to time of an orderly sort of liberty—were under an evil spell.

3

I don't know why, once the war had started in Europe, we all kept on being so hopeful. Fremont Older would never admit that he really was so. He held with Clarence Darrow; Darrow loved to tell of the funeral address he gave over the body of a friend who had committed suicide: "Some will say that this man took his own life in a temporary fit of insanity. So be it. So let it read on the record. But I do not believe it. I do not accept the verdict. What I say is that he took his own life in a temporary fit of sanity."

But Fremont Older's interest in life was too vivid and passionate for such a philosophy, no matter how willingly he nodded assent to it. Mr. Older lived in the hope of getting things done. He tried one reform after another, and if he gave up one as of no value his zest for the next one was for at least a time unquenchable.

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He had succeeded in getting Abe Ruef sent to jail for his part in corrupting San Francisco. Now, in my own time on *The Bulletin*, he turned around and worked just as hard to get him out. This led to his lasting interest in prison reform and in the causes of crime. It was natural for him, subsequently, to look into the subject of prostitution and prostitutes. And knowing intimately the blundering ways of justice, and full of compassion for all men and all women, he crusaded against capital punishment.

We pursued all these causes during the years when the older European civilization was battering itself to pieces on the Western Front, in the Masurian Lakes, in Serbia and along the Dardanelles.

In this we were in harmony with the Wilsonian Era, and with Mr. Wilson's vision of a time in which there would be more justice and more good will, at home and among the nations.

These good causes were also good journalism, for Fremont Older succeeded in finding human-interest stories to go along with them. He could be deeply moved and at the same time see an opportunity to put on circulation. There wasn't a trace of insincerity in this—although he liked to pretend there was. Circulation, for him, wasn't a golden calf, it was a chance to say a little of what he thought ought to be said, it was freedom.

I suppose one reason he hated all war so much, and especially the ruinous war into which Europe blundered in 1914, was that it interrupted what he wanted to do, and see done, and help blossom.

In a way, he and we were right—and by "we" I mean just now, and in general in these remembrances, not only *The*

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Bulletin and those who worked so hard and so joyously on that newspaper, but those, known and unknown, the country over, the world over, who agreed with this hopeful and almost indefinable movement. If there had been no wars, if mankind's attention had not been wickedly diverted, there might have been no reversion into the darkness later called Communism.

But our stage, in 1912-1917, was narrower. What could you do with an army standing at Armageddon and battling for the Lord, as Theodore Roosevelt's followers described themselves in 1912, when that army included high-tariff manufacturers, power-seeking bankers, red-eyed speculators, disgruntled politicians, and Frank A. Munsey, the grocer turned publisher, as well as idealistic labor leaders and daisy-picking reformers?

What could you make of it? What could you do with it? Yet we all, young and old, poor and richer, shared the faith (or said we did) that the means existed for turning this into a better world, giving the common man (we thought we could find him if we hunted long and hard enough, but we never really did) a better chance, more fresh fruits, milk, and vegetables, more leisure; we believed in better cities and in more completely honest public servants; we believed in some sort of Utopia; we all thought unhappiness was about to be eliminated, or greatly reduced.

We thought more pay would do most of the job, but we kept our link with the prevailing "system"; we weren't Socialists to any severe extent, we weren't Robin Hoods or Robin hoodlums; we were against what we called big business but we adored small business.

We were babes in the woods, some with whiskers.

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Then the First World War diverted the movements in which we were interested, and they never came back to the old courses, never so warmly or generously. Never again. So I think with more than a reminiscent sadness of those days, of that twinkling Tower of Jewels that was not built for permanency and did not last.

4

For indeed the Panama Pacific Exposition, after the customary postponements and delays, had in 1915 been finally completed. It astounds me now to recall how permanent it looked, and how, in spite of all my assiduous cynicism, I couldn't help loving it. I didn't want to love it. I thought it was a spurious bit of publicity.

But I did love it. I wish I could tell it, now, how much I loved it; that is one of the many affectionate messages to the dead I would like to send.

The hokum, the baloney, the applesauce, and the eye for a quick dollar were all there, just as I suspected, they were the normal by-products of a commercial civilization, and they were a lot prettier than some by-products of another sort of civilization that was soon to appear.

But in 1912-1917 we did not anticipate the Russian revolution, Italian Fascism, and Hitlerism. We believed the world would get better and more kindly, as soon as the first World War ended.

And meanwhile, in this world's fair, conceived by worldly people for worldly purposes, there was a degree of beauty, which we could not openly deny and in our hearts did not wish to deny. It was sometimes hard to agree with the Chamber of Commerce, but we did, and they with us. This

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was San Francisco and the great pulse of life, and we shared a civic patriotism that never took up lethal weapons.

Or almost never.

The tides came and went on their appointed courses through the Golden Gate, as had been their custom before the white man saw those shores, but this was a good custom, and I wrote no stories and no editorials condemning it or making fun of it; the fog also, in its lordly way, had its designated hours and days, and was, in spite of all opinion to the contrary, a blessed thing; The Tower of Jewels glittered and sparkled, as in duty bound, according to the public announcements thereto relating; the exhibit in the Fine Arts Building, which included the well-known "Nude Descending a Staircase" (has anybody seen this one lately?), was spectacular and historic; one could traverse a miniature Panama Canal in a small model boat, thus saving much travel; there was a toy train of cars, big enough to ride on; there was a place where one could purchase scones plentifully splashed with butter and raspberry jam, and this for about ten cents, and I now want some; and all we newspaper people had passes, and all of us, the whole world, in fact, including the world that was getting ready to die on the Marne, and on the Chemin des Dames, and in Flanders—all of us were young.

My young wife and my young self waited for the Exposition to open, which it eventually did. By the time it had opened we had moved from the hills of Berkeley to the flats of Albany Terrace, below Berkeley proper; there we had a cellar full of water, and when we put our two small cats down cellar at night we had to place them on a little raft so they could keep fairly dry; next we moved to Palo Alto,

where I had lived during my college days and my wife during her high-school days.

So many units of twos, and threes, and fours and more, so many families, trying like ourselves to plan our lives. So many interruptions, of the sort called history.

Palo Alto was dry and friendly, in spite of the fact that one or two of my old professors, touched by a curious caution or scholarly snobbishness, would scarcely speak to me after I became known to them as the editorial writer of that astonishing newspaper, *The San Francisco Bulletin*.

But we made new friends, among them that lovable professor and poet, William Herbert Carruth, and his equally lovable wife, and in time we settled into an almost too comfortable existence. It was so easy to be gentle about poverty and injustice, as I then saw them, when I wasn't suffering from anything except a tendency toward self-righteousness.

I had half-dreamed my way through college, in spite of much hard struggle as a working student, and there was still a dreamlike quality in this little city in the Santa Clara Valley—but a dream now with something lurid and alarming in the background.

Yet, though the war hung over us, it was still a long way off. I think the nearest it came to my consciousness, before the United States got into it, was one day, after the Kaiser's troops had succeeded in killing more Frenchmen and Englishmen than they themselves had lost—a victory, as it was called.

The San Francisco colony of Germans, who had brought to the city so much that was folksy, homely and kind, had their fanatics, and some of these disciples of Kant and admirers of Goethe went in a body to the Fair grounds and

paraded arrogantly and insultingly through the French Pavilion. This building was intended to be a replica of the mansion of the Prince de Salm in Paris, which after the Revolution had been turned into the Palace of the Legion of Honor. The Germans had no pavilion, though they did have some exhibits here and there. There may have been some jealousy in this parade.

At any rate, the Kaiser's subjects didn't make themselves popular by that demonstration, though we were still as far away from the war as ever. We on *The Bulletin*, indeed, were rooting for the team, but we didn't yet believe in the game.

Of the French exhibits I remember very few, though I did stand a long time in front of Rodin's "Thinker," and joined in a general speculation as to what he was thinking about. I believe I know now what it was but I won't speculate at this moment. Some other time, perhaps, as my mother used to say to us children when we asked for a story at bedtime.

The specific things we pick out to remember are peculiar, though being what we are, they are doubtless logical; it is only pretense that is illogical. I recall James Earle Fraser's "The End of the Trail," the lagoon beside the Palace of Fine Arts, a bronze baby near a fountain, the Japanese Pavilion, where I seem to think, we had tea-flavored ice cream and never any more of that delectable dish forever after.

I may have been skeptical of the art exhibits, the old ones as well as the new in what somebody called the Chamber of Horrors. Tolstoy had done me a great injury; he had written an essay entitled, "What Is Art?" in which he had proved to his own satisfaction that art was a by-product of

an unjust economic and social system, and therefore an evil thing. For years after reading that essay I took small satisfaction in looking at pictures or other superficially inoperative and useless creations. In the end, but not soon enough, I realized that the old fraud—and Tolstoy sometimes was precisely that—had been making works of art in words while condemning them in marble and paint; and that that majestic master work, *War and Peace*, must be judged by the same tests we apply to Beethoven or Leonardo.

Curiously enough, I could admire and enjoy the shapes and textures of buildings, such as those at the Exposition, those plaster dreams so soon to be dust—not suspecting, perhaps, that they might be art, too. And I liked the murals—Brangwyn's, for instance, which were spectacular and easily understandable, even by a young man who was working for Fremont Older and not long out of Thorstein Veblen's tutelage.

I don't believe Tolstoy had prejudiced me against music. I don't vividly recall Dr. Karl Muck, who brought the Boston Symphony, but I do remember John Philip Sousa and his famous band; for some reason I see him now, by shutting my eyes, against a late afternoon sky on a Sunday afternoon, waving a baton in his commanding fashion. There was a pipe organ, too, and Madame Schumann-Heink, her great motherly heart already torn between her allegiance to her adopted country and her love for the land where she was born. Saint-Saëns wrote especially for this occasion a piece called *Hail, California*, to be rendered by a 300-voice chorus with an orchestra, a military band, a pipe organ and, to help the other facilities out, a piano.

I delve in the records of the time, and I remember my own

private records. The Ford Motor Company had an assembly plant, from which a visitor might see a car roll away every ten minutes; the telephone company had rigged up connections with New York; there were demonstrations of miraculous achievements in wireless and in "talking machines"; the Diesel engine was a new marvel; an automobile race was won by a driver who took a French car over a 400-mile course at an average speed of fifty-six miles an hour; and two aviators, first Lincoln Beachey, then Art Smith, aroused by night and day the eager admiration of thousands of spectators who wouldn't have gone up in an aeroplane (as we called them then) for a thousand dollars. The days when people would actually pay five dollars for a brief hop in a rickety two-seater plane had not yet arrived.

Beachey, flying a German monoplane, went up one day, lost control at the top of a loop and fell straight down into the Bay. When they hauled the plane out of the water he was still strapped in, and everybody hoped the death he had died had been easier than the fiery deaths the wartime flyers in France—the knights of the air, as people safely on the ground liked to designate them—were undergoing above the Western Front.

Beachey was replaced by Art Smith without delay. Flying was fun, it seemed, if you didn't get killed, and Art Smith didn't. Ernest Hopkins wrote a serial story of Art Smith's life for publication in *The Bulletin*; it was a popular feature, for everybody wondered what made young men become aviators and how it felt to be up there in the sky.

My wife and I had been late at the Exposition one night. As our train pulled out of the Third and Townsend Street station, bound for Palo Alto, my wife, sitting by the window,

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pointed at the sky, above the loom of the city lights: there was Art Smith shooting off fireworks, leaving a trail of flame as he gyrated, prophesying the golden future of San Francisco and the world.

The golden future. In spite of the war, in which we were not yet involved, that was what we expected.

The golden future. It seemed to us then that we had on hand about all that was needed for it. Every time somebody invented a new machine—for instance, a flying machine—the world was that much richer. We foresaw that before many years we could take the wings of the morning and dwell, as in the Biblical image, in the uttermost parts of the earth.

It was wonderful to think of, what mankind could do. Not only were there the wonderful new machines and appliances, the ability to talk by wire across a continent, the new means of communication without wires, the automobile and the roads for it to run upon, not only were there these things but there was also, we thought, a new birth in the hearts of men.

What was cruel, what was unfree, was also stupid. Poverty was stupid and therefore unnecessary. The rank derived from wealth or birth, thus we reasoned, was also stupid. As for war, its final folly was even in those golden years on this continent being shouted to the stars, abroad.

We thought we would soon emerge, in 1915, into a new dawn. Yes, we did, in spite of the terrible news that came every morning from across the Atlantic. We thought the old evils, war among them, might die, not so much in blood as in laughter—there was an absurdity about them that surely would not be tolerated forever. Not that we laughed at the

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fate of dead or mutilated young men, we grieved for them, and what we laughed at was what the statesmen and the generals too often said.

What if Beachey, spirit of the dawn, luminary in the night, died strapped in his plane? Art Smith took his place, and did not die.

The things we hoped for would not die. Some of them were imaged in the Exposition, though we young dreamers, we blithering, poetic idiots, did not fully realize it.

That was 1915. We did not have the gift of prophecy.

CHAPTER FIVE

Preparedness Day, 1916

“**S**O MANY human illusions and obsessions, Crusades, Feudalism, Inquisition, Witchcraft, each has gone its way, and perished in the day of its apparent triumph. When men come to see nakedly what their wicked institutions mean, they will no longer live and die to maintain them. By the same token, War is doomed. If today's horror be not its death-throe, if we must look forward to another, then all the thrones and empires will go down together. ‘God is not mocked forever.’ Neither is man. . . .

“The Great War will eventually come to a close, through exhaustion, through starvation or through sorrow and mourning. There is at present [March, 1915] little prospect that it will end in any sweeping victory. . . .

“We want all private profit taken away from war. We want to see armies and navies brought down from the maximum of expense to the minimum of safety. We want to have conscription abolished and military service put on the same voluntary basis as other more constructive trades. We want to abolish piracy at sea and murder from the air. . . .

“Above all, we should hope to have human life held as

sacred as the flag, and patriotism become 'planetary,' not merely tribal or provincial."

—David Starr Jordan, in *War and the Breed*.

1

The Peace Movement was just what its name implied. It was a peace movement. Some of those involved in it were nonresistants who wouldn't serve in any army in any capacity, and these, unless they belonged to regularly recognized religious sects, got into difficulties when their country went to war.

A few thorough pacifists were ready to turn the other cheek if a rowdy struck them in the face. In the days of which I am speaking it was customary to ask such lovers of tranquility and good will what they would do if somebody attacked their wives, sisters, or aged mothers.

If such pacifists had been the only kind, they would have created more derision than dislike. But not all opponents of the war policy or the preparedness policy between 1914 and 1917 were pacifists. A few were Germans or of German descent and couldn't help wanting the fatherland to win. Some were merely cautious. Some thought war would be bad for business, just as others thought it would be good for business. I noticed then, as later, that the thing called economic determinism worked in all directions if it worked at all.

Loring Pickering wanted us to be careful in discussing the Germans, because, with perfect propriety, he didn't wish to lose German circulation. One evening after I had written something caustic about German militarism (as we spoke of it) he telephoned me at my Palo Alto home and we had an

argument. He said he had never seen Prussian officers pushing old ladies into the gutter, during his travels in Germany; I said others had.

Finally he decided that this had gone far enough, especially in view of the fact that Mr. Older, not Loring, was my real superior officer. "All right," he shouted over the telephone, "suppose we put on the gloves and settle it that way."

I had heard that Loring was a fairly good boxer, whereas I wasn't. I sidestepped the challenge.

I think, however, that this was the only time that the publisher or prospective publisher of an important daily newspaper ever proposed to settle a question of policy by beating up the editorial writer. Or, an improbable outcome in this instance, being beaten up by him.

Loring then tried another tack. At least I think he did. He had learned to fly and proposed to take me up in his plane, with the idea, as I suspected, of doing some simple acrobatics and scaring the hell out of me. I didn't take that bait, either; I have maintained my reputation for bravery, such as it is, by never voluntarily getting into positions in which I was in any danger.

As I meditate about Loring Pickering I can't hate his memory, even though he was, as I believe, totally wrong in his notions of journalism, and a few other things, and even though he did all he could to destroy Fremont Older's life work, wrecking our beloved *Bulletin* in the process. I imagine Loring, for all his inherited power and influence, was just as uncertain inside as some of the rest of us were.

And he did work so hard! I saw him once, during the rush hour, standing at one of the gates through which the crowd

thronged homeward-bound aboard the Oakland Ferry; he had a counting instrument in his hand and was clicking off the total number of *Bulletins* sold at that point. A smart office boy could have done it just as well, but Loring wanted to be busy, and was.

Mr. Crothers—"R. A."—Loring's uncle, was of a different breed altogether. He didn't care for most of Mr. Older's policies, either, but he was canny enough to realize that they paid out in the form of circulation and that circulation brought in even the most reluctant advertisers. Besides this, Mr. Crothers and Mr. Older had worked together so long that they had a kind of illogical liking for each other.

Mr. Crothers was by birth a Canadian. He had been educated at McGill University and one of his achievements—maybe the one in his whole life of which he was most proud—was to win a gold medal for a Latin essay or declamation. When R. A. could use a Latin tag he did so. Once, when the United States was having its first dispute with the Kaiser's Germany over submarine warfare, Mr. Crothers asked me to write a protesting editorial. I was willing enough to do this, though I would not and did not, and Mr. Older would not and did not, argue that we ought to go to war.

But Mr. Crothers, grumbling a little at the feebleness of my effort (it was one of the very few he ever saw prior to publication), said he would like to have it entitled, "*Delenda Est Cartago*." I didn't mind, and I did it.

I believe, and I wonder at it to this day, that this was probably the first and last time that any afternoon newspaper west of the Mississippi River ever went to press with an editorial carrying a Latin language head.

Mr. Crothers took the British Empire seriously. When

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Kitchener was carried to his death in the torpedoed cruiser *Hampshire* I wrote an editorial in my customary calm and philosophical manner, pointing out that this was too bad, but that Kitchener, at all events, represented an outmoded kind of war and could be better spared than some of the more up-to-date generals. The Western Front, whatever else it was, did not resemble the Nile Valley. Historians and memorialists seem now to confirm this theory and to believe that the British part of the first World War went better after General Kitchener wasn't around to misdirect it.

But Mr. Crothers was horrified at my ideas. He believed that if Kitchener had had a little more time he could have wound up the war with a resounding victory—one of the kind where the enemy's flanks are turned and his communications cut. The Western Front never suited Mr. Crothers; he preferred a more dashing type of slaughter if there had to be any.

Mr. Crothers sat in an office on the first floor. If you came in from the street and turned a little to the left you walked past the cashier's desk (and this is where I used to pick up every Monday my little brown envelope with the too few small gold coins in it); and then, if you didn't watch out, you came to Mr. Crothers' office. It was not a luxurious office, for its windows looked over a dismal areaway, but, then, Mr. Crothers did not spend all his time in it.

Mr. Crothers sat in it at a desk, where I never saw him do any work. He was quite a venerable figure, with a large bald head and fringe of white hair; he had a red and bulbous nose but this was more disarming than otherwise; he possessed an old-fashioned kind of courtesy which never permitted him to be arrogant, even with a cub reporter or a

dissenting editorial writer; and about every two hours, as we figured it, he arose with dignity, put on a black derby hat and went out for a little walk. He was never, to my knowledge, under the influence of liquor, but as the day went by he grew kindlier and more mellow.

Mr. Older did more than anybody else to make money for *The Bulletin*. Mr. Crothers' instinct was not so much to make money as to hang on to it. Differences of opinion arose when Mr. Older wished to raise the salary of a member of his staff and Mr. Crothers preferred not to.

Once Mr. Older promised me a raise of five dollars a week and told Mr. Crothers what he had done. On the next pay day the five dollars were not included in my envelope. I mentioned the fact to Mr. Older—or perhaps he asked me.

He rose at once. "You wait here," he commanded—and when Fremont Older ordered anybody to wait here the person so ordered waited here. He came back in a few minutes and slapped a five-dollar gold piece down on the desk. "You'll get it from now on," he announced. "He was going to hold out on you, another week, anyhow." Mr. Older laughed, half triumphant, half amused. He liked sometimes to get the better of Mr. Crothers.

But he liked the old gentleman for the reasons that he could do things with him that had to be done, and without too great an expenditure of energy. For various reasons, Mr. Crothers didn't want to lose Mr. Older. Mr. Older, in turn, tried to please Mr. Crothers in every harmless way.

Once Mr. Crothers came to Mr. Older in deep despair. "Older," he said, seating himself in Mr. Older's leather chair, leaving the hard, straight, unpadded one for the editor. "Older, I'm in trouble. My doctor has told me to stop drink-

ing. Older, I don't want to stop drinking. I can't stop drinking. It isn't in my nature, at my time of life, to stop drinking. It isn't any way for a gentleman to live."

Mr. Older himself had stopped drinking some years earlier. He had stopped after being converted to self-discipline by a passage from Montaigne. But he had done enough drinking in his time to know how Mr. Crothers felt.

He therefore gave his full attention to the publisher's predicament. He began by telephoning some medical men of his acquaintance. Later in the same day he was able to give a perfectly good doctor's name to Mr. Crothers, and the next day Mr. Crothers, after having had an interview with his new medical adviser, burst into the editor's office.

"Older," he said. "That doctor you recommended to me was the best damn doctor I ever went to." He waved his cigar exultantly. "Do you know what he told me?"

Mr. Older said he didn't but would like to.

"He told me," Mr. Crothers declaimed, "that the trouble with me wasn't that I was drinking too much whiskey, but that I was drinking the wrong kind of whiskey. I've changed from Scotch to Bourbon and everything is all right."

And everything did seem to be all right, in spite of the fact that Mr. Crothers had anticipated a drinking trend that was to sweep New York City more than four decades afterwards. Mr. Crothers lived for quite a number of years thereafter. In fact, he outlived *The Bulletin*.

The Bulletin continued its beautifully uneven course, with a sort of constitutional separation of powers. Mr. Crothers did not especially like Loring Pickering. Loring regarded Mr. Crothers, I believe, as an old dodo (did anybody ever see a young dodo?) and Loring thought Mr. Older was a

misguided idealist. But as long as Loring Pickering could be played off against Mr. Crothers, Mr. Older could maintain at least a precarious balance.

I was therefore free to crusade for international peace, against intervention in the first World War (which we thought was to be the last), against Germany for her brutally logical conduct of that war, and for and against various other things that were sometimes consistent and sometimes not.

But, little by little, the good nature began to go out of the fight for peace. It wasn't considered harmlessly idealistic to be a pacifist any more; it was dangerous, perhaps unpatriotic.

And, according to other points of view, it wasn't idealistic to be in favor of coming to the rescue of those shining knights, the embattled Western Allies—it might be an underhanded way of subjecting labor to the slavery of military discipline. Or it might be the only way that was left to make good certain large-sized loans to the Allies made by New York bankers. I mention these opposing theories; I endorse none of them completely.

Some hate was generated, on both sides of the controversy, and issues that didn't belong in the immediate discussion were dragged into it.

The war distorted what otherwise might have been a turbulent but not too hurtful a struggle for power in our own country between the managerial and the labor groups.

In San Francisco, the city that couldn't ever do anything by halves, this was a rough period. It was hard going for a person such as myself, with one foot in reality and one in dreams.

I saw Tom Mooney once, before anything much had happened to bring his name into the newspapers. In fact, he was trying to get his name and some of his ideas into *The Bulletin* when I saw him.

He was sitting in the little office of Fred Ely, our labor editor, which adjoined the elevator and had some kind of skylight and a door but no windows. Fred Ely was a gentle, persistent, devoted man who had been an Army private in the Philippines a long time ago, but getting tired of soldiering, had deserted. He mentioned this fact casually enough after he believed the statute of limitations in such cases had expired and he couldn't be picked up by the police and put back into the Army or a military prison.

Fred didn't have any trade or profession except that of a newspaperman. During an unemployed interval, however, he had washed dishes for meals in a restaurant and he had therefore joined—and still paid dues to—the dishwashers', or, as it was usually called, the pearl divers' union. Fred tried to report accurately and fairly but he knew where his sympathies lay. He was, I am sure, an old-style union man, with no ideas that would cause a Congressional committee to investigate him if he were active today. But you can't tell.

So Tom Mooney was sitting in Fred's office, and Fred was talking to him. Tom didn't really like any corporation, but this time he was after the United Railroads. Many respectable persons in San Francisco in that day didn't like the United Railroads, which had figured in the graft trials and whose management was not considered chemically pure. Using strike-breakers, this streetcar company had beaten

down one revolt of its employes in 1907. Now, Tom Mooney said he was going to stir up another one.

I asked him, when Fred Ely introduced us, the only question I ever did ask him. "Can you get those fellows to come out on strike?" I inquired.

He looked at me somewhat sourly. He was not a man with charm.

"I'll pull them," he growled. "Wait and see."

I wanted to like Tom Mooney, for he seemed to be on my side, as I then regarded it. I would have liked to see the conductors and motormen of the United Railroads win a strike. I was also in favor of public ownership of street railways, a policy in which San Francisco was presently to engage. If I had it to do—or say—over again I wouldn't change sides.

But Tom Mooney wasn't appealing, not at first sight, perhaps never. I have wished that prospective martyrs, or real martyrs, could always be angelic, good-mannered and good company, but often they are not. Tom Mooney wasn't.

He was, however, financially honest, as so many of San Francisco's labor leaders hadn't been. In our strongly unionized city the rank and file of the union members had sometimes been peddled around like cattle. Mr. Older had learned long ago that there were corrupt bargains between some labor leaders and some business men. The union members may have gotten more than they would have received if they had depended entirely on the generosity of their employers. Who knows?

But Mooney wasn't in that sort of game. Maybe that was why he was so sullen—he wasn't making any money or gaining any power out of what he was doing.

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We weren't sure at the time just what he was up to, and how. Afterwards there was evidence that he had blown up power-company poles in an effort to persuade the company to bargain collectively with its employees. He knew how to use dynamite, and this fact didn't help him any later on.

I don't remember what, if anything, Fred Ely wrote that day about Mooney's plan to strike the United Railroads. I know that in all my own young recklessness, and Mr. Older's indulgence, it never occurred to me to write an editorial saying that a strike that would lead to higher wages and better working conditions would be a good thing. I didn't intend to stir up a riot, inside the office or out.

But I remembered Tom Mooney, and often, later on, I could shut my eyes and see him sitting sulkily there in Fred Ely's office. I had good reason to remember.

3

The preparedness movement, which was what we called it, whether we were for or against it, rose partly out of a real sympathy for the Allies and an expectation that we would sooner or later join them in their war against Germany and Austria. It seems queer, now, that Austria should have been regarded as a great power, but she was.

But the honest and open reasons for preparedness got mixed, not only with pacifism and the labor movement but also with what was left over of the muckraking drive of the first decade of the century. The woods were full of movements.

The muckraking impulse led us to examine the relationship between the private corporations—and the very word

"corporation" made some of us bristle—and the United States Government. It was then a quite small government, as governments went; its total expenditures for the last complete year before we got into the first World War were \$734,056,202 (I don't believe this, but that is what the book says), and I don't see why we worried so much about what it did with that small change.

But we did worry. We argued that some of the money was wasted, or worse than wasted. For example, we cited statements that it was the practice of great steel companies to sell armor plate to the Navy at about \$400 a ton and to dump the leftovers of the same product in foreign markets, for lesser or even competing navies, at a much smaller price. This was the sort of thing described, how accurately I cannot say, in a book called *Merchants of Death*, many years later.

Today I wouldn't be so ready to charge the steel companies or any other outfits with betraying their country for cash; today I see conflicts, complexities and contradictions where I did not see them then; today I am puzzled as I think of people's motives, my own included; and nobody today, except the very young and the professionally young, is as sure of other people's motives as we used to be. Who is wicked now, and who is good? It used to be so easy to tell.

At any rate, some of us opposed preparedness, not only because we didn't believe in war but also because persons we didn't approve of seemed to be making money out of war. Seemed? They really *were* making money out of war.

The second reason we had, if we sympathized with organized labor (which deserved sympathy because it was still

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so weak, if for no other reason) was that preparedness was to some extent directed against labor. Maybe some employers did envy their opposite numbers in countries where strikers could be ordered into uniform and sent back to work.

Matters were coming to a head all through the early part of 1916. *The Bulletin*, with myself writing practically all of the editorials, sometimes on Mr. Older's suggestions, sometimes—and maybe more often—on my own impulse, plugged away for Allied victory and also for keeping the United States out of the war. I know Fremont Older turned away in horror from the war, didn't like to think of it, yet still didn't want the Germans to win. How could he, with all his deep compassion and his profound instinct for liberty, want Imperial Germany to dominate Europe?

Meanwhile, Tom Mooney, still determined and morose, kept at his self-imposed task of organizing the employees of the United Railroads. He got far enough, by June 10, 1916, to cause the company to put a notice in its car barns warning the motormen and conductors that "the company is thoroughly familiar with his every move and takes this occasion to notify you that any man found to be affiliated with Mooney or with any union will be promptly discharged."

A month later, on July 10, 1916, two thousand San Francisco businessmen met at the Chamber of Commerce, agreed that "intolerable conditions prevailed in the industrial life of San Francisco" and formed a "Law and Order Committee" to correct these conditions. The Chamber was already pledged to an open-shop policy. It did not consider it "intolerable" that an American citizen should lose his job and livelihood for the offense of joining a labor union.

It was inevitable that there should be trouble—not the

kind of trouble that actually occurred, but some kind of trouble. There were rugged men on both sides of the controversy. This, after all, was San Francisco, which remembered the theatrical exploits of the Vigilantes half a century earlier, and where, as was often said, the nob's boiled linen covered the red shirt of the former miner.

At this distance in time I am aware of an almost agonizing increase in tension during the last weeks and months before Preparedness Day, 1916. Tom Mooney couldn't speak for San Francisco's organized labor, nor, perhaps, for a baker's dozen besides himself, but he did reflect a brooding and bitter discontent.

The other edge of the abyss revealed just as sharp a protest. Business and industry in San Francisco had not been innocent of connivance with crooked labor leaders, but they doubtless had some honest fear of violence and a strange, new corruption among the fresh crop of labor statesmen.

San Francisco, as Ida M. Tarbell once wisely told me, was no more wicked than any other American city, but it was more outspoken than most. Labor and business in San Francisco, as I now understand, were asking for a showdown. They got it, with a war to follow.

I did not then understand the force of words; I wrote words that seemed to me to be good words, or, sometimes, merely musical words; I loved with an abiding love the sound and march of them, and I didn't know they could be lethal weapons.

Not that many of my words in *The Bulletin* were lethal, for I did try, and Fremont Older encouraged me to try, to be kind to individuals, whatever I thought about wrongs and rights, and causes and crusades. Mr. Older thought there

was hate enough in the world without our adding to it.

But I couldn't forgive everything and everybody—I had some decades to live before I could do that; it took me many years to catch up with Fremont Older, in that one humble respect . . .

So Tom Mooney went on with his futile preparations for a street railway strike—his own, personal Preparedness Day, as I thought of it—and the Chamber of Commerce went on, more successfully, with its crusade to get the city organized for crushing labor unions and promoting the common defense against foreign tyrannies.

I don't now know to what extent the employers of San Francisco brought pressure to get their hired help to march in the Preparedness Day Parade. I have no doubt they differed among themselves as to how much good such a demonstration would do. Some of them, I am sure, didn't want any part in a parade that was really directed against Germany. How fantastically tangled were the motives and currents of those days! Myself, pacifist as I believed myself to be, might have found allies among those who had an affection for the Kaiser Wilhelm. It was ridiculous. It was sublime.

San Francisco was an excitable city, as full of tumult on occasion as Florence or Siena in the bad old, wild old, lovable old days of the city states. Under a different political system it might have been a city ruled by mobs—as, indeed, it had been.

The spirit of violence, let loose by the war in Europe and I do not know what other more obscure influences, had spread to the Pacific. I did not believe in violence under any circumstances. When I had turned in my editorials, and

fitted them into the editorial page, I boarded a train at Third and Townsend Streets—sometimes as early as 3:25 in the sunny afternoon—and went home to my wife in peaceful Palo Alto, a mile or so from Stanford University. One could hardly believe in evil in that environment. The Stanford atom was then undivided. I wish it had remained so. I liked the old-fashioned atom.

4

We had a little house on a shady side street in Palo Alto; we had one or two cats, to whom we taught jumping tricks, and one of them would pretend to eat raisins, although it did not really care for them; we had a sleeping porch which was usable any night in the year in that climate; my patient wife taught me some things about playing the piano, so that I could grope my way through a Beethoven sonata, and I mean grope, and Beethoven, being dead and full of eternal wisdom, could not and I hope would not protest; we had a fireplace, though it wasn't often used.

We had so much, we were so rich, while Europe was destroying itself, while Tom Mooney was trying to pull the crews off the United Railroad's cars, while the Chamber of Commerce of San Francisco was dreaming of an open-shop town, where everybody would be satisfied with whatever pay the members of the Chamber chose to give him. The world was going to hell, in a way, but it didn't seem so, not to me.

Or did it? I remember those days as happy ones, but precariously happy. I remember, from my waking or dreaming hours, by day or by night, a sense of impending doom. Did what was about to happen cast a backward shadow over

what was actually happening?

We lived from day to day in an unstable world, but a more tranquil and happier world than most worlds since that time. Certainly we hoped more and felt more secure than anybody on this earth has felt or intelligently hoped since the atom cloud mushroomed many years later over Hiroshima.

I am not being nostalgic. From generation to generation, down to this moment, the earth has been renewed. But I wonder, now. And wondering, I turn back to what went before, and will not, in the time of man, return.

I hired a horse and buggy—there were still livery stables in those days, although the wise were not investing in them—and took my wife driving into the hills. These were, and are, beautiful hills, with a fringe of redwood trees at the top in some places and in other places brown or green grass, or even a swift flurry of snow, according to season—and I was almost about to say, according to preference. What you wanted you could occasionally have, in that enchanted valley, in that unreal time.

These coastal hills were still lonesome, with no boulevards of importance crossing them, and only dirt roads along the crest. There were places along these roads where I had to descend and open a gate in order to drive through. This is no longer necessary; there are no longer any cattle that would escape.

So I took my wife buggy-riding, into the hills, on a free afternoon, and we had no trouble, and the horse had no trouble, with motor cars; I suppose one or two of the things did come along, but I don't recall that they did. We took them in stride, in the patient horse's stride.

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From the crest road we saw the Pacific, which was and is a good ocean, except where it has been contaminated by dear old Dr. Einstein's formula, and as we came down, and home, the fog began to roll through the passes.

The fog does that still, to this day; the fog may not understand that the time for pure and innocent beauty was ending then, and is quite out of date now.

There was silence, too, in those ancient times of ours, for it was not yet within the power of any careless person to keep his neighbors awake by turning a button on a machine and bringing in words and so-called music, or real music, but too loud and too much; we had not heard of decibels; if we wished to see photographed drama, as we occasionally did, we walked down to the motion-picture theatre; indeed, we walked a great deal, and the horse-drawn expedition was a rare adventure; we walked out to the Stanford University campus, a round trip of perhaps three miles, and heard a concert once in a while, and walked home with all the music in our hearts undisturbed.

These were illusory days, of course. I remember them, but they could not have happened. They have been gathered up into the golden treasury of days and are no longer available to the general public.

Verdun, Ypres, and the Somme, the death of a civilization, these were real to me intellectually, and on the days I went to San Francisco, but the life that people could still live in the Santa Clara Valley went on approximately as before, and had beauty in it.

We made new friends, and kept some old ones. I wouldn't try to name them all now. I have mentioned William Herbert Carruth and Mrs. Carruth, who liked us all the better

because I worked on Mr. Older's *Bulletin*.

There were the Andersons, Maxwell and Margaret; he was already a poet and was later to be a deservedly successful New York playwright, but was then teaching unhappily in a San Francisco high school.

There were the Rosses, Herman and Helena, Netherlands both, he an architect and later a stage designer, she a landscape gardener, both filled with an idealism they had earlier expressed in work on the Peace Palace at the Hague.

The Peace Palace wasn't under the control of a hostile army during that war. Later it was, as the Rosses found out when they were trapped near The Hague by the Nazi invasion of 1940 and had to spend five miserable years waiting for rescue.

In 1916 I was doing all the editorials for a six-day afternoon newspaper, at the rate of about nine hundred words a day—or somewhat less than a cent a word. But it didn't seem hard work, and I loved it. If I wanted a day off I wrote a day's column ahead and never worried as to what might come up in the news when I wasn't there. Neither did Fremont Older—and he was the one who had to do the worrying when worrying was called for.

I walked long distances by myself when I could find no one to walk with me. Later I got a bicycle and rode. The conscious part of me said I didn't raise myself to be a soldier, but there was another part that said I wanted to be physically fit for whatever came along.

We had an old friend named Sterling Talbot, who had trained for the Episcopal ministry, then had gone to China as a missionary. When the war broke out, in 1914, he had been held up a long time at the Suez Canal on his way to his

post; then he had been allowed to proceed, had learned a bit of Chinese and finally, after he was able to pronounce a service in that language, had fallen ill and had been told by the doctors that he must not try to live in China. So Sterling and his wife, Ethel, and their China-born infant daughter Helen came home to California.

We had so many new friends and good old friends, including Ellen Veblen, Thorstein Veblen's former wife, that it seemed to us we might make ourselves a good life in Palo Alto. We were still young enough to believe that happy situations, like youth, last indefinitely, if not forever.

We thought, I believe, that the pestilence of war that was ravaging the earth might detour to the left, or to the right, and let us alone; we sided with that vast majority, which I think it truly was then and still is today, who mostly want to be left alone to do their work, to produce their families, to smoke their pipes, to drink their beer or whatever, to sing their songs.

I never thought, I do not now think, that the multitudes of the earth want much, once their primitive needs are satisfied. I do believe, now as then, that they desire freedom—not as an abstraction but because it is pleasant to have around.

I am afraid I am a conservative, and always was. But I would not have dared to say this to myself in 1916, for fear I would never speak to myself again. In Palo Alto at that time I thought I was somewhere off on the left, and more or less revolutionary in a good-natured sort of way, and all set for a better and kindlier world.

We went out to Searsville Lake, above Stanford, with the Rosses, the Andersons, the Talbots and the Carruths, not all at once but on various occasions. The Talbots had latched

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on to a horse and carriage, the horse as slow as cold molasses, even on the hottest of days, the buggy tending to sag in the wheels and sway in the springs, but still capable of carrying children too young to walk far. We played quiet games, such as twenty-one questions, we wondered desultorily what was going to happen in the world, we hoped for the best—and sometimes we had it, then and there.

Afterwards the summer dusk came up; and there was the smell of tar weed, whose juices gummed up a person's pants but were so pungent that the mere prefumed memory of them brings back that golden moment; and once in a while, the same as forever, there was a big moon smiling out of the east; and at such intervals life was a poem, and the battles of Verdun, Ypres, and the Somme, and the ambitions of Mr. Mooney and the wickedness of the United Railroads, and the cruelty of existence, and the merely fighting chance for a better future, all these one could neglect.

The whole of this dream was ridiculous, and it was also beautiful. We were not alone. All over America, in the cities as well as in the cornfields and up in the mountains, there was, in spite of everything, a kind of faith.

It was absurd. Nobody, no young man planning his future, knew he might have to die for it, and never have it.

It was 1916.

5

1916. Arnot Dosch Fleurot, a well-known war correspondent, lectured in Palo Alto and told me I had the best newspaper job in the United States and had better hang on to it.

I knew better. My pay was too low, in spite of all Fremont Older could do. I wanted to be a dramatic critic, and was

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not. Mr. Older said I couldn't go to the Mexican border when Villa started a ruckus in 1916 by raiding Columbus, New Mexico, and Pershing was sent over the line to chase him. Mr. Older said I was more valuable where I was.

1916. Who was valuable where? I wrote an editorial about a song they were singing about Villa. A man people make songs about, I said, couldn't be entirely bad. Indeed, we clung to the belief, on *The Bulletin* of that period, that nobody could be wholly bad, not even the Kaiser. Happily, we didn't have to test that philosophy on Adolf Hitler or Josef Stalin.

Woodrow Wilson was going to run for President in 1916 on the ground that he had kept us out of war. It couldn't have been Mr. Wilson who initiated the thing called Preparedness Day. But it was Mr. Wilson, whom I continued to admire, and whom today I both admire and pity; he tried so hard, left so great a name, and achieved so little.

He was my hero, as against Theodore Roosevelt, as against Taft; I am still glad he won in 1916. But he had to give in here and there, to adapt himself to circumstances; he wouldn't do all the things *The Bulletin* requested him to do.

I have under my hand as I write a reproduction of a photograph taken in Washington on June 14, 1916; it shows President Wilson, smiling as broadly as though he really liked what he was doing, carrying a flag over his right shoulder, at the head of the A No. 1. Preparedness Parade.

I understand, today, being infinitely wise, that since we were headed into war, no matter what Mr. Wilson wished, planned or hoped, we might have done well to be ready for it. The Unknown Soldier, all his destiny still ahead of him, might well have been alerted.

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But the thing called "preparedness" in 1916 was not simple. Some persons said it was a sham and a delusion, designed to betray "Labor," with a capital initial, into the hands of the powerful and the rich. It wasn't that primitive. Nevertheless, I remain convinced that there were strange influences in the country at that time that were less concerned with winning a war or building up defense than they were with obstructing the march of organized labor. Or, for that matter, with preventing political democracy from spreading its infection into industry in any way.

As I said, it wasn't simple. It still isn't.

Meanwhile, Tom Mooney had plans of his own, some of which came to the attention of the United Railroads, his potential opponents. A United Railroads detective named Martin Swanson put a tail on him, as we later learned to say, during the early weeks of July, 1916. Tom Mooney was still hoping to "pull" the employees of the United Railroads, in spite of all the warnings the company had put out against unionization. How many he pulled was later demonstrated when he and his wife testified that meetings of the discontented had been held in Rena Mooney's studio, where she taught both violin and piano. One does not start revolutions in such a setting. One does not yank the operatives off a big city's transportation system by calling a mass meeting in a telephone booth.

Tom Mooney evidently hoped and planned. I doubt that his hoping and planning had anything to do with an anti-preparedness meeting in Dreamland Rink in San Francisco on July 20, 1916. The people who attended that meeting were not plotting strikes, they were objecting to being herded into a discipline, and perhaps a war, they did not

want.

And then some wild man crawled out of the cracks in the emotional wall, out from under the unfumigated carpet, and began to mail postcards, warning the recipients that "your extreme activity in promoting and glorifying militarism marks you as the most vicious and dangerous 'jingo' of all your brutal, greedy, thieving and war-making class; and the immediate extermination of you and your evil class is going to be the sole and 'patriotic' duty of the EMPLOYEES LIBERTY LEAGUE."

These ravings were not pleasing to us on *The Bulletin*, nor to any honest pacifists, nor to any thoughtful friends of what we called "Labor." Pacifists didn't care to exterminate anybody, they were against extermination. Labor didn't propose to kill off management—it just wanted more pay, shorter hours, and more freedom.

Preparedness Day marched upon us, like an army with banners, and we on *The Bulletin* didn't know quite what to do about it. As San Franciscans we were in favor of any kind of parade. We liked the pomp and glory of life; though some of us hated war, we all liked martial music—which, of course, has nothing to do with war. What we felt about Preparedness Day was that those who wanted to march should and that those who didn't want to march shouldn't have to.

So we were indignant about the rumors that began to spread that some employers were ordering their employees to march, on pain of dismissal. The United Railroads evidently did so order, for a good many of its workers marched, and we couldn't imagine any motorman or conductor wanting to travel on foot after earning his living over many a

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tired day by rolling around on wheels.

But the parade was organized to march, and it did march, most of it. It included a contingent of Civil War veterans (the fact that they were alive and could still walk was not news then), a unit of Spanish War veterans, still young and spry, some Sons of the American Revolution, members of the Loyal Order of Moose and perhaps some equally loyal orders, but no disloyal ones that I know of, and some workmen and working women who did not belong to the belligerent type of union and were therefore not in a position to be accused of pacifism. The Chamber of Commerce, patron, agent, and self-nominated saint of this demonstration, said later that there were twenty thousand men and women in line. There may have been.

The day was Saturday, July 22, 1916. The parade was to start, and did start, at half-past one in the afternoon.

I was twenty-eight years and twelve days old, and thought myself grown up. But I grew up some more before the day was over.

6

Parades in San Francisco in 1916 marched up Market Street from the Ferry Building. This custom had been temporarily interrupted by the earthquake and fire of 1906, after which there was for a while very little that could be called Market Street. Fillmore Street, further to the west, had a moment of glory, as did Van Ness Avenue, where they blew up houses and stopped the fire. But without Market Street you couldn't have any San Francisco. We all knew that.

So Market Street came back. You could not kill Market

Street. The Ferry was still the entrance to San Francisco, even though some persons came by rail, as I myself habitually did, down the Peninsula to Third and Townsend Street, a gateway as dingy as any in the country.

The Ferry, bless its memory, was never dingy, not to the feeling heart and seeing eye. Market Street was never dingy, after they had shoveled away the debris and swept away the dust. Market Street was full of glory, bright among the cobwebs and the memories—and so, in spite of many changes in the city and the world, it remains for many of us to this day.

Market Street! There is, and there was, and there will be, no street like it, no street comparable to it, in these States. Canal Street in New Orleans, yes; Fifth Avenue in New York, yes; Beacon Street in Boston, of course; how many such streets, how vainly how many streets might contest the supremacy of Market Street in San Francisco.

Market Street! Into this wide avenue, running from the waterline—the new waterline, for the old waterline had come all the way up to Montgomery Street a century and more ago—fed the thoroughfares from south of The Slot (and Market Street was, and always will be to ancient residents, The Slot); into it was precipitated traffic from the angled streets and avenues to the north and west; all the way up toward the Twin Peaks, Market Street moved with majesty.

In the beginning of time Market Street had been a hollow between sand dunes. It had been the manifest way to go from the water to the thither hills. So it remained in July, 1916, a proud street, a street up which any parade that amounted to a parade had to march.

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Market Street was the main street of our town, even though only one of the great hotels and not all of the great stores and none of the legitimate theatres had a Market Street address.

Market Street had four lines of streetcar tracks running up and down it. Crossing Market Street, on foot, was like crossing the Plains in the Gold Rush days, possible but dangerous.

But when you had to have a parade you had to have Market Street. There was room enough on Van Ness for all the parades in the world, but in San Francisco it wasn't a parade unless it came up Market Street.

I saw President William Howard Taft come up Market Street when I was a reporter. (I saw him again, many years later, and had a warm, leisurely talk with him, when he was Chief Justice of the United States, but spending the summer at his Canadian retreat at Murray Bay. If one preferred, for political reasons, not to like William Howard Taft, it was better to stay away from where he was.)

In San Francisco, on that prehistoric day, perhaps around 1912, Mr. Taft had a mildly amiable reception, and no wild cheers. One trouble with his visit, as the San Franciscans in Market Street saw it, was that he was on his way to a dinner for which faithful and affluent Republicans had happily paid fifty dollars a plate. Fifty dollars was money then, even in gold-conscious, easygoing San Francisco. It was money for a reporter who was too slowly working his way toward the sunshine at the rate of a five-dollar increase every six months or every year. We didn't say folding money. Money, in San Francisco, still clinked and could be hefted.

PREPAREDNESS DAY, 1916

I hate to come back to what happened on Market Street on July 22, 1916. Market Street required no tragedy. Its history was good enough without tragedy. But fate ruled that we were now to have a tragedy, and a Case. The underlying forces in our picturesque and inherently violent community were about to come to the surface.

Jim Rolph, "Sunny Jim," as he was called then and later without protest from himself or family, was mayor in 1916, and he rode in a car at the head of the parade, as a mayor should. (What else, some persons asked, was a Mayor good for?) Jim was a popular man, and so continued, and he went on being mayor as long as he liked—though he did not really need the money. San Franciscans rather enjoyed, for a change, having a mayor who did not really need any money, and was under no temptation to exert himself in undignified ways to get money. Jim could afford to be honest, such was the reasoning, and Jim certainly was honest.

A parade such as this couldn't do anybody any harm, one would suppose. The trouble was, it happened when some persons were thinking how best to beat Germany, with which we were not yet at war; and some persons were pondering how best to deal with violent protest among the workers, and in fact, some of the labor protest actually was of a violent nature; and some quite ordinary human beings were wondering how to get more pay and better working hours and conditions; and a few, on both sides of the controversy, were fanatical or just plain balmy.

July 22, 1916, was a Saturday, but *The Bulletin* office was operating as usual. Why not? We had a paper to get out. I had brought in two or three editorials and planned, as usual, to write another in the office, and then go out to the

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composing room and put the column together. I had arrived between half-past twelve and one and meant to leave on the three-twenty-five train for Palo Alto. I did not intend to waste time on the Preparedness Day Parade.

However, since the parade was set to start at half-past one, I went into Carl Hoffman's office shortly after two, and looked out the window. "Sunny Jim" Rolph had already passed but I waited, with a professional rather than a personal interest, for the other items. I did not believe in this parade, but I did wish to have a glance at it.

When I got to the window this parade was acting just like any other parade; the drilled units, such as the California Grays, were coming up the street in precise formation, and the others were doing the best they could, but from four stories up you could see that they were straggling and uneven, and not all keeping step to the music.

But I don't remember too many details. The reason I don't remember, perhaps, is that as I stood at the window all the telephones in the city room began to ring at once. I swung round. I caught my breath. My heart skipped a beat or two.

Then I faced the window again, and saw an open truck, it didn't seem like the usual style of ambulance, sprinting up the opposite side of the street, past the Phelan Building, with human figures sprawled on its bed, dead or alive I couldn't at once tell.

A man rose from the heap of dead or dying, facing the big *Bulletin* sign, and all of us at the windows, and shook his fist in a wild, passionate gesture.

That is what I remember of the San Francisco Preparedness Day Parade of Saturday, July 22, 1916.

We got out an extra at once. We did not make over the editorial page. There was nothing more for me to do, that day. I went downstairs, past units of the parade that were still marching, and so by street car to the Third and Townsend station, and home.

I did this because I was afraid of something I could not define; or because I was too shocked and numbed by what had happened to change my daily habit; or because I knew my wife would be worrying if I did not come home; or because I was sick in my soul of all that violence and hate, and knew I could find rest in the hills and the valley, and the red-brown of the July grass and the fog coming in through the passes from the sea.

I may also have wondered, I know I did, what San Francisco would be like that night, for the bitterness of the old and recent days would surely be revived by this tragedy.

The outer shape of what had happened was soon clear, and on Monday I was able to write an editorial about it. A "bomb"—nobody except the guilty maniac ever knew what kind of bomb—had exploded at six minutes after two at the corner of Steuart and Market Streets, well down toward the Ferry Building.

The parade had formed on the Embarcadero, which is the waterfront street of San Francisco, and a stretch where I then loved to walk, and still do; and some contingents had joined it on the lower side streets, of which Steuart Street was one. These included the G. A. R. and its Ladies' Auxiliary, and the Spanish-American veterans I have already mentioned. The explosion came when the Spanish-American unit

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was wheeling out of Steuart Street into Market Street. Some of these men had returned from fighting the Moros, thousands of miles away, but this was their journey's end.

Nine persons were killed, forty or more injured.

The parade continued to its announced destination at the Civic Center. The living stepped over or around the dead and wounded, and went on. After all these years I am not convinced that this was a totally honest parade or a totally sincere occasion, but now, as then, I take off my hat to the surviving twenty thousand who marched the course up Market Street, not knowing—and they really could not know—what other bombs had been placed along the route.

San Francisco had its corruption, its civil wars, its injustices. It also had what we used to call guts.

After all these years I see no point in going into the tedious ramifications of the "Mooney Case." Before this famous affair was finished there were crowds in what was then called St. Petersburg demanding the release of a political prisoner known to them as "Muni"; President Wilson had requested the Governor of California to commute Mooney's sentence in the interests of our relations with revolutionary Russia; it was a famous case, and the Communists and their sympathizers made the most of it. Not that they cared, as far as I could ever find out, whether Mooney or any other "political" prisoner was or was not guilty; they just went along for the ride.

In spite of everything, including some of his friends, Tom Mooney actually lived to come out of the dark corridor in San Quentin Prison, to make more or less of a jackass of himself, to cast off the admirable wife who had stood by him so faithfully when he was in trouble, and to die peace-

fully of natural causes in bed.

The fact was that though Tom Mooney had some unhappy traits, had perhaps tried to compensate for his lack of success by leading a left-wing movement and wasn't a man one would pick to go fishing with, he wasn't a murderer. He did not prepare, throw, or place the Preparedness Day bomb. The San Francisco police never found out who did prepare, throw, or place the bomb. The main reason they did not find out was that after they arrested Mooney and a weedy young man named Billings for the crime they made few other efforts.

Possibly they believed Mooney, Billings, and a few others, including Mrs. Mooney and a jitney driver named Israel Weinberg, were guilty. The trouble was, these people, though critical of the United Railroads and in favor of public ownership of street transportation in San Francisco, were not assassins. A stupid and venal district attorney named Charles M. Fickert built up the supposed case against Mooney and an imaginative "cattleman" from Oregon, telling an "eye witness" story that could not possibly be true, produced the testimony that brought Mooney within the shadow of the gallows.

But Mooney fooled even Fremont Older for a while. On the very day of the bombing Mr. Older said to me, as he did to others, shaking his head sorrowfully, "I'm sure Mooney did it."

I wrote an editorial on Monday full of honest indignation. This was one point on which Mr. Older, Mr. Crothers, Loring Pickering and the rest of us agreed. None of us liked murder, though some of us somehow managed to accept war.

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I looked into the Mooney case rather carefully. Certain facts were evident at once. Mooney couldn't have placed the bomb—he wasn't there at the time it was placed; photographs taken on a roof above Market Street showed him nearly half a mile away six minutes before the thing went off; the prosecution never succeeded in getting an honest witness to place him any nearer; the trial judge and the ten surviving jurors who voted for his conviction were willing or anxious ten years later to have him released.

We still didn't especially like Tom Mooney, but as soon as the evidence in his favor began to pile up and the lies began to come apart at the seams, after the trial, we realized that we had another man to get out of jail.

It had been Ruef. Now it was Mooney. In this way Mr. Older and his staff learned a lot about prisons and how people got there, and what it was like to be in them. It was plain to us all that people didn't always get into jail by being bad. Sometimes they got into jail by being poor or friendless, and sometimes by having powerful enemies. And sometimes, possibly, by not being careful to shave every morning.

There were persons in San Francisco who said that even if Tom Mooney didn't blow up the parade it would be a good thing to hang him or keep him in jail, he was so obnoxious in so many other ways.

The man in the ambulance who shook his fist as he went past *The Bulletin* office on the day of the parade represented a point of view that some other San Franciscans expressed less dramatically. This was that a newspaper that was so opposed as *The Bulletin* was to blowing men to bits in war must be in favor of blowing them to bits in time of peace, and therefore in part responsible for the Preparedness Day

explosion.

This theory seemed odd to me then. In fact, it still does, though I have since learned a lot about the illogicality of the so-called human mind.

The Bulletin weathered that storm, as it did all storms as long as Fremont Older was its directing force. Labor didn't always like us, management more often than not viewed us with dismay, but with a circulation that had passed one hundred thousand in a city of half a million or not much more we could not be ignored.

But Preparedness Day, 1916, left a bitter taste. The campaigns *The Bulletin* was carrying on were never so idyllic, never so dreamlike, never so inexorably certain to win, after that. There was an evil in the world that I, for one, hadn't previously realized. Others had, to be sure. All the great philosophers, to the commencement of recorded time. But not myself. I wish I could go back again, and be so foolish, and so happy about it.

I had thought that if you truly loved humanity (or thought you did, but that is another and longer story), if your heart went out to the common man (but who was, or is, the common man?), if you accepted a gospel of simplicity, tolerance and brotherhood—I had thought that if you did these things you could be at peace with the world.

But we, trying to do this on *The Bulletin*, weren't at peace with the world. No street mob ever broke our windows, but another kind of mob hammered at our advertising. In July, 1916, and over and over again thereafter, there was a kind of campaign against *The Bulletin* that few newspapers have to face today.

The difficulty for our adversaries was that they never

found it practicable to stand firm and united against us. There was always one department store, for instance, that held out, not because its owners loved us but because they wanted to advertise their wares to our more than one hundred thousand readers.

Yet feeling ran against us, as a newspaper, and against some of us as individuals. I remember being cut dead in the lobby of the Merchants Mercantile Library by two former Stanford students, then happily married, but also appallingly prosperous. Why? Because I was on what they considered the wrong side of our undeclared civil war. I didn't mind too much, for I had other friends and I understood some of their bewilderment.

Again I was slightly saddened but on the whole flattered when a friend told me of a conversation he had heard on a commuting train about the young man who wrote the editorials for *The Bulletin*.

"He is," said the commentator, "brilliant but unsound."

Thinking it over, I decided that if I had to choose, I would remain unsound.

So the year 1916 ran its course. President Wilson campaigned for re-election on the plank (which we learned later worried him a lot) that he had kept us out of war.

I continued to write editorials in which I conveyed my own—and Fremont Older's—detestation of war. Mr. Older allowed me to express my own conviction that justice demanded a resounding victory for the Allies, but I don't believe he ever cared much for getting justice by destroying human lives. Not even German lives.

In most ways we stood behind President Wilson, though he was a man one could admire and still not warm to. Our former hero, Theodore Roosevelt, one-time friend and crony

of the Kaiser Wilhelm, had turned into something we scarcely recognized; he seemed to think that a little blood-letting in a good cause would be about the nicest thing that could happen to the United States.

I am sorry Colonel Roosevelt missed the Second World War.

8

Of course the war wasn't the whole story. Mr. Older didn't tell his youthful and admittedly callow editorial writer everything that was going on in the year 1916 in political circles in California—though he was up to his ears in it all. The Progressive Party, as a national institution, was dying in infancy. Hiram Johnson, who had run with Roosevelt on the Bull Moose ticket four years earlier, was getting ready for a respectable career inside the reformed—or re-established, as I had better say—Republican ranks.

Hiram Johnson in that 1916 campaign wouldn't have openly swung any votes away from the Republican candidate, former Justice Hughes, in the direction of Mr. Wilson. But he could, and maybe did, achieve a good deal by being disinterested and inactive. As people said, he went fishing, up in the woods somewhere.

This was after Mr. Hughes had come on a flying trip to California, had been joyously received by Hiram Johnson's old enemies—including a great many *The Bulletin* didn't value very highly—and had failed to pay his respects to Governor Johnson.

So in 1916 I was permitted to toot the bugle and beat the drum in honor of Mr. Wilson. I see now that, like many others, I worked and voted for a partially imaginary Mr.

Wilson, who didn't want American mothers to raise their boys to be soldiers, who planned to let Kansas farmers go on raising corn instead of being drafted into the European trenches, and who wasn't too proud to say there was such a thing as being too proud to fight.

President Wilson was a great man, but in the fall of 1916 he was not as sure as some of the rest of us were that he would be able to keep us out of war.

Theodore Roosevelt, that ungrown-up boy, still vivacious, still magnetic, inwardly yearning to charge up another San Juan Hill, denounced Mr. Wilson in terms that convinced many of us that a vote for Wilson was not only a vote for Allied victory but also a vote for peace. This reasoning was not sensible, but there are periods when it is inconsistent and even irrational to be sensible.

As I think back over those days—which were not history then, but are history now, as is the way with days—I understand, and wonder. Woodrow Wilson was no militarist, but also he was no pacifist. The man we were willing to vote for against that eminent jurist, Charles E. Hughes, was a Calvinist, guided by what he thought was right.

Mr. Wilson thought it was right to send a portion of our Navy to Vera Cruz, Mexico, in the spring of 1914, and to seize the custom house, at the cost of nineteen American lives and many more Mexican lives, in order to avenge an insult to our flag at Tampico, and to prevent the Government of President Huerta, which we did not like, from receiving a shipment of German arms. And once the principle of the blood sacrifice has been officially accepted, the quantity of blood that is required may be immeasurable.

Mr. Wilson thought it was right to pursue Pancho Villa,

when that picturesque villain raided Columbus, New Mexico, and killed a number of Americans. It thus happened that General Pershing, later commander-in-chief of the American Expeditionary Force in France, got his first dramatic mention in the newspapers. He did not find Villa but he got a reputation.

Some other American soldiers, whose names will never be known in the histories, passed from the Mexican border to the front line in France. They were experts. It must have seemed to their superior officers a shame to waste them, or to waste them in a small out-of-the-way war.

A youthful editorial writer on a San Francisco afternoon newspaper, important though that paper was, had to grope his way through the confusion. I built my own faith on the doctrines of peace and good will that went back to Grotius, yes, and to the New Testament, and that were being preached in our own day by men I respected—among them not only Fremont Older but President Starr Jordan of Stanford University.

Dr. Jordan wasn't infallible, he was just big-hearted and lovable. He made peace seem logical. This was a dream, but a beautiful dream. I looked on the luminous summer hills above the Santa Clara Valley and wondered why the whole world could not come within that glimmering vision.

It wasn't going to happen that way. I think the majority of mankind would have voted for Dr. Jordan's philosophy and his dream, if they had been given the chance to vote, and if they had understood one another; but they weren't asked and they did not understand one another.

CHAPTER SIX

Intermission: The Bulletin Book

THE BULLETIN BOOK, published between modest cardboard covers in the year 1917, was intended, so the Introductory Note said, "to indicate the character, the policy and the literary quality of this paper."

This was our parade, these were the things we did and tried to do, these were our dreams.

Dreams on the eve of a somewhat stern awakening.

But not ignoble dreams. We were fighting for prison reform, for clean government, for sympathy with the unhappy and oppressed—for sympathy, even, for those who were less oppressed by society than by their own weaknesses.

We tried to tell the truth about drives against prostitution, we interviewed exiles escaped from Siberia, we sent girl reporters into dubious parts of the city in disguise, we published the memoirs of reformed drunkards, dope fiends and law-breakers, and when Ernest J. Hopkins or Jack Burroughs did some good verse we published that, too.

There wasn't anything Fremont Older wouldn't publish if he thought it well-written and fit to go through the mails.

These things, and more, were in The Bulletin Book. I read it today, and all the litter, drabness, all the sadness because

of what was and is no more, and because of what might have been and was not, and all the sunset light that sometimes shone diffused and wonderful over San Francisco Bay, all the loveliness of fog, all the sounds, smells, sights, yes, and tastes of that remarkable city in that remarkable time—all these come back.

The Bulletin Book stands for a moment in time that I treasure beyond other possessions.

1

We wrote for small pay, sometimes under difficult conditions, we wrote for deadlines, we wrote for a portion of newsprint that survived physically only in the files, we wrote as actors act, for the audience of that day and moment, but we wrote in honor and with pride. I wish the newspaper proprietors of that day, let alone later days, had known how rich we felt in honor and in pride.

On *The Bulletin* this was indeed known. That is why there was a *Bulletin Book*, put into print and distributed in 1917. This book was a swan song, in a minor key, of a period that was passing. I turn its leaves now and am glad to find some words of my own upon them, though now I wish I could have left some of the words unwritten, and written some of them in different form, and better.

What we didn't know, as we wrote and as we read *The Bulletin Book*, was that there would never be another book like that.

What other newspaper than *The Bulletin* would carry as its introduction to what could be called a promotion circular a piece by a convicted corruptionist and ex-convict? *The Bulletin Book* did do this. It led its pages with Abe Ruef's

prelude to his own memoirs, beginning: "Every human experience has a value and may teach a lesson."

What other newspaper than *The Bulletin* would glorify the action of a convict in passing dope from cell to cell? *The Bulletin* did this, in an extract from the memories of Donald Lowrie, another ex-convict. The reader's sympathies were inevitably with "The Kid," who needed the drug so much after spitting blood all afternoon in the jute mill, and with "Smoky," who got him what he needed, at the risk of his own safety. Was this the way to build up circulation? We did it, on that basis.

What other newspaper than *The Bulletin* would give currency to John D. Barry's idea (which was also Lincoln Steffens') that everybody is a mixture of good and bad, that there are no really bad men and no wholly good men, and that "wrong-doing sometimes masquerades as right-doing, and is publicly exploited as admirable, something to be imitated"? Was this the way to get circulation? Did the characters at the ball game understand what Mr. Barry was trying to say? They did not. They just wanted people in front to sit down. They were rude to reporters taking polls, as I found out once when I was assigned to ask questions at the ball park about an issue having nothing to do with baseball.

What other newspaper would have reprinted a letter of Dr. Woods Hutchinson, physician of preventive medicine, in which the final sentence read: "As between our criminals and our courts today, humanity might well hesitate as to which was its greatest danger, its most serious real menace"?

The Bulletin did do this, and the circulation continued to grow.

INTERMISSION: THE BULLETIN BOOK

Another newspaper might have re-published Sam Leake's account of how he got rid of the alcohol habit, though in San Francisco few persons wanted to be entirely rid of it; not while there were so many grand restaurants and so many lovely bars.

The Bulletin Book gave our readers peeps into other people's lives, horrifying though these lives often were. People like to be horrified; the experience makes it easier for them to get along with their own relatively minor (as they see it) sins and offenses.

We were sensational. *The Bulletin Book* showed that. But we also took a whack or two at the extremely and unjustifiably self-righteous. The fact that *The Bulletin Book* could be printed and distributed and used to promote our circulation didn't speak too badly for San Francisco.

2

Twenty-three authors, not all of them on the staff, were represented in *The Bulletin Book*. By telescoping time a little we got in some Christmas greetings Mark Twain had sent from London in 1900. "It is a striking fact," he wrote, "that San Francisco has tripled its population and quadrupled its other prosperities since I left. It is doubtful if any other man has done as much for the city as that."

Eight of the book's contributors were women—which was pretty good for a time when an occasional "sob sister" represented her sex inadequately in American journalism. San Francisco, to be sure, had the pioneer attitude toward females; they were still valued more than was usual in American society because they had once been so scarce in our part of the world.

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Moreover, Mr. Older believed in giving women a chance, the "good" ones as well as the "bad" ones, those who could write as well as those who were being exploited, down on the Barbary Coast.

Inez Haines Irwin, wife of the late Will Irwin, covered a wrestling match. Wrestling was then a more honorable and possibly a less tedious sport than it is today. Mrs. Irwin was impressed with "the extreme beauty of trained motion." To her the contest was "marked by extreme dignity." And she went so far as to say that "it would be quite an admirable thing if the women of California took the same delight in a beautiful physical development in their own sex."

To be sure, Mrs. Irwin had a cause to promote. She was one of those crusaders who believed in equal suffrage and other rights for women. California women had had the vote since 1911, my first year on *The Bulletin*. It didn't seem to have done them any harm.

In "The Outcast at the Christian Door" Sophie Treadwell, as an editorial note stated, "described her experiences at an exclusive San Francisco Church." Miss Treadwell asked for help to save her from the "life" she told the minister she was leading. She said she was sick.

Miss Treadwell didn't get what in later years and another city was to be known as the bum's rush. She was merely asked to call, at another address, in the morning. The only address Miss Treadwell was supposed to have was an imaginary house of prostitution, from which she wished to escape.

So, as she said: "They had cast me forth without even so much as a word, one single word of cheer, of hope, of good will."

The minister of that church, who was not mentioned by

name, must have been startled when he read "An Outcast at the Christian Door." Everybody in town knew who he was. He could not be anonymous, not for more than ten minutes after Sophie Treadwell's story came out.

Sophie Treadwell did have an address, where she worked, a respectable home address and a brilliant and creative future. The minister to whom she had talked—a good, harassed, impossible man, as I now see him—didn't know this.

But Sophie's story put on circulation. It helped make it impossible for a department store in San Francisco to prosper without advertising in *The Bulletin*. Virtue paid. Why shouldn't it?

Bessie Beatty became known to *Bulletin* readers for other things and interests, but *The Bulletin Book* had a touching piece by her about "The Closing of the Line"—one of those occasions when the police are instructed to stop vice by "officially closing" the underworld. These attempts never succeed—as Mr. Older knew. They change "sin's" technique, not its realities.

Bessie Beatty had sympathy with anything suffering—with orphans, the sick and poor, with prostitutes, with kittens up trees. So she wrote about two o'clock, "the hour when the women of the official underworld go to work," and about the day when the police introduced purity by closing the houses. She interviewed a girl who had been working nine hours a day as a stenographer for thirty-five dollars a month, and didn't intend to go back to that occupation, no matter what the police said or did.

The woman who ran the house, or had done so, came in while Miss Beatty was there. It was Valentine's Day and

she had "bought a pink frosted heart for everyone, and a big one for the house."

Miss Beatty wrote this story sympathetically, though it was a little out of her usual vein, and I am sure it built up circulation—even among respectable housewives who were not supposed to know anything about the subject and the persons that it dealt with.

Rose Wilder Lane wrote "Soldiers of the Soil," recounting a sort of vagabond journey around California, riding with truck drivers and finding out how people lived in the rural paradise—or whatever it might be called—of the inner valleys. I remember with an old disillusionment how she discovered that driving a truck on long runs was hard work and not romantic at all.

But Rose Wilder Lane helped us put on circulation. Mr. Older had discovered, or re-discovered, that newspaper readers were interested in stories about how other people lived. They liked to be horrified, amused, touched, taken out of their daily lives and thoughts. But the people we wrote about, in *The Bulletin*, were not often the fortunate ones.

Pauline Jacobson wrote about the pre-revolutionary Russian revolutionist, Catherine Breshkovskaya, the famous "Babushka," who had her brief moment of recompense when the rebels overthrew the Czar's government in 1917. In 1914 there was romance in Russia—and Pauline Jacobson wrote of it all with a fine, idealistic glow.

Miss Jacobson also wrote of "Hazel Lux, a Forsaken Woman," who at the time was on trial for murder. "Yet never a human being," she said, "touches one with a more profound sense of the tragic. She seems drenched in the

black misery of the world.”

I still think this was good writing. It also put on circulation, I am sure of that, and I have less patience than ever with those dismal snobs who seem to believe that good writing in a newspaper is inferior to bad writing in a book.

3

I don't suppose Virginia Ballen ever knowingly saw a prostitute, a dope addict, an ex-prisoner or any example of that unhappy yet somehow engaging level of society to which *The Bulletin* gave so much attention.

But I remember Virginia Ballen affectionately because she wrote of things that took one's mind off the miseries and crimes of the world, and because my wife and I sometimes went walking with her in the hills and pastures and she told us (perhaps I should say, told me, for my wife knew more than I did about these things) what sort of bird it was that ran around on trees upside down and had those white markings on its tail. Miss Ballen also knew about flowers and how to tell the mushrooms that would kill you from those that might not.

What Virginia Ballen wrote about stayed forever, as was not always the case with what the rest of us had to say. It is true that there are fewer coyotes in the foothills of the Santa Clara Valley than there were then, but this is because they have retired elsewhere, not because they have been disillusioned or reformed or have otherwise changed their nature. The water insects in the pond below the Older ranch are no doubt the same as ever, and the quince tree comes marvelously into bloom with each new spring.

Miss Ballen wrote a piece called “The Hidden People.”

"There are," she said, "usually nine human beings on the ranch, four horses, six cows, three dogs, seven cats, hens and chickens, and an old pig. We see them every day."

But she was aware of others who had once owned the Older Ranch: the coon, the fox, the badger, the cougar. She wanted to renew a friendship with them. Of herself she wrote (how honestly we well knew, and never wondered what it had to do with the turbulent tides that surged by day and night up and down Market Street):

"This person searches for tracks eagerly and wistfully, hoping to meet again, as she used to meet in the far wilderness, the tawny fox, face to face, and the rolling badger, duck-walking across a meadow. She would even like to see a cougar again, if he kept his soul-in-torment cry to himself. For her heart leans toward the dispossessed, the fugitive and hidden people."

There were many of the fugitive and dispossessed in our *Bulletin* world, some of them ranging the chaparral-entangled slopes in fear even of that gentlest of souls, Virginia Ballen, and that most understanding of men, Fremont Older, and some of them in San Quentin Prison, or slinking along Mission Street because they were afraid to walk openly on Market Street, and some on the Barbary Coast.

What Virginia Ballen wrote was not merely biological, it was human, it was universal. Fremont Older felt this, though he never put it precisely into words.

Many readers liked Miss Ballen's pieces, clipped them, wrote to the editor about them, and went on building up our circulation and making us a useful advertising medium. And I am not being cynical.

Eustace Cullinan, later a successful attorney in San Fran-

cisco, wrote of city life in his youthful and impressionable days as a reporter and editorialist. It was Mr. Cullinan who said: "The world has been permitted to read the love letters of some famous men and women, and it therefore knows that no literary skill, no fecundity of imagination, no height of intellect will destroy the redeeming blemishes of an honest love letter." I like that passage still, though in *The Bulletin Book* it was not dated.

It was Eustace Cullinan who did a vignette of a woman in the street hesitating between a brightly-lighted saloon (was any saloon then ever dimly lighted?) and a church called "Our Lady of Victories." But Eustace left his readers as did Frank R. Stockton in "The Lady or the Tiger." He ended his paragraph: "For a long time the woman stood, making up her mind, while she was called both ways. Then she turned and walked swiftly—whither?"

Maybe Mr. Cullinan was sentimental, which he could not afford to be, I suppose, when he began to practice law. Maybe Miss Ballen, in her country sketches, was also sentimental—and could afford to be, for she loved country living and didn't need much to keep going.

Maybe we were all sentimental, in those days, on *The Bulletin*, in *The Bulletin Book*. Maybe it was a sentimental period, just before the American entrance into the First World War, just before the Tower of Jewels stopped twinkling in the sun, and many of the hopes left over from the nineteenth century were torn down.

4

Poetry, for example, some of it good and some of it bad. Ernest Hopkins interviewed, if that is the word, a primitive

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California Indian named Ishi, who had been lured out of the hills and studied by scientists from the University of California. Ishi was a gentle soul, and he died. Hoppy wrote:

It was a shame they found you, brother,
Behind your townless mountain range!
The cars, the crowds, the buildings, thrilled you;
No flowers blossomed where you stood;
Of course our 'higher habits' killed you—
The kind professors knew they would.

This, in prose or verse, was indeed the essence of Mr. Ishi. The words Hoppy wrote reflected an uneasiness we all felt about the relative quality of our civilization. We weren't sure, even then, with no H-bomb, that Ishi hadn't had it better, lonesomely, up in the woods.

I have long remembered, even before I turned back to it in *The Bulletin Book*, another, quite different poem by Hoppy, entitled "On the Street." It had to do, as the present reader may suppose, with prostitutes. It ran, in part:

They are so young! Slow down the crowded street
They stray, whose trade is lightness, and their ways
Gay with the dance of death. Yet scarce ablaze
Flickers their womanhood—childless, incomplete.
They are so young . . .

Even though Ernest Jerome Hopkins went on to a distinguished career in journalism, I now wish he had had more time, more opportunity, more pay—what is wrong with pay if it buys the best that is in a man's heart?—to write and publish poetry. Fremont Older would have given him this opportunity, would have given any honest and good writer the chance. The trouble was, Mr. Older couldn't

live always, and even before the summons for him came and he bent over the wheel of his automobile and answered it, many of us had drifted away. Not from him, but in search of something, we didn't know what, and would never find.

Another *Bulletin* poet was Jack Burroughs, whose verse was expected to be "light" but wasn't, always. Jack wrote of the death of Lincoln Beachey, the aviator:

But who shall say what undiscovered shores
Whose outlines vague the Stygian waters press,
Shall see the spirit flight of one who soars,
Unhampered, unrestrained and fetterless?

Not Keats? Maybe not. But Beachey, dying in the straps, under San Francisco Bay, might have taken a moment's comfort from the words.

Jack Burroughs also wrote a few lines about the ending of the 1915 Exposition:

Put out the Lights! The dark lagoon
Lies hidden from the sight.
The Palace pales beneath the moon;
The brooding gods of marble croon—
Pan pipes a fond Good Night!

The Bulletin published several poems by a writer whose name was never revealed, though his number at San Quentin was 19,173. Donald Lowrie, our most eminent ex-prisoner, had been his cell mate. The poems, as I now see, were not technically good, but they were full of understandable emotions, they did not belong in a prison, the man who wrote them could not have been a bad man. I give three of his lines:

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The mystic wonders of the East, its jewels and delights,
The crimson dawns of tropic bloom, the poppy-laden nights,
I'd give—to scent the heliotrope in mists of sunlit lane.

It should be clear that this was not precisely “newspaper verse” in the trite sense of that phrase. Fremont Older wouldn't have published it if he had been sure people wouldn't read it. Yet a strong motive he had for putting it in type was that he himself was emotionally stirred by it. In that respect he was like other great editors: by preference he gave his public what was in his heart, he strove, with success, to bring his readers into his own companionship.

He respected his readers, as perhaps those editors who conduct opinion polls to find out what readers want, do not. This is what I think as I re-read the “Publisher's Note” that says that this volume, *The Bulletin Book*, “will give its readers a fair idea of *The Bulletin's* outlook upon life and its treatment of human activities.”

Was there ever another newspaper that had an “outlook upon life” that resembled *The Bulletin's* in the days of its glory? I doubt it. And I am therefore proud to have been a part of it, and I rejoice in my good fortune.

5

Eleven of my editorials were included in *The Bulletin Book*. Some of them I still wistfully like and some I wish had not been so reprinted. “Does Labor Believe in Labor?” I asked. In this I detect the influence of Thorstein Veblen. I held up as false the ideal that “it is better to be entirely useless, and to have been deliberately trained to entire uselessness, than it is to do anything which can in any way

be useful to anyone else."

I urged labor not to be taken in by such nonsense, though if asked I would have admitted that I preferred to write editorials peacefully on a typewriter rather than operate—as I had done—a pick and shovel.

I wrote a tribute to dogs, though our family had cats rather than dogs; I did this to please Fremont Older and am not now sorry for it.

I observed that "the happy people are the rebels, the martyrs, the visionaries, the lovers of humble lives, the sacrificers, the people who go through the world stripping off their possessions, if need be, rather than lose their souls." I wrote this and believed it, but I did the best I could to get a raise now and then from Mr. Crothers, with Mr. Older's approval.

In the same mood I wrote that "the richest man in the world is not the one who has the most friends, nor the one who knows the most [but] the man who is wise enough to distinguish between the essentials of life and the non-essentials and go forth like an adventurer, with the wind and rain and sun in his face."

In more literal vein I turned to Andrew Furuseth, the great sailor who rescued the American seaman from slavery. I said, when the Seaman's Act passed: Furuseth "was the majority; the others, the money, the conservatism, the legislative sluggishness and insincerity, were the minority. . . . Now the promise of Furuseth's dream has come true. He has dug a way out from prison for the seaman; though he did it with as much actual toil and pain as though he had been digging in the hard earth with his naked fingers."

I still do not apologize for these opinions, not even to

those first-class passengers (among whom I have been numbered, on the lists) who complain because our seamen are not as humble and obsequious as those of some other nations.

I did a piece about Christmas: "Christianity, plus some things that were good and beautiful in paganism, will survive a great deal of civilization." Nobody complained, not even the pastor of the Christian Door story, not even a strayed pagan. There were such, indeed, but they lived far down the coast, in a wild country, and did not read *The Bulletin*.

Another editorial I now re-read without too much discontent, for it brought me a touching letter from somebody who had recently suffered a bereavement. I called it, "The Life So Short." I was speaking of the brevity of human life: "It is always the untried recruits who have to bear the brunt of the battle, and the wise, sad-eyed veterans who are sent away from the firing line. This perhaps is the best assurance of human immortality. The wise Commander of the universe would not train recruits so carefully only to send them ignominiously to the rear."

This piece, as I remember for an unrelated reason, was written early in 1915. I was using figures of speech that were influenced by the circumstances of the war in Europe. Fremont Older hated that war—or any war. I was committing *The Bulletin* to the doctrines of God and immortality, of which Mr. Older was extremely doubtful. But he let me say what was in my mind, and he put it in *The Bulletin Book*.

I have been using *The Bulletin Book* for reference as I have been writing, and if it were to be handled much more, or a little less lovingly, the binding could come off entirely and the pages would scatter.

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It is time, perhaps, that this should happen, for the date was 1917. But the book brings back the persons whose words are in it, and others who wrote brilliantly and truly for *The Bulletin* and for Fremont Older, and who for various reasons are not within its pages. And all these, the contributors and the others, refuse to be forgotten. Their memories are bound together, imperishably.

I did not find on *The Bulletin* a staff of dedicated saints. I did find craftsmen, I did find the salt of language, I did find clear thinking, I did find, with baggy trousers sometimes, with a tendency to laugh and belittle, with a taste for alcohol, the ink-stained heroes of a lordly generation.

The names of some who were not in the book have stayed with me: Hugh Thompson (plump enough to be called "Huge"), who no longer had good enough legs to carry him on assignments but who knew how to handle, cut, trim, quicken, and label the news; a grumpy man who was patient with a raw cub reporter; a worldly man who stayed with Older when he could have had an extra ten dollars a week by walking a block or so down Market Street.

"Stew" Masters, who was on the copy desk during much of my reporting time: tall, thin, slightly baffled, always cheerful, staying with Older, just as Hugh Thompson did, not because of any philosophical enthusiasm for Older's ideas but because he felt at home.

Jack Waldorf, one of my editorial-page predecessors, who paraded his cynicism like a banner, spoke of himself as a journalistic streetwalker, and had a sense of honor that shone like a sword. So did Sylvester J. McAtee, later a respected judge and admired lawyer, who also wrote editorials.

Frank ("Havie") Havenner, who later got into politics,

became a member of the Board of Supervisors, and eventually, for his virtues and his commonsense, was elected to Congress; a serious, capable young man not given to wild escapades.

Walter Crowley: he wore a derby hat over one eye, smoked a cigar held in the south corner of his mouth, possibly by the strength of its own aroma; and let on to be full of information of the most horrifying sort; when he had filled a person up with things that might or might not be so he would wink solemnly, and one never quite knew. But one liked Walter.

Another Walter was Walter Harrison, a political reporter of experience and distinction. Walter liked to tell of how he had worked twenty-four hours a day covering a national convention—this must have been one of the 1912 catfights—had written his final story and then had gone to a sanitarium until he stopped seeing pink rabbits. By the time I knew him he was again brisk, competent and jolly.

George West wasn't in the book, I don't know why, for he was our star political reporter and had done outstanding stories. He must have been known to a small army of people, scattered between San Francisco and New York. He had done a lot of running around, on assignment and otherwise. George had been a delicate youngster; he was tall, rangy, aristocratic in his bearing, full of pride and courage. I never heard of his getting into a fight, but there wasn't anything or anybody he was afraid of—and those two facts are enough for any man.

In later years George used to come to New York for long spells; he always left San Francisco, he said, when it began to seem small, and he always left New York when he began

to notice that his name was one of a stereotyped list that was always attached as a matter of course to published protests against some injustice or other.

Max Stern, who ran the Oakland office, wasn't in the book, but he was in everybody's affections, and a true *Bulletin* man. I lived for some months in the house he and his widowed father and one of his sisters inhabited on Cedar Street in Berkeley. The elder Mr. Stern looked like a genial and scholarly Rabbi, but he or his ancestors had been converted long ago to Lutheranism, and he had been a preacher. He was also a Socialist, of the kindly Gene Debs variety, and with Socialist help could have been elected Mayor of Berkeley, except that he would not give the party leaders the advance resignation they always demanded in such cases, to be used by them if he got too far to the right. He believed in Socialism, but he believed even more in personal honor and the democratic system.

He was an honest, lovable, plainspoken man, full of peace and good will, and to hear the Stern family, under his leadership, singing "Tannenbaum" on Christmas Eve was something to remember—and after all the years and all the consequent disillusionments I do most tenderly remember it. The world as seen from Cedar Street in 1912 or thereabouts was a good world.

Max Stern didn't have to cross the Bay and come into *The Bulletin* office, except to draw his pay like the rest of us, in gold and silver in an envelope, but he was one of Fremont Older's men just the same. Years later he pulled out of a good job with a newspaper syndicate because he didn't agree with the syndicate's editorial policies and business methods, and went into Government service. He was back

in California, promoting the vast and beautiful Central Valley Project for the Interior Department, when he died. He died too soon, as did so many of the friends I cherished and admired in those days, but he died in what was for him a happy way: on vacation in a part of the Sierras that he dearly loved.

Edgard T. ("Scoop") Gleeson, the waterfront man I have already mentioned, I knew well and affectionately—and also with some envy, for I wished that if I couldn't be a dramatic critic or a foreign correspondent I might be a waterfront reporter. I don't know why "Scoop" had his nickname, but it was not given him in fun; he had an incisive feeling for news, he had a keen sense of humor and the faculty, invaluable for a foot reporter, of making friends out of all he came across. And he loved his work, until (as he later told me the story) fate made him an executive and gave him three telephones, all of which he had to answer at once.

I don't find Tom McConnell's name in *The Bulletin Book*. I never knew Tom well. Possibly no one did. He was a slender, quiet, sensitive, lame young man, who came and went, doing an occasional Saturday special article, of the atmospheric kind we went in for so strongly. Fremont Older liked writing that he agreed with, but, above all, he liked good writing—writing with verbs that worked for a living and nouns that marched like soldiers. Tom McConnell (and if he is still around I ask him to forgive me if I distort his name in any letter) did that sort of writing. I don't think he could have written a dull or stupid sentence if he had tried.

I shall never forget a piece Tom did on the way the fog

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came in along the waterfront, and the ships and the men, and the beauty and sorrow of it all. This was a familiar theme for San Francisco writers, but it is Tom's long-lost article that I remember. Remember and envy, for I wanted to be that good and do that kind of work, but I wasn't up to Tom McConnell. Not for fame and not for money, either, but for the glory of the craft.

Tom should have become known as a poet, novelist, or dramatist; he had the stuff in him; he had cobwebs and moonlight, fire and tears in him. But as far as I know he never did; I never heard his name in later years.

Nineteen hundred and seventeen. *The Bulletin Book* couldn't have been published any sooner or any later. This was the last year in which a book of this kind could be put out, even by that extraordinary newspaper, *The San Francisco Bulletin*.

Violins and flutes dying down the wind, and the drums and the trumpets coming up. No more loitering on pleasant side roads. Parades and slanted bayonets and tin hats and the rumbling of distant artillery.

Nineteen hundred and seventeen. I close *The Bulletin Book*.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Preparedness Day, 1917

ON SATURDAY, May 19, 1917, I rode my bicycle westward, up the gradually rising slope toward Woodside, at the base of the Sierra Moreña, toward the sea, toward some escape from something that was pursuing myself and many others, and then somehow found an old, abandoned, overgrown road leading up toward the ridge. There was even an ancient nineteenth-century fence, as though this had been a driveway leading to some estate. But there was no building near by that I could see, nobody had been that way for many years, the past was well-concealed and safe.

I pushed my bicycle up this entangled path, where I was sure carriages with coachmen and crinolined ladies and whiskered gentlemen had once passed. I had not chosen to be alone, but I was glad that it was so. I wanted to think a little, and had done a little extra work in The Bulletin office on Friday so that this day I could do the thinking.

It was quiet up there, half way to the ridge. When I reached the ridge I would ride northward along the dirt road, reach King's Mountain and coast down the grade home. That was easy.

But I stopped and read once more a statement by my former and later hero, Woodrow Wilson. Mr. Wilson was speaking of the draft act. He said: "It is in no sense a conscription of the unwilling; it is, rather, selection from a nation which has volunteered in mass."

This was not true. Mr. Wilson knew it was false, even though he had to say it. The nation did support the war, but not unanimously. The volunteer system was bad, but it had its glories.

I wished it were 1870 again, with one war past, and no more to come.

1

I know now that as soon as President Wilson made up his mind that it was right for him to cause nineteen Americans to be killed at Vera Cruz he would sooner or later have to decide that it was right for some thousands of Americans to be killed on the First World War battlefields of Europe.

Mr. Wilson didn't want to have this sort of thing happen. One cannot read the records of his two administrations, let alone remember living through them, without realizing that he longed most dreadfully to remain at peace. He wished to reform our diplomatic relations with Latin America, Mexico included; he desired to straighten out our banking system, and to a certain extent did; he proposed to keep the "Trusts" in their place; he yearned to make this country a happier and more democratic community, even though he was not enthusiastic about woman suffrage; he was opposed to the ridiculously and corruptly high tariffs of that day.

I thought he was one of our own people, one of those we

on *The Bulletin* could work with, even though he may never have heard of *The Bulletin*. I thought he was a good man—as, of course, he was.

But goodness is a strange word. Fremont Older was already trying to teach me what he himself had learned (and encouraged John D. Barry and others to write), that there were no utterly good people and no utterly bad people. But I still thought in terms of the good and the bad, the altogether right and the altogether wrong. In this, of course, I was myself altogether mistaken, and Mr. Older was altogether right.

So as the year 1916 passed into the year 1917, and as it became grimly clear that the Government that could sink the *Lusitania*, drowning hundreds of harmless civilians, would do whatever else was necessary to win its vicious and stupid war, I wrote editorials for *The Bulletin* urging everybody to help President Wilson keep us out of war.

Mr. Wilson was in favor of “a league to insure peace and justice throughout the world,” and so was I, and so was *The Bulletin*, and so were R. A. Crothers and Loring Pickering, but by the end of January, 1917, Mr. Wilson knew he had lost his fight. I didn’t know. Nobody told me. I was doing all I could, in my small way, to help Mr. Wilson keep us out of war. Nobody told me different.

Nobody told anybody. That was the initial trouble with the First World War. Nobody asked the people of Europe whether or not they would like to go out and get killed or mutilated, or at best kill persons to whom they had not been introduced and didn’t therefore dislike.

The French had started out in 1914 with the slogan, “On to Berlin.” The Germans had started out with the slogan,

"On to Paris." By the time we entered the war the French would have been willing to let the Germans keep Berlin if only they themselves could hang on to Paris. And the other way around. Anything that happens is inevitable. The First World War was inevitable because of stupidity in high places—especially in Germany but not entirely there—and for no other reason.

The situation in the United States as the war went on was difficult. There wasn't any danger that the Germans would take Washington, and, being Germans, they didn't especially care to take New York as long as they already had Berlin.

The threat to us was a long-distance one, which is hard to understand today. Lindbergh hadn't yet flown the Atlantic. The Germans couldn't hit us unless they first won the war against France and Britain and were able to control the North Atlantic.

The British fleet sat solidly in the Atlantic ports and on the high seas, was threatened by German submarines but did not seem to worry. Nothing worried the British, so far as I could make out; and nothing ever has, very much, since that time. But the submarines kept right on.

Mr. Wilson wandered to and fro in the White House, had trouble sleeping, made one or two good speeches, but still did not succeed in telling his countrymen what he knew by the end of 1916, that they had been under a slight misapprehension if they voted for him thinking he could surely keep them out of war.

Mr. Wilson couldn't keep the country out of war. That was his tragedy. He wanted to keep the country out of war far more than Theodore Roosevelt, and some of the bankers, and some of the munitions makers, did; he worked

harder to keep it out than they did, he had more heart and conscience than most of them had, but he couldn't do it; with all his heart and all his mind and all his sorrow he couldn't keep us out. If he hadn't believed in justice so much he might have given us peace—and this is the irony and tragedy of Woodrow Wilson's life, and the tragedy of some who believed in his wisdom, and died in that belief.

So what was happening in the early months of 1917? What was the small view of it that an editorial writer on *The San Francisco Bulletin* had?

The editorial writer, who was not living in a vacuum, had gone along with the horrified indignation most Americans felt when the *Lusitania* was torpedoed. He and many others had also accepted, with some initial qualms, the Wilsonian doctrine that there is such a thing as being too proud to fight. He shared the prevalent annoyance at the revelation in the moronic Zimmerman Note made public in March, 1917, that Germany would be happy to enlist the Mexicans and the Japanese on her side in case of any trouble with the United States.

On March 15, word came that there had been a revolution in Russia, that the Czar had abdicated and that a democratic government had been set up. This seemed wonderful news. It was like the rising of the French after the victory at Valmy, it was like the *Marseillaise*, it was (or so we mistakenly thought, some of us) like Lexington, Concord, Bunker Hill, and the Declaration of Independence.

I had a moment with Carl Hoffman that morning in *The Bulletin* office. I think he saw how deeply I was stirred, and was sorry for me, and for all other ingenuous young men, and wished he himself were a few years younger and

foolisher.

"It will probably take Russia out of the war," he said. "If that happens the Germans will finish with Britain and France and eat up the Russians at their leisure." He smiled. "It's a rotten world," he said.

I couldn't answer him. The joy was oozing out of me.

Carl mused a little. "We'll have to go in now," he said. "There's no other way."

Carl's comment didn't make me a Bolshevik, or a Communist. We hardly knew what these things were, then. It didn't even make me a Kerenskyite. I didn't even meet Kerensky until many years later, when he was a retired and sadly philosophic exile on American soil.

What Carl did seem to be saying was, you couldn't buy anything for nothing, not even a revolution. That, I now understand, is true. I don't think I would have been any happier if I had known it in 1917.

I know now that liberty was betrayed, in Russia, in 1917. The revolution Lincoln Steffens described, the one in which people wandered around the city then called Petrograd, eating sunflower seeds and contemplating a beautiful future, was a dream that turned into a nightmare when Lenin and Trotsky got down to work.

But in the spring of 1917 we didn't know what was going on. We only knew what was printed in the newspapers, *The Bulletin* included. We didn't even have radio broadcasts, not to mention television. When I went home at night my wife asked me what had happened, and I told her.

Nineteen hundred and seventeen. I was twenty-nine years old, or soon going to be, liberty (as we thought) had overrun Russia, the old Western Front was a fact of life and

death, and we semi-pacifists who hated tyranny, bloodshed, and other forms of evil, and didn't really understand what sort of world we were living in, were praying that Germany would be defeated, and also that the United States would not have to help defeat her.

I state this position, I do not defend it. What would I have said, what would any persons of my variety of thinking and feeling have said, if the British and French dead of the Somme, the Chemin des Dames, Verdun, had arisen and paraded up Market Street?

They did not. We were too far away.

2

I am not writing history, or even trying to. My documents are in my mind, and in my heart. I have supplemented them a little with the files, and with other reinforcements.

What I would like to put on record is not history, not diplomatic notes, not presidential addresses and messages to Congress, not the weary record of battles, but the beating of men's hearts, my own included; and what comes over me, as I think back, is no brave phrase, Wilsonian or otherwise, but that passage in which Othello, having smothered Desdemona, says to his still-unrecognized betrayer, "The pity of it, Iago—the pity of it."

Woodrow Wilson, as I have presumed to suggest, in his own heart knew better. But he didn't tell us. He couldn't tell us.

These were the last weeks of peace, perhaps the last weeks of actual peace between the date of my birth and the time of my departure (please hold for release); these were the final weeks and days; the old world of my childhood and

of many millions of childhoods was dying; and now I understand, after all these years, the instincts of those who tried to hold back the flow of time and destiny.

Now I comprehend the cosmic persiflage of the Tower of Jewels. But not then. Hadn't Mr. Wilson been re-elected for the specific purpose of keeping us out of war? What I didn't grasp, what I hate to admit, even now, was that war can possibly be—or could be then—a substitute for a worse sort of hell and damnation.

We had heard about molecules then but not about the inside of the atom. We knew that matter was matter and energy was energy and never the twain could meet.

So Woodrow Wilson proceeded in his inexorable way, and we pacifists and semi-pacifists, we who were grown up enough to despise the medieval nonsense of Theodore Roosevelt and Leonard Wood, followed Woodrow Wilson. We might have gone with La Follette of Wisconsin and Norris of Nebraska, brave men both, who when they perhaps unwisely opposed the coming war showed more valor than some who later did front-line service. But we were not brave, most of us.

The things that Woodrow Wilson did, one by one, were logical. He would arm merchant ships, so that if fired upon by submarines they could fire back. He sent notes whenever American citizens were killed in the ruthless German attacks on neutral shipping. A true pacifist would turn the other cheek. A true pacifist wouldn't insist on his right to travel the North Atlantic in time of war. My kind of pacifist merely wished people would stop picking fights with those who didn't want them.

The thrust toward war was threefold: it was partly due

to a realization that if we didn't go to war we would sooner or later have to stop lending money to Britain and France; it was partly due to interference with our legitimate commerce; it was partly due to an emotion that couldn't put itself into words and couldn't be expressed or repressed.

As for myself, I objected to war, any kind of war. I also objected to letting German submarines bar our approaches to the British Isles or fire without reprisal on ships carrying passengers.

I haven't read again all the editorials I wrote during those confused times. I hardly dare to. There are some things in every man's past that should be veiled, even from himself. But I believe I kept on expressing simultaneously my dislike for Wilhelm's Germany and my opposition to war; and I think Mr. Older, with the reluctant and silent consent of R. A. Crothers, indulged me in this whimsy.

David Starr Jordan, then still President of Stanford University, was touring the country making speeches for peace. Somewhere in the South—I imagine this was in Texas—he was threatened and all but attacked by a mob which was demonstrating against pacifism and in favor of war and democracy.

I trusted Dr. Jordan, as I still would if he were alive and speaking. Whenever he showed, as he always could do, that war was bad for the "breed," I wrote an editorial about it; and such editorials Mr. Older gladly printed. They happened, for one thing, to be true; they still are.

I am not ashamed of this phase in my own life, and I know that *The Bulletin* gained nothing whatever out of it—it doubtless lost because of my war editorials as much circulation as it gained. It is sad to think that the Germans, some

of them with the seeds of Nazism already in their guts, may have liked some of those editorials. Naturally they didn't want the United States in the war they thought was already won.

Mr. Older continued to put circulation on *The Bulletin* by playing up murders, scandals, and all the sadness and horror of the city, of any city, any city with its population of the drugged, the complacent, the ignorant and the violent; he put seven-column, page-one heads on blood and tragedy, sin and corruption, and five-column heads on the issues of tolerance, kindness, and decency that were closest to his heart.

He would play up a sordid murder in the Mission District, and he would also use the infinite resources of type to dramatize a prostitute asking for help, or damn with deep damnation the hypocrites who preached the brotherhood of man but would not practice it.

Mr. Older put on circulation by some of the things he did, and took it off by some other things he did; Mr. Older scared some of the advertisers but gave them a supply of readers who trusted *The Bulletin* and would buy their goods partly because they were advertised in *The Bulletin*; Mr. Older persuaded me, in his impassioned sincerity, that there was a spiritual quality in mankind and in journalism; cynic though he tried so hard to be, he helped save myself and others from that grim belief in economic determinism that did so much harm to my generation.

I don't know what Mr. Older would have done, I don't know what any of us would have done, if there had been no First World War.

This war was a painful interruption for us hopeful souls

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on the Pacific Coast, just as it was for Woodrow Wilson, who believed he was President of the United States. I don't know to what extent any man is, or ever was, President of the United States, in the resounding significance of that title, but Mr. Wilson, moving under the influence of his time, feeling the thrust of the American nation against the alien forces of the outer world, was surely not as powerful as we thought, nor as powerful as we wished.

He had led us to believe he would not take us into war. But he did take us into war. I had written editorials urging every peaceably minded citizen to stand behind the President. I thought he needed the support of all who hated war. And perhaps he did.

But there was not only the question of war. There was the question of justice. Could you get justice without war, under the circumstances existing in the spring of 1917?

That was the question poor Mr. Wilson had to answer.

3

On the weekend that began on Friday, April 6, 1917, my wife and I went down to Carmel to be the guests for two days of our friends the Carruths. Some of the things I remember of this last peacetime weekend may be derived from other weekends in Carmel with the Carruths, those dear and valued friends.

I do remember, however, that on this especial weekend we gathered around a battered and not too precise piano and sang "Bonnie Dundee"; I do remember that we went out to Point Lobos, a quiet place then except for the eternal tumult of the ocean, and had a picnic on a small interior beach; I am sure that it was at that spot and on that day

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that Professor Carruth read to us from a Greek translation, perhaps of one of the plays of Euripides, perhaps some passages from Homer, who would also have understood the wine-dark sea of our California coast.

This was a happy weekend, though as early as Friday we had known that Congress was on the point, at President Wilson's eloquent request, of voting the country into war. Not being blessed with television, or even radio, we could not know, in Carmel, at what hour the decision had been reached that we should all offer our souls and bodies to the Allied cause.

We were not only happy, we were happy with a happiness that hurts as I think of it. This was the end of the era of the Tower of Jewels. This was the weekend when we in the United States learned that we were once more part of Europe, flesh of its flesh, bone of its bone, blood of its blood, and it was in vain that our ancestors had fled here for sanctuary. There was no longer any sanctuary.

After that weekend there was never again the old peace of mind in America.

On Monday morning I took the train at Monterey that would bring me into San Francisco, and into the office of *The Bulletin*, at about the usual hour of my arrival.

It was a clear and lovely morning, as it is likely to be in California, on that coast, at that season of the year. There was a softness of sea air before we turned out of sight of the beaches. It was a day for dreaming, it was a day to lie on a beach and think up poetry, or, at the least, remember and declaim it.

I wanted to get off the train and go back. It was as though by retracing my way to Monterey and Carmel—and I did

once walk all the way along the beach between Monterey and the mouth of the Salinas River—I could go back into times gone by and about to be lost, to the days when my brother and I were students at the Marine Biological Laboratory at Pacific Grove, to the simple old days of the picnics, hikes, and mussel-bakes on the beach, to the singing around campfires, to the serenity of a vanished occasion, to the belated honeymoon my wife and I had spent in Carmel in 1914.

The train proceeded. I could not get my message through to the engineer.

The flags were beginning to bloom, like lovely and sinister flowers, at every railway station, along every Main Street; the nearer we came to San Francisco the more of them there were.

We on *The Bulletin* had been urging our readers to stand behind the President. We had to continue to do so now. David Starr Jordan helped many of us in our personal trouble. He said, and I took this for an editorial text in *The Bulletin*: "The only way out is forward." He was not the kind of pacifist who would withhold services from his country in time of war. I wasn't one such, either. I respected some who did, for conscience's sake.

So I wrote that the only way out was forward, just as Dr. Jordan had said, and there wasn't one proposal President Wilson made that we didn't support in *The Bulletin*. Even the draft, which we instinctively detested.

It wasn't easy all the time. There was a brigadier-general, dressed to the chin in the brass-buttoned regalia that was soon to be as out of date as a costume for a comic opera; this lordly creature's chauffeur nearly ran us down on a dusty

favorite road of ours beside the sea below Pacific Grove; and the blustering, gold-starred idiot waved an arrogant arm at us as he approached, as though he wanted us to jump into the shrubbery. We did not do so. The general must have been three seconds late to his next formation, for the driver had to slow down. I would not have liked to salute that general. I thought, indeed, of quite another gesture.

There was the Regular Army sergeant, also in the old blue uniform, who came on a good-natured drunk on Third Street, San Francisco, near the Southern Pacific depot. The sergeant was walking with a vividly dressed girl—the sort of girl, in fact, who might have made a good story under different circumstances. When the drunk did not give way fast enough the sergeant gave him a hard right-hander that sent him reeling into a brick wall. The drunk looked more surprised than resentful. I thought, this is what war means: now, drunk or sober, we are to be run over by generals and pushed off sidewalks by sergeants.

What happened was not quite that, of course. The young men who soon began to show up in uniform were rarely very military. I saw an early contingent, bound for overseas, parading up Market Street. One member of one unit stood out in the brown ranks because he was wearing a business suit and a derby hat. On the whole these soldiers looked like college boys—and some of them weren't even old enough to be in college.

I was never pushed around by the lewd and licentious soldiery, as the phrase went. The worst they ever did to me was to hoot at me when I rode past a marching company, on my bicycle, near Camp Fremont, which was just outside

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Palo Alto; they hooted and predicted unhappy days for me when the draft caught up with me. Yet they were not ill-natured. They were really envious, I judged, because I seemed to be having a good time and they weren't. I didn't venture to hoot back, though I did offer to let any recruit who was really tired ride my bicycle; I said this and pedaled swiftly off; I thought their officers would not let them shoot at me but I considered it wise to get out of range.

What got pushed off the sidewalks and the roads by the war was not the pedestrian or the innocent cyclist but the program of mild democratic reform that Mr. Wilson had had in mind. This program had to wait, mostly, until the eve of another world war. Mild democratic reform wasn't on the cards in 1917. What was on the cards was the draft.

And the draft was not simple, no matter how great the emergency and no matter what Mr. Wilson said. The draft was better than some other things: it was better than a volunteer system under which the idealistic went to battle and the material-minded stayed home and made money; it was better than permitting silly young women to pin white feathers on boys they thought ought not to be in civilian clothes.

But the draft went against emotions and beliefs that had grown up since the end of the Civil War. I knew a number of young men who could not conscientiously give in to it. One of these walked all day and all night over one of the passes leading from below Eureka into the Sacramento Valley, wrestling with his conscience, like Jacob with the angel. His conscience told him to defy the draft law, and he did and went to jail.

I knew of another young man, a Quaker, who couldn't

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reconcile himself with slaughter but saw nothing wrong in the extravagantly dangerous task of helping to sweep mines out of the English Channel.

There were all sorts of variations. As for myself, I was no hero in any meaning of the word: I did not stand out against conscription as wrong, and, because I had a chest sound that disappointed the surgeons, I was not asked to enter the army. My impression is that if I had been enlisted I would have spent the duration typing documents and in other peaceable occupations, far, far behind the lines.

I did not really wish to go up to the line, I merely wanted to be asked. When the army did not value my services I was saddened. My whole generation, except for the physically, mentally, or morally unfit (and I was, however mistakenly, listed in one of these categories), was going into service. I wanted to have the fashionable anonymity of khaki, to be one of those voiceless and expressionless boys I had seen marching up Market Street with their rifles over their shoulders. I had no desire to shoot a hole in anybody with a rifle, or to stab anybody with a bayonet or to drop a high-explosive shell down anybody's neck; or, least of all, to be shot, stabbed or blown up. I just wanted to be going along with the crowd.

I didn't dare tell this sort of thing to Fremont Older. I hardly dared tell it to my wife. They would have thought me childish. Mr. Older, without any trouble at all, would have called some colonel or general on the phone if I had been drafted and would have persuaded that martial creature that I would do more to win the war by writing editorials for *The Bulletin* than if I had been assigned to a machine-gun company on the Western Front.

He would probably have been right. At any rate, I did my

duty in so far as I could, gave up any thoughts I may have had about pure pacifism and nonresistance, registered when I was ordered to do so, went to the draft headquarters when ordered to do so, and hopped around on one foot, naked, feeling extremely foolish, in the presence of the examining doctors.

I also got a swift look of scorn from a pretty girl who was taking down names at the draft office in San Jose when I arrived there and broke the news to her that I feared I had a hypertrophied heart.

I do not know why pretty girls should take such satisfaction as they do, or used to do, in seeing young men marching off to kill or be killed, mutilate or be mutilated. I suppose the attitudes they assumed in the First World War were inherited from remote ancestors who raised more than their share of children by being mated with fighting or hunting-type husbands.

This girl in the office of the Draft Board in San Jose hurt my feelings. That was what she was there for. I was not trying to evade the draft, I was merely trying to make it as simple as I could for the overworked doctors. I knew the doctors would refuse me. I also knew, after some years of doing hard manual labor before becoming a newspaperman, that the doctors would be wrong.

The girl evidently believed I ought to be eager to get killed, or at least have an eye shot out, or an arm blown off or—though I doubt her maidenly purity would have allowed her to entertain such a thought—being so wounded that I could not assist in keeping the species going.

The doctors did what I expected. They put me in Class Four, which was a deferred status that has lasted from that

date until the present day. This was not sensible, for even on their own valuation, I could have been useful wherever special exertion was not required. For one thing, I couldn't have run away, not with the sort of heart they thought I had. I could have released some other young man from the tedious job of typing reports, so that he could have gone up to the front line and been blown to pieces.

I got a card showing that I had "submitted" to the draft. I did not like, and do not now like, the word "submitted." Law-abiding citizens in a democracy should never submit to anything whatsoever. They should respect the ordinary decencies, conform to various sensible regulations, and be kind to each other and to animals, but they shouldn't submit.

There I was, anyway, a weak-hearted semi-pacifist the army didn't want. I should have been glad I did not have to go to jail to prove my sincerity in whatever it was I believed. But I wasn't glad, I was lonesome. Everybody else was going to the wars. I wasn't.

During my college days the U. S. Regular Army unit called the Eighth Infantry had been stationed at the Presidio of Monterey, and through my good friend William M. Mann, a graduate of Staunton Military Academy and many years later Director of the National Zoological Park in Washington, D. C., I had been introduced to some private soldiers, corporals, and musicians in that outfit. These were not ambitious men, some of them were tough enough, but they had good, solid qualities.

Later this regiment had done a tour of duty in the Philippines. In 1917 it was brought back to Camp Fremont, near Palo Alto, to be expanded into a division. Those were the men who had hooted at me as I rode past them on my bi-

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cycle, though I suppose the Eighth Infantry had been so diluted by recruits and so cut down by time that not many of the old rank and file were left.

But the sight of them, the old regulars who had been promoted in many cases to commissioned ranks for the duration, made me feel apologetic. So I took to more and more arduous trips on foot and by bicycle during my spare days and hours, possibly in the unadmitted hope that the army would call me back for another examination and put me in Class A-I. I seemingly accepted in my heart what I denied in my head: the righteousness of war.

I understand now why wars of the old-fashioned type were so easily stirred up. Few men loved fighting, though many pretended to—especially afterwards. But almost every young man wanted to go where his friends were going, do what they did, face what they faced, speak the language they spoke.

I am not sure that the deprivation of normal companionship was not the worst suffering and punishment inflicted upon those who were conscientiously unable to be soldiers.

“What did you do during the Great War, father?” That was the question that some ingenious publicity man concocted and spread around. My own children, many years later, never asked that question, there were so many others to ask.

If they had asked it I would have been compelled to reply, “My dears, your parent was mistakenly considered to be a physical wreck, and for that reason it was believed that nothing could be gained by sending him overseas to be further wrecked by bullets or pieces of metal. Death or wounds, in those days, were reserved for the healthy.”

My really pacifist friends, clinging to their faith, might have been more respectfully listened to than I during the 1920's; they could have won applause in some circles by replying to the indicated inquiry: "We didn't do anything we could help in the Great War, because we believed the whole damned thing was foolish and wicked."

4

I didn't go along with the theory that the whole damned thing was foolish and wicked. I wished we hadn't got involved in it, but I followed the President and I followed Dr. David Starr Jordan, and for some curious reason I set out to make myself as perfect a physical specimen as I could. Hence the walking and bicycle-riding. Since it was tiresome to walk or ride a bicycle alone I lured a companion or two into this enterprise.

Once, at about this time, Maxwell Anderson, the future playwright, Herman Rosse, the Holland-born architect, and I set out to ride bicycles over the Coast Range to Half Moon Bay. We were not experienced campers, for though we took a little food we did not take blankets. The beach was too cold, with a wind blowing in from some strayed iceberg, somewhere or other, and we retreated to the steep edge of a pasture. There we spent an hour or two sliding down into the road and climbing painfully back. We would have liked to sleep in the road, where the dust was soft and still warm, but every half-hour or so an automobile would come by. Yes, even in those days, an automobile—not a stage coach.

In the very early morning we pushed our bicycles back up the grade until we found a road house that would pro-

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vide us breakfast. While we waited for our ham and eggs Maxwell played some of the music he had written for an operetta performed at the University of North Dakota while he was an undergraduate there. I could do Chopin's Seventh Prelude with four or five fingers and now and then a thumb, and after I had started doing this the other two were more than ever glad to see the ham and eggs appear. The proprietor and waitress looked at us suspiciously, but asked no questions.

We were outcasts, all of us, discards in the eyes of the draft act. Maxwell was too near-sighted to interest the fighting services. Herman was still a citizen of the Netherlands, a country not involved in the first World War. I had my heart-murmur.

Herman took a detached view of the conflict, as a citizen of a neutral country was entitled to do. I argued against the draft but in favor of an Allied victory. Herman wasn't sure an Allied victory was desirable. He said Britain, France, and Russia had their faults, just as Germany and Austria did.

Maxwell quoted lines from Swinburne, to the general effect that even the weariest river winds somewhere safe to sea. Maxwell didn't think any war was as good as a good poem.

On another occasion during this strange interlude Maxwell and I set out, with practically no equipment, to walk from the Mission of San Juan Batista, west of San Jose, to the coast. The mission I still happily remember, with its atmosphere of unbroken silence, its not yet quite lost remoteness. I wondered, were those old Fathers happy there? Certainly, with their communications with the outer world weeks and months delayed, they wouldn't have worried

about a war in Europe. What was the use? It would have been over before they could have learned about it.

Maxwell and I walked westward on a dusty road, and there was a family graveyard with a monument in it to a girl named Drusiana, who had died a long time ago. I made up a story about her. The story was that if she had lived Drusiana would have married a brutal neighbor named Pedro, and that it was therefore better for her to die while she was still young, beautiful and unruffled. I had seen the character I called Pedro as we walked along, and I had also seen the woman to whom he actually did seem to be married, and I didn't want Drusiana mixed up in anything of that sort.

For some reason—perhaps because it wasn't good enough—Drusiana's story was never published. The nearest it came to print was when the late Albert Jay Nock, then editor of a magazine called *The Freeman*, liked it almost well enough to almost publish it. But I believe that my memory of Drusiana indicates that I wasn't wholly concentrated on the war. I walked, alone or in company, to get away from the war, as well as to keep in trim in case anybody wanted me to do some fighting.

As Maxwell Anderson and I on this occasion walked down toward the coast, with the smell and feel of the invisible sea growing stronger at every step, we came on a native who looked us over doubtfully: "You boys going down to enlist?" he asked.

One of us lied and said we were. The native, who was well beyond military age, nodded approvingly: "Wish I was young enough," he sighed. "The hell he does," growled Maxwell.

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We continued into the town of Watsonville, which conceals its unlovely name in the valley beautifully called Pajaro—and if you say that word in the Spanish way, or anywhere near it, you will understand that it is also a small poem.

We stopped in a scrubby, enchanted restaurant, the booming of the sea was so near and the air so salty, and continued northerly along the shore of the Bay of Monterey. I don't suppose there had ever been a worse-planned expedition than this, for we had given no thought to where we should sleep. We were almost as blundering and thoughtless as the men who planned most of the campaigns of the First World War, including Winston Churchill's attack on Gallipoli.

But actually we did sleep, a little, in the very heart of the night, in an alfalfa stack. It was not warm, though the alfalfa smelled good; and from time to time I brushed the hay off my face and looked at the stars and constellations; I saw Orion, Auriga, and the Hyades march up the horizon, trailing the morning star behind them.

In the early dawn, a Grecian dawn that thrust the thought of war further and further behind us, we moved westward again across fields and slid down a clay bank to the beach south of Santa Cruz. Then we walked northerly again, and I am reminded now of the good feeling of cool salt water on my feet when I took my socks off and slung my heavy hiking boots around my neck. I could walk along such a beach forever, alone or in company, if the strength were given me again; I thought this then and I know it now; a good sandy beach, with the breakers coming in forever, half a dozen baby ones and then a giant, is all the eternity I would want; and no beginning to it and no end, and the

gulls crying.

There were also buzzards along the coast, but they bothered a person only if they honestly believed him to be dead, furnishing a touch, but a not too depressing touch, of reality in this walking dream.

We took a train home from Santa Cruz, dirty and unshaven as we were. South of Palo Alto, somewhere off on the left, westward, a fire was blazing fiercely. I thought again about the war.

The war could be momentarily forgotten, but it came back, like a suppressed shock and fear.

5

We former peace lovers who did not go either to war or to jail, who still loved peace, but not to the extent of helping the Germans to win, fumbled around a good deal during the latter half of 1917, before there were many casualties among American troops. We began to discuss a peace that wasn't yet in sight. Some of us, mostly youngsters but with some older men—Professor Carruth of Stanford lent his benign, wise and humorous presence—had dinner occasionally in a restaurant on Market Street.

Without wine, I believe. We were, in almost every way, the purest of the pure, even though wine and the heavier elements were still entirely constitutional.

I wasn't there when the police came in one night and demanded that all those of military age produce their draft cards. I wish I had been. I have always liked to be innocently present when constituted authority exceeds itself—as on this occasion it certainly did.

The thought behind this comic opera seemed to be that

any group that met to talk things over was dangerous. The police must have been disappointed: everybody who needed a draft card had one.

Still, innocent or guilty, my friends, on that particular evening, had been talking. They hadn't been merely sitting there and wolfing their food. For the police, the Army, the Navy, major-generals and those of loftier rank, admirals of various denominations, even for some of the underlings in the higher civilian departments, there wasn't anything to talk about: we had to win the war, didn't we?

We had, indeed. It would have been better, however, if there had been more talk, along the lines of President Wilson's speeches and messages. If there had been enough such talk there might not have been the long and disheartening argument in the Senate, later on, as to whether it would impair our national security to join in an organization intended to promote international security—I refer, of course, to the League of Nations. The people the police badgered and slapped down might have been of use to Mr. Wilson later, in his hour of need.

Theodore Roosevelt, and a few others, were willing to endorse the nonexistent and impossible entity called the League to Enforce Peace, but they wouldn't even listen to the ideas that young men, and older men, discussed in San Francisco restaurants, they wouldn't even listen to the possible.

Nobody listened to the possible in those days: the employers who believed in their hearts that compulsory military service in time of peace would make it easier and cheaper to deal with their employes; we moist-eyed liberals, who thought that all that universal peace required was a Thing

with a Name; or Woodrow Wilson himself, justly respected, never really loved, who eloquently described his fourteen "Points" while Lloyd George in Britain and Clemenceau in France nodded politely, and with a secret smile.

We had to win the war. Some of the young men who were in that San Francisco restaurant, eating their one-dollar table d'hôte dinner, the time the police came around full of righteousness, went into the infantry, and, I believe, one or two died in it. I hope this satisfied the police.

I also like to think that these young men may have endured what they had to endure with more philosophy because of what was said in those meetings.

As for myself, there was no glory. I lived comfortably, on the small salary that was adequate for two young persons at that time—and I still say this with some hesitation, for fear that R. A. Crothers, wherever he is (and I sincerely hope he is somewhere where there are bars and his favorite whiskey) may hear, and repent of his generosity.

We made small sacrifices. Once I insisted on buying a large quantity of, I believe, strawberries, and on canning them, personally, in glass jars, so that the real cans, the tin cans, the juicier berries, could go to the troops. What resulted, when my wife indulged me in this whim, was a dozen jars, each with a deposit of two inches or less of boiled strawberries in a red liquid at the bottom. The San Francisco police would have approved of this patriotic gesture, I was sure, if only they could have known about it.

Another thing we did, in those historic times, was to eat as much cornmeal as we could hold, so that the Belgians, who did not like cornmeal, thinking it fit only for the ruminative animals, could have wheat flour. I do not say this jocosely.

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That was the situation. Luckily my wife and I both liked cornmeal, considering it fit for even such of the higher animals as ourselves.

Professor Carruth, as a small part of his own war effort, cultivated potatoes in a patch across from his house on the hill above the Stanford campus. I went there on several of my days off, hoeing out the weeds and maybe a few potatoes, also—for I was never a real botanist. Some potatoes must have reached maturity in spite of my efforts, for towards the end of the potato season Professor Carruth gave some to the Duffus family; indeed, it is only now, more than four decades later, that I begin to wonder whether or not Mr. Carruth went downtown and bought these potatoes at a store in order to keep up my morale. He was the sort of man who would do that sort of thing—a dreamer and a doer of good deeds, a man who could read Greek as well as the modern languages, an admirable teacher (though I learned my own lessons from him while we were walking or while he and his lovely wife were entertaining guests at home), a man who could raise potatoes and corn and cherish in his large heart the vision of a union of nations, committed to everlasting peace, with Woodrow Wilson as its first President.

We hoped so much from that war, into which we had been so swiftly thrust. We hated the institution of war and glorified the men who, for reasons we could not question, took part in this one.

A lady pacifist whom we knew fairly well came back from the Western Front, or as near to it as women were allowed to go. She had seen a column of United States Infantry, drafted men, profane and possibly licentious boys, dirty, unsavory soldiers, moving up to the line to plug a gap,

striding past retreating fragments of French or British troops. She could already hear the distant thunder of the artillery that would ultimately receive them.

"Damn it," she said. "I don't believe in this war or any other war. I still don't. But those boys, those poor damned doomed boys, were singing."

She looked at us all solemnly and the unashamed tears shone in her eyes and ran down her cheeks.

That was the kind of pacifists most of us were. We could not believe that the thing that was happening was utterly, utterly wrong. If this tragedy of this war was a complete mistake what future could there be for an American Republic that willfully engaged in it?

My own generation was marching up the road our friend had described, marching up singing, and there wouldn't ever again be a generation quite like that, never in the foreseeable time of man a generation quite so buoyant as this one had been.

Sometimes I thought it would be better to be traveling that road, toward the artillery, with breath enough to sing, than sitting safely at home.

It wasn't that I wished to be a hero. I just wanted to be going where the crowd was going, and be one of them.

6

Sitting safely at home, writing. That was my occupation and, in a way, as it seemed to me then, my sin. Mr. Older smiled indulgently when I suggested I might at least go over as a correspondent. He needed me where I was, he said; the paper couldn't afford to hire a war correspondent; and I suppose he thought I might not be a good correspond-

ent, even if I went.

I remained uneasy. I hadn't believed in war, even though in this one I hoped victory would cut down the aggressors. I thought, as simply as possible, that whatever the long-term rights and wrongs it was wicked for the Kaiser's troops to trespass on the territory of Belgium and France; it was utterly wrong for them to use deadly weapons against the Belgians and French who objected to this trespass.

But, thinking this and writing it, I was still sitting comfortably at home, writing. Palo Alto was a quieter town than it is today. So I sat looking out on a garden. Then I rode to San Francisco on an uncrowded, late-morning train, did a little more writing in *The Bulletin* news room, fitted the resulting type into the inexorable space—and this soon became as easy as breathing—and went home again.

I wrote about the Western Front. I wrote about the Chemin des Dames and other places where hell was in active operation. I wrote on the basis of dispatches which were partial lies because the correspondents were not allowed to tell the whole truth; and if I, as an old-time pacifist, cheated a little it was only in trying to make our readers understand what an unpleasant war this was—especially for the enemy. Those were the days when our own soldiers in action were never defeated, although they sometimes retired to previously prepared positions.

The management allowed me to support Woodrow Wilson's drive for a better world. Neither the venerable R. A. Crothers nor the juvenile Loring Pickering could logically object to a better world, and they did not.

We supported the Liberty Loans, under which almost anybody could buy a small fraction of the war; we had to do

this, or the shop would have been burned down, but we didn't mind. We supported War Risk Insurance, which was intended to make pensions and bonuses unnecessary; it was a wonderful idea. We cheered when the first American soldiers got into the trenches, though I wondered if they wouldn't have been more comfortable at home.

We watched the deterioration of the Russian front, under the impact, first, of the March revolution of 1917, then of the October revolution; we were alarmed because it did seem that the Germans could now give all their attention to ourselves and our Western allies; we were also cheered up because, as I pointed out, free men would fight better than the slaves who existed under the Czarist rule. The only trouble with this argument was that it wasn't true; the Russian soldiers went home, not because they were free but because they were tired of soldiering. They learned better after a while, of course.

In an excess of zeal, stimulated and supplemented by a small monetary reward, I took on some of the classes of the able but absent Stanford professor of journalism. My custom, for some months, was to teach in the morning and resume editorial writing in the afternoon.

One of my obligations was to meet with the staff of the student newspaper, the *Daily Palo Alto* (or, as we had called it when I was an undergraduate, the *Dippy*; or, as one of our gifted Stanford poets had described it, a sprig of vermicelli on the lawn), and discuss their news problems from the point of view of a San Francisco newspaper man.

I said that although sporting news had reader appeal there were more important things in the world. It was their custom, based on long experience, to give their top, front-page lines

to whomever licked whatever in some intercollegiate game. I said, even a college undergraduate newspaper might remind its readers that there was a war going on.

They regarded me, so I thought, with hostility and alarm. They seemed to want to hold on as long as they could to their undergraduate world of wonderful nonsense. All they ever did, after we got into the war, was to volunteer or be drafted, and risk—and occasionally receive—wounds or death.

But pay any attention to ideas? God forbid! They would not be weaned from their childish preconceptions. Sports were first-page news, and that was where they put them. War was inside news, or no news, and that was where they put it, if anywhere.

I had slightly better luck with my class in Military English. These young men, some of them in Army uniform, some in Navy blue, seemed to understand that it was better to have me as a teacher than to be up on the Western Front or in the Western Ocean, being shot at.

They were brave boys, I knew, though the war ended for most of them before they had a chance to prove it. So I gave them the best I had to offer.

I am getting ahead of my chronology, but it doesn't matter. At the moment all I can clearly recall is that I required my class to purchase copies of a manual of composition then in use at West Point, and intended to teach future officers how to issue written commands in good clear English.

The books were long in arriving, and when they did arrive my motley array of young men who had prudently chosen college in preference to being drafted into the line were beginning to see daylight and freedom ahead. But somebody had to pay for the books. If the students didn't buy them I

would have to dig up the money out of the thirty dollars a week the university was paying me for being, as I think it was described, a lecturer in English.

So I gave my young scoundrels a short but genuine lecture during the second week in November, 1918. "Fellows," I said, and I believe I can safely quote, "it looks as though you wouldn't have to be officers in this war, because there isn't going to be any war much longer. But you should all be ready to write good, clear English, and if you want any credit for this course it would be a wise thing for you to go up to the bookstore and pick up those books."

They did not cheer me but they did as I suggested. I shouldn't wonder if strays and derelicts from my class in Military English weren't trying for years afterwards to write business letters in the West Point dialect.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Friends of Fremont Older

THE BEST time to be at the Older Ranch was in summer, when the light hung on a long time after the early supper, and it couldn't rain, and a young man and his wife could listen to the conversation and maybe ask a question or two.

Nobody lectured. Nobody pontificated at the Older Ranch. People thought out loud, and the thinking was sometimes sad, but not too sad. A philosopher, an actor, a writer, an ex-prisoner, a judge, a politician—it might be anybody sitting there on the Older terrace or in the wide living room, but there was a kind of magic that made them all, each one of them, speak honestly and without pretense.

This was a place from which to wonder about the world, and grieve about it, but not too painfully, and laugh a little, but never maliciously.

The shadows would come in across the valley, the coyotes would do some tentative howling in rehearsal for the later hours, the dogs would stir restlessly, there would be bird noises, and the world didn't seem too ugly or too evil, up there at the Older Ranch.

1

As I dip into some *Bulletin* front pages and editorial pages of those days I am a little startled to notice that they weren't wholly about the war. The truth is, the Pacific Coast as a whole didn't experience the First World War in its bones and blood as stringently as did the Atlantic Seaboard. We trained soldiers and sent them eastward, we ate cornmeal and bought Liberty Bonds, but we were fully aware of the three thousand miles of continent between us and New York.

We didn't think any German submarine would come through the Golden Gate, surface, and bombard the Ferry Building. Therefore, much of our daily living went on as it always had.

Take Wednesday, July 17, 1918. The Germans had made their last great offensive and were about to retreat across the Marne, but there wasn't anything about military movements on our front page. The big, top-head news that day was that Thomas J. Mooney had been taken to San Quentin Prison, where he was scheduled to be hanged on August 23.

A spy plot had been discovered, Congress was about to pass an excess-profits tax to extract what the United Press (not *The Bulletin*) called "the ill-gotten wealth of the contract profiteer," eight thousand machinists had gone on strike in Newark, N. J., and San Francisco barbers had refused to accept a \$25-a-week guarantee from their employers.

On the editorial page I had written a leading piece about Mooney, followed by an attack on the private streetcar company for putting only one man on a car and thus "wantonly

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risking people's lives." In a short editorial at the bottom of the column I quoted Chaucer and said that "this doctrine of the simple, useful life is again coming somewhat into vogue."

On that day, at least, we weren't letting the war bother us much. Or it might be fairer to say we were trying to give our readers a chance to think of something else.

Next day, that is, July 18, I wrote a lead editorial in which I discussed "Standardization and the Individual," but I also gave honorable mention to the war in a piece called "Flood Tide in Picardy" and I had a few words of tribute for Quentin Roosevelt, son of Theodore Roosevelt, who had been shot down in action. In those days, and for a short time thereafter, we often disagreed with Theodore, but who can disagree with the blood sacrifice? Quentin had courage—too much courage, maybe, for if he had been more cautious he might have made it back to the Allied lines when the German fliers swooped down upon him.

I could give more illustrations of how we covered the war. We had the essential news services. If the war grew bigger than a metropolitan murder, scandal, or political campaign we recognized the fact. The great offensives and retreats received the top lines because they deserved them, but the melancholy stalemate of the Western Front, during which thousands of men died as a matter of routine, with nothing saved or gained, we did not dramatize.

The First World War was not a total war in the sense that the Second World War was. Most of the normal existence of the country went on as before.

This situation, as I look back, surprises me. It seemed natural at the time.

Fremont Older, I believe, never did permit the war to

occupy all his thoughts. The important thing it did to him was to add to his growing pessimism. He turned away, toward the books, ideas, and friends he loved. These were his world. He would not surrender it because of a proclamation in Washington.

2

In those last days of the original dream, so soon to terminate, I gave some thought to Fremont Older's friends, why they were such, what there was in common among them, but I never really got anywhere with this thinking. It was not a precise consensus of belief, it was not an agreement as to principles, it was not a background of experience, that linked these men and women who were friends of Fremont Older. It was something in the man that drew them, a native honesty, a proud humility, a searching mind, a hatred of pretense—but still I do not find the formula.

Once, while I was still a reporter, Mr. Older sent me out, on a Labor Day, perhaps it was 1912, to hand a message to a man up near the front of the procession; it may have been P. H. McCarthy, a labor leader of note and one-time mayor. I had been, as heretofore conceded, reluctant to thrust myself forward in crowds, a diffident, self-effacing young man, an egotist turned wrong-side out (which is the worse and most damning side); but as a person coming from *The Bulletin* and from its editor I penetrated the police lines with hardly a hesitation.

"A note from Mr. Older," I said to the fat patrolman on the sidewalk. "A note from Mr. Older for Mr. McCarthy," I told the sergeant at the curb.

They let me go by without question, for they were Mr.

Older's friends. The police and the crooks, the damned and the misbegotten, these and others with different adjectives were friends of Fremont Older because they all thought he played fair with them.

How can I make it clear that Fremont Older, a fanatically honest man, enjoyed the confidence and respect of the professionally wicked and the officially corrupt?

I can't. This generation that did not know Fremont Older will have to take a survivor's word for it. I know only, to take this single instance, that I passed the police lines, ran up to P. H. McCarthy's slowly moving automobile, explained from whom I came, and was received with a genial smile. I faded back into the crowd, but there was a warm feeling in the incident; I was proud then, and would always be proud, to say I came from Fremont Older.

Mr. Older had lost some worthless friends when he pushed the graft prosecution to a point where it embarrassed some rich and powerful men. Before I came to *The Bulletin* he had resigned from clubs that once had been second homes for him; he had done this because too many self-righteous and self-satisfied members would no longer speak to him.

But O the richness of the friendships he made in the places of those he lost! I believe his best years came after he had been abandoned by some of those he had once considered his best friends.

I say friends, but I do not really know all that friendship meant for such a man as Fremont Older. Certainly it ranged all the way from a deep pleasure in exchanging pessimisms with Clarence Darrow to a satisfaction in knowing that the waiter at his regular table at the Palace Hotel would rather have an honest and unpretentious word from him than a tip.

FRIENDS OF FREMONT OLDER

When I met Clarence Darrow in Chicago in 1916 he walked my wife and myself down the platform to board the Illinois Central local train, and the engineer of the steam locomotive that then drew the cars leaned out of the cab to call Darrow's name; and Darrow turned back and shook the man's hand, and didn't say a word about it, but seemed pleased.

Fremont Older had this kind of friend, too. He had friends who betrayed him, friends who saved his life, friends who couldn't understand his ideas but felt his warm humanity. Bums and thieves and millionaires and burglars, politicians honest and otherwise, the salt and the dregs and the dust of the earth—all these were friends of Fremont Older.

He had also one special kind of friend: men who had once been his enemies, but who came to him for help in their hour of need. The former District Attorney who had been exposed and denounced in *The Bulletin* for his arrogant corruption, the same man who had once met Older in the lobby of the Palace Hotel and struck him a foul blow that knocked him down—this man came in his unhappy later days, and Older forgave him and gave him all the help he could.

3

I met some of Older's variegated calling list, professionally and once in a while otherwise. Once Mr. Older sent me to talk with Rudolph Spreckles, the maverick son of the renowned sugar family. Rudolph had quarreled with the rest of the tribe, and had then proved that the money-making instinct was as strong in him as in them. He had done well and then turned, to a certain extent, into a liberal.

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Mr. Older desired me to absorb and judge Rudolph's philosophy. He didn't tell me what to think about it. He never told me what to think about anything.

I had a long talk with Rudolph Spreckles, who probably understood what Mr. Older was up to and took some trouble with me on that account. Rudolph said he didn't believe in allowing large fortunes to accumulate and be passed on. He said this was bad in a democratic society, and might ultimately ruin it. But he did believe in incentives. He said more, but this is what I surely remember. He was a handsome man, with a well-trimmed moustache and the obvious good will that sometimes comes from not having to worry about the next meal or the next diamond stick-pin.

I said, what limits did Mr. Spreckles think ought to be placed on the size of fortunes? How much ought a man to be allowed to accumulate before the law came in and sat on his diaphragm and took the rest away from him? The law does this now, under the quaint disguise of an income tax; I wonder about it, when I see the way some persons throw money around in such cities as New York, but I don't really know; I suspect that to a certain extent ingenuity is being rewarded in spite of everything.

Rudolph didn't foresee all this, any more than I did. He remained calm, as did I. Finally he said, ten million dollars would be about all right, not too much, not too little.

I took this answer back to Mr. Older, with some other details. Mr. Older reflected briefly, and then said: "Rudolph *has* about ten million dollars."

I then went out into the news room, where all was quiet except for the clucking of the telegraph instrument at my right, the clacking of typewriters and the cackle of tempo-

rarily disengaged reporters telling what they thought were funny stories. I went out there, found my own idle typewriter, and wrote an editorial on how green the California hills became in spring—something like that, not concerned with ten million or any number of millions of dollars.

A different sort of friend from Rudolph Spreckles was Jack Black, an ex-burglar, who was more comfortable to talk to, day in and day out, than Mr. Spreckles. Jack had been a sort of reign of terror, as we newspaper people liked to say, just before the earthquake and fire of 1906. Every crime committed in San Francisco during the first three months of that year was ascribed to Jack Black, though I doubt that he committed all of them. The fire had burned up the record of the only case in which the district attorney had any evidence, and Older got Judge Dunne to take Jack's guilty plea in return for a cut-rate one-year sentence to the state prison at San Quentin.

No one who knew Jack after he had served his brief term and emerged to become a lifelong friend and follower of Fremont Older could associate him with a reign of terror. He was a resolute man, but not a violent one. Indeed, he was gentle in his ways and speech. His gift as a professional criminal had been to get what he wanted by his native wits and his acquired agility.

Once he was at the Older ranch on a night when the outside, upstairs shutters started banging in a high wind. Refusing the offer of a ladder, he went up the outside of the house like a rock-climber, clinging to small cracks and crevices, and got the shutters fastened in a jiffy.

After Mr. Older went over to the *Call*, Jack Black worked as a circulation man, and his friendships in the world he had

abandoned but still knew so well were sometimes helpful to him when competition grew lively.

Later he wrote a book called *You Can't Win*, which had at least a limited success. It dealt with his career in crime and sustained the thesis that he could have earned more by honest labor than he ever earned or acquired by the other kinds of exertion. And he could have. Crimes of the sort Jack Black committed were not really well-paid.

Jack was an honest, witty, and communicative man. He also had a fierce sort of pride, which compelled him to mention, some time in any conversation with a stranger, long after he had reformed, that he had once been in prison.

I wish I could bring back some of his personality. It was rich and understanding, full of the flavor of earth. He was, after his fashion, a good man.

Jack was a professional—and in a way proud of it. I wouldn't say the same of the young man called Donald Lowrie, a gifted, sensitive, imaginative, troubled creature who came to Mr. Older on parole for some offense against the monetary system. I think Don had been a forger, or perhaps an embezzler. He came of what we called a "good" family, which doubtless meant a family with a reasonable amount of money.

Don's misdeeds must have arisen from a compulsion he couldn't control, not from a necessity of a more tangible sort. He had, perhaps without realizing it or understanding it, a quarrel with society.

Yet he was gentle, much thinner-skinned than Jack Black, much less at home in rough company. I think he made a father out of Fremont Older. Indeed, most of us youngsters on *The Bulletin* did that. Don seemed to feel a sort of safety

in *The Bulletin* companionship that gradually developed as Mr. Older found that Don could write and led him to write his own life story.

I feel now a sense of guilt about Don Lowrie, not for anything I did but for something I thought. I couldn't be Socrates, St. Francis, or—which was far more important to me—even a passable imitation of Fremont Older.

Don had enough confidence in our good will to suggest to George West and myself that the three of us, being at the moment bachelors, join in taking an available apartment in Berkeley, across the Bay, a pleasant ferry ride from San Francisco. I said that would be fine. George said it would be fine. I knew then, and I think now, that Don would have been good company—and would have paid his bills and dealt with more than the usual scrupulousness in monetary matters.

He would have had to, just as he would have wanted to. An extra penalty for having broken the law once is that you must never break it again—under heavier penalties and because you will always be a suspect. Don wouldn't have hurt his trusting friends, any more than we would hurt him.

And yet I did hurt him—not by any word but in my thoughts, possibly by a hardly visible hesitation. The plan fell through. I didn't push it. I merely said yes and did nothing. The three of us, all under thirty, more gay than otherwise, except in the dark hours around four in the morning, could have gotten on cheerfully together. It just didn't happen that way.

My sense of guilt comes from the fact that when all this became impossible I felt a sense of relief that I wasn't going to be rooming with a friend, a human being no better and

no worse than myself, a man of great gifts, a man who had been sick in one way as I had been in another, a man who had been unfortunate in one way as I had been in other ways, only my luck was better than his; I wasn't going to be rooming with an ex-convict.

Don Lowrie would forgive me, if he could, wherever, if anywhere, he now is. It might even make him feel better to realize that we who never got caught breaking the statute law often and often broke the older law of Christian charity and humility.

I have wondered if Fremont Older would ever have spoken kindly to me again if he had known what was in my well-meaning but not heroic heart. I wonder if he should have. But I think maybe he would have forgiven me, for what he chiefly hated was not cowardice, to which all of us are subject, but hypocrisy and lies.

I never said or did anything to hurt Don Lowrie's pride. I cannot do so now, for he is long ago dead. But perhaps I was as good an example as could have been found, if anybody had known the whole truth, of the infinite evil that society does when it sets out to punish men for crime, and in degrading such men besmirches itself. For what had been done to Don Lowrie corrupted me, too. It made me a coward, it made me afraid to give him the unreserved friendship he needed for his heart's ease, from all of us—and that he got, with no reservations, from Fremont Older.

Lowrie disappeared and died—in jail, for a repetition of his old offense. I think he could have been saved if more of us had been more like Fremont Older.

Evelyn Wells, in her biography of Fremont Older, tells how he sent her to help Lowrie write his last story as he lay

dying of tuberculosis in an Arizona prison. She quotes what Older said: "No power on earth could save Lowrie. Men like Donald Lowrie are different. In their making something went wrong. They are like cripples, stumbling along. Their minds are diseased. But we don't punish men for having smallpox. We don't blame them for being cripples. Why then for crime?"

Older himself, in the years when I knew him, never punished anyone for anything. The closest he came to that was when he praised men (and women) for good work and was silent or uninterested when their work was indolent or poor.

4

Older used to like to shock people by quoting somebody who had said, all women were good but some married for a lifetime, some for a few years, some for a night or an hour.

He had the romantic belief that all women, in our defective society, wished to have a man support them. If one man wouldn't or couldn't they had to rely on more than one. Thinking as he did, he could not regard prostitution with abhorrence, so far as the women were concerned, but only with pity. The prostitutes were the unlucky ones who hadn't been able to make a good bargain. He couldn't abide the men or the system that profited by these poor bargains, but that—though we all knew the names of the important sex merchants in San Francisco—was another story.

Mr. Older thought, in the beginning, that prostitutes of all varieties outside the law, were men's victims, seduced by poverty. That was what they usually said, when asked. He decided later that some women, not liking the "life" (that

was what they called it, the "life"), preferred it to other kinds of work available, and that a few actually liked it.

But he detested having any of God's creatures (supposing, as he did not often do, there was a God) set apart from others because of a manner of living forced upon them; he detested self-righteousness in any form; he assailed the Christian churches for not being more charitable and more helpful with sinners. What, he thundered, were churches for?

Churches weren't ever so bad, I now believe, as Older (and my old teacher, Thorstein Veblen) maintained they were. The trouble with churches was that they were composed, on the visible side, of human beings; and human beings, in and out of the churches, were weak and fallible and subject to instincts that were already being analyzed by Dr. Freud. Churches were social as well as religious institutions. What was a church congregation going to do with persons who came to a service and didn't smell good? Turn them away? Or see that they had bathrooms in their flats?

But Older thought that the men and women who ran the churches were self-righteous, as some of them were. Jesus was kind and just with the woman taken in adultery; that was what the New Testament said. What were the churches doing—all the churches, all the denominations—to show themselves as kind and just as Jesus was?

That was the sort of question Older asked. He was a man for asking questions, and I was often glad I wasn't the pastor of a fashionable church or the secretary of the Y. M. C. A. I preferred to be a bewildered editorial writer who had nothing to lose by wondering about the same things Older wondered about.

At any rate, after Older had concluded that the churches wouldn't do anything about prostitution, he decided to see what he could do about it. The first thing was to study the problem and publish the findings. Older said he did this to gain circulation, and it did help to get and keep readers. But Older didn't believe all that he himself said. He didn't live up to his own professed cynicism. I don't believe he ever went into a crusade of this kind without his heart going further and faster than his judgment.

One reason I feel sure of this is that one day, as I was finishing my afternoon's work, Older came out of his office, through Carl Hoffman's cubbyhole, into the news room. He had been talking, as I learned, with a woman labeled, for purposes of concealment, Alice Smith (the same as an old friend of my mother's, so that my mind jumped back to some happy days in Vermont); and he was crying—not shame-facedly, as men do cry sometimes, but without the slightest embarrassment. The abundant tears were running down his face.

Ernest Hopkins wrote that woman's story, and I wrote a few editorials about prostitutes. What we hoped to do I don't know. Possibly I was young enough to believe that if the whole truth were brought out there would be no more prostitution. Older wasn't that young, naturally.

We did manage, with plenty of ink and paper, to stir up some sympathy for girls who had fallen into the "life" and didn't like it. For those who liked it there wasn't much to be done. And I don't suppose that men who were accustomed to buying sex as they bought liquor or groceries would have wished to have the system abolished.

Perhaps we did manage to make life a little more difficult

for some of those real estate men and other entrepreneurs who were making a profitable business out of catering to men's procreative instincts.

But we didn't abolish prostitution. The system changed somewhat during the following years, as women gained more freedom and influence. Some of the professionals later complained bitterly that there was a new kind of unfair amateur competition.

I remained sorry for prostitutes—though, except as they came into the office to see Mr. Older, I didn't know any. I was an extremely good young man as I moved through the muddy maelstrom of San Francisco's lower depths.

It all depends on what is meant by goodness, of course. There are various kinds.

5

Wars and other international upheavals did not take all our attention. In the midst of the fighting we went right on supporting what we held to be domestic good causes. The impulse toward a more humane society outlasted the drive to fight and kill. The golden time for social progress in the United States was before the First World War—golden because we hoped so much and dreamed so much. Progress didn't stop between the two wars, nor after the second war, but after the second war fear kept step with hope. You didn't dream any more—you planned. And the plans were either suspect because the common enemy used the same word or because you hadn't put the project through a superhuman calculating machine.

In the second part of the second decade we were in a hurry to make the world better in every possible way. It

was as though the hounds were on our heels, and the years, and even the days, too few.

We never gave up our opposition to capital punishment (and I still, to this day, oppose this kind as well as other kinds of murder); I know how Fremont Older would have reacted to the case of Caryl Chessman, executed at San Quentin after twelve years of agonizing delay; Mr. Older would not have extenuated the crimes Chessman was condemned for committing, but neither would he have given his consent to the cold-blooded butchery of the gas chamber.

Once *The Bulletin* helped organize a twenty-four-hour protest meeting against a pending execution. This meeting went on, out of doors, just off Market Street, night and day, at a time of year when it couldn't possibly rain, though the fog could come in, and did. I didn't make a speech, but my friend and fellow-toiler Ernest Hopkins did, and many a well-known San Franciscan reformer.

It was an unforgettable experience to pass by that meeting, at whatever hour of the day, or night, and find it still going on, and people stopping to listen. San Franciscans loved a show, especially a free one, and though ours was at times a turbulent city it was neither cruel nor foolish—qualities anybody needs if he is to be enthusiastic about capital punishment.

This campaign was, like several others, a failure. The man who was going to be hanged was duly and legally done to death—partly because he had murdered somebody and partly because he did not have money enough to hire the best lawyers.

We kept on being friendly to labor, and in that campaign had more luck ultimately than we had bargained for. But in

the beginning, before one or two labor leaders learned to imitate the bad manners of the old-time bankers and presidents of railroads, the right was wholly with us, and the lust for, and delight in, freedom.

One leader we supported, and I with all my heart, was the late Andrew Furuseth, who organized the seamen's union and did more than any other man—except, possibly, Robert La Follette the elder—to rescue American sailors from slavery. The word *slavery* is not a figure of speech.

Once I went down to the waterfront to talk with Furuseth. He lived in a sailors' rooming house on the Embarcadero, facing the piers. If he looked out of his one narrow window he could see the ships coming south past the Ferry Building to dock—the beautiful ships, as I thought of them then, the romantic, hell-driven ships, with so much glory about them and so much shame.

Furuseth was accustomed to say, and he said again to me, an audience of one, on that occasion: "They say they will get out injunctions against me, or bring charges, or put me in jail. Maybe they can do this—I don't know. I have done nothing that I know of that is wrong. But I say to them, if they put me in jail they cannot put me in a smaller room than this one, they cannot make me wear poorer clothes than I wear now, they cannot make me eat less food or plainer food than I eat now."

This was good oratory when addressed to a crowd of discontented sailors. But Andrew Furuseth did not say it to me as oratory but as truth; he was one of the Lord's anointed, and nobody could frighten him or bribe him. The words, the man, and the little room come back to me sharply, after all the years. I have wondered, traveling as a pas-

senger on today's American freighters, what Andrew Furuseth would have said if he had foreseen typewritten menus, with two or three choices of entrees, offered alike three times a day to deck hands and to officers.

It was said that each time the La Follette bill came up Andrew Furuseth and Captain Robert Dollar, the one a labor leader, the other a successful operator of steamships, used to go east together, and, when opportunity offered, have conversation. They fought each other but, it was reported, they respected each other.

And when Furuseth and La Follette finally got the bill through Congress, the merchant marine, though it shivered under the shock of justice and democracy at sea, did not collapse.

6

Such were our crusades. We were part of a great pilgrimage that during those years was setting out for some ill-defined Holy Land, some Jerusalem that never was, or could be; our connections ran through Denver and Chicago eastward to New York City; there was, as I now see, a kind of freemasonry of Americans who believed in a more perfect—even a completely perfect—democracy, and were untainted by the sort of rot and betrayal that in time came to be called Communism.

We dreamed and hoped, even Fremont Older, the avowed pessimist.

We were, as we believed, in favor of all good things: the greater dignity of the working man; the strikers, most of them, in those days when most strikes failed; the public ownership of the streetcar system in San Francisco and

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possibly of the railways in general; we were for prison reform as well as against capital punishment; we didn't believe anybody was wholly good or wholly bad, but if anybody had too much money and was also bad we took after him like a pack of Siberian wolves. We were patient with what Bernard Shaw called the undeserving poor, but not with the undeserving rich.

It was a proud thing to be working for *The Bulletin*. I remember a lunchtime conversation with "Hoppy" Hopkins, in which we agreed that ill-paid though a *Bulletin* writer (or any other rank-and-file newspaperman) was, we were never ashamed to say, "I'm from *The Bulletin*." It was a distinction to belong to something anybody recognized at a mention—even those who detested *The Bulletin* had to admit it amounted to something.

Mr. Older had one of those ideas that only a good editor, an editor in love with journalism for its own sake, could have; he decided to get out a series of special issues, each one edited by the representatives of a particular group or party. To show the breadth of his choices, I may say that he included the Chamber of Commerce as well as the I. W. W., the Socialists, the Single Taxers and the embattled women who had made up their minds that their place was not exclusively in the home.

These special editions were put out on Saturday—not so dull a day as it is now in most afternoon newspaper offices; not dull, because more people than now worked on that day, or part of it. These special editions helped pick up circulation when it might have slacked off.

As I recall, the editors of these special issues took over the whole paper, even playing the news to suit themselves; but

of course their special concern was with the editorial page. The result was, I had an extra holiday one day a week during this period, for I wasn't like the fabulous Chicago editorial writer who could, at a moment's notice, do an editorial on any subject, taking any desired position and pointing any desired moral.

It did bother me a little when the Chamber of Commerce used part of what was usually my space to publish an editorial attacking labor unions. But neither would I have gone all the way with the Socialists, the Single Taxers or the harassed, annoying but somehow amusing I. W. W.

We didn't have any Communists that we knew of, and so there wasn't a Communist edition. Mr. Older would have had one such if it had been possible, though he might have drawn back after the Communists began to be so careless with other persons' lives and liberties.

Such was the sort of newspaper *The Bulletin* was in those days. It possessed what long afterwards came to be called egghead qualities, and at the same time it went out for large circulation. Possibly the eggheads read our stories about prostitution and ex-convicts because they seriously wanted to make this a better world. And possibly the non-eggheads or anti-eggheads wanted to learn more about the seamy side of life because they couldn't afford to indulge in it.

At any rate, this series of experiments must have improved our circulation, just as Fremont Older calculated. If Mr. Older could have gone on doing good and also increasing circulation he would have been the happiest man in the world.

But he couldn't do this. The power of my college acquaintance, the ambitious Loring Pickering, continued to increase.

The kind of *Bulletin* he hankered to produce was not the kind Fremont Older was producing.

Loring's ideal newspaper was one that somewhat resembled Loring, reflecting his tastes, his prejudices, and his desire to be liked and admired by the right people. The trouble was, as he later learned, that there were not enough Loring Pickerings in the world, and not enough right people, to make that formula profitable.

But Loring set to work, in his artless and I am sure entirely honest way, to destroy what Fremont Older had created.

7

Loring set to work, that is, to demolish our Tower of Jewels. That is the way it looked to me, and that must have been the way it looked to Fremont Older, though he wouldn't have used such a sentimental figure of speech. A Tower of Jewels is a valuable property. Everybody should have one. Every newspaper should have one. Every politician should have one. And every poet.

You can sell stocks and even issue bonds on a Tower of Jewels, if it is a good tower, well-conceived and well-constructed. What makes a newspaper? Certainly not the presses or the building or any system or apparatus. What makes a newspaper is a soul—and the thing I mean by the Tower of Jewels in this connection is the soul of the old *San Francisco Bulletin*, all its hopes, all the trust it created among its readers, all of Older's yearning to do right by the readers and by humanity.

Loring Pickering, unhappily, did not have the same architectural tastes. His Tower of Jewels was not ours. He was

not born or educated in our philosophy. He was born and educated to inherit a newspaper—but not our sort of newspaper. And nobody can really inherit a newspaper. Whatever the judge of the probate court may say, there is another court, a court of public opinion, a court of righteousness, a court of fair play and mutual trust.

Loring thought he had inherited a newspaper. He had not done so. Nobody could, no saint and no sinner. All Loring or anybody else could inherit were the physical qualities and attributes of a newspaper, a building, machinery, a circulation that could shift overnight, a staff that could put its hats on and go elsewhere whenever it was so inclined. You had to deserve to inherit *The Bulletin* in order to inherit it; Loring Pickering, a puzzled and baffled young man, as I am sure, a young man of some courage and a few abilities, as I am also sure, did not deserve to inherit precisely the kind of *Bulletin* Mr. Older and his staff had been producing; he did not deserve to inherit it because he did not know what it was all about, he did not know its value.

Its value! How could you measure that, in dollars? How could you measure the value of a trust you did not really respect, and which, if possible, you meant to change into something else?

Loring was influenced by the threats of advertisers—and I hardly blame him now, for in those days in San Francisco advertisers did make threats and did start movements and conspiracies to influence the news and editorial policies of newspapers. Fremont Older could subdue those advertisers by making *The Bulletin* so popular with their customers that they simply couldn't afford to stay out of it. Loring's inclinations, perhaps backed by his natural conservatism, or

whatever one chooses to call the tendency to hang on to money and position, was to get advertising by doing what the advertisers desired. Or, more often, not doing what they disliked.

If his Stanford education had sunk in a little deeper Loring might have understood that advertisers, like reporters, editors, and publishers, want to take in a little more than they put out; this is called the capitalistic system, alias human nature.

What Loring did not seem to see was that if a newspaper publisher really did what a small number of his most important advertisers wanted him to do he ran the risk of producing a dull newspaper. And there is no way in a relatively free country to make anybody read a dull newspaper.

Wise advertisers eventually found this out; they preferred profits to control; they learned to put their advertisements in newspapers that did not sell out, even to the biggest advertisers.

I am not saying, of course, that Loring sold out. He just tried to make the kind of paper he and his friends liked, which wasn't the kind Mr. Older and his staff had been producing. The result upset Mr. Older. It also ruined *The Bulletin*, both as a newspaper and as a source of revenue.

It may be that Loring got more fun out of having a newspaper suited to his own tastes, for a short time, than having one that didn't suit his tastes, for a longer time.

He may have suffered for his beliefs, just as I, to some extent, suffered for mine. Certainly *The Bulletin* suffered.

I should have perceived what was going on during the two years before Fremont Older left *The Bulletin*. I should

have realized that Older, strong man though he was at the beginning of his sixties, was being frustrated and worn down.

I should have known this when Loring began occasionally issuing orders to me directly and making a personal quarrel out of my objections to them. This was like the Colonel skipping the captain and the lieutenants and going over their heads, or under their feet, to the company sergeant.

The trouble was that we young persons on the staff had made a kind of god out of Fremont Older—not a God with veiled attributes, or whom we feared, but an indomitable force. We could not conceive his being weakened or defeated. We underestimated the persistence and thrust of my old classmate, Pickering.

Neither then nor later, did I see any better way to run a newspaper than to have it privately owned by individuals seeking, among other things, an honest profit; I didn't, and don't, see any sense in government-owned newspapers, or newspapers financially committed to definite groups or parties, or newspapers nobly dedicated to losing money in good causes. Such publications are organs, not newspapers—and they shouldn't pretend to be what they aren't.

But it was certainly inconvenient to have Loring Pickering, armed with a power he could not have nakedly summoned, interfering with what Fremont Older and his devoted followers were doing to make *The Bulletin* not only a paying proposition but also a democratic instrument.

Mr. Older had passed the point where he merely wished to earn a comfortable salary—though a salary was about all he had on which to maintain his lovely acres above the Santa Clara Valley at Cupertino. His investment in *The Bulletin* was an immaterial one, it was an investment in

ideas, and in spite of his deepening pessimism, an investment in hopes.

Older did not talk to me about his troubles—the gap in years and experience was too great—even though he would trust me to express his thoughts for him. I would see him in the office almost every day, and sometimes on the train, as he went to or from Woodhills Ranch, and there might be some mention of Loring Pickering and Mr. Crothers but never a word of his deeper apprehensions.

Older, who hadn't provided for his old age except by good deeds and friendships, who could never be counted on to have loose change in his pockets because he gave it away so fast, must have been afraid of being cut off from useful work, at an age when work of any kind wasn't easy to find. The fact that this could be so was a symptom of the sickness of the journalism of that period.

Word of his trouble got around. Everything got around in that Florentine atmosphere, with its fiercely beating pulses and its tumult of voices and whisper of many muffled undertones. As Evelyn Wells has recorded, Hearst and Edward W. Scripps both made Older offers, which he refused. He couldn't bear to leave the city and state he passionately loved, nor to abandon *The Bulletin* so long as he had any control over it.

The crisis came in the summer of 1918, when Pickering ordered Older to drop his fight for the liberation of the innocent, if sometimes obnoxious Tom Mooney. Older couldn't do this. For him justice was an impersonal thing. He had acquired a real liking for Abe Ruef, the convicted boss whom he had worked so hard to get out of jail, but he would have worked just as hard if he hadn't liked him. If

men could be hanged in the state of California for having bad manners or halitosis or the wrong opinions who would be safe?

On July 16, 1918, seven years less one day from the time I first went to work for *The Bulletin*, Mr. Older wrote a letter to Mr. Crothers resigning his position as managing editor. He must have done this with infinite personal sadness, for these two men, however wide apart in their beliefs and even in their notions of what was ethical in a newspaper, didn't hate each other. They had grown elderly together. If Mr. Crothers had been left to his own inclinations he would have grumbled more than he did at some things Older did—he always had grumbled—but he wouldn't have let Older go. Pickering was not only ready to change policy but refused any kind of guarantee if Older, after twenty-four years of service, were to remain on the paper.

So Mr. Older wrote to Crothers, though the man he was really addressing was Pickering.

"More than two years ago," he said, "you began to show hostility to nearly all of my activities as Managing Editor, and the feeling grew upon me, from day to day and week to week, that there was very little left that I could do to hold the paper to the course it had pursued for many years. . . .

"Intellectually and emotionally I have been deeply interested in the old policies of *The Bulletin*. . . . But even though I had chosen them as a matter of economic expediency, and had held the same views on labor and capital that you do, my newspaper judgment would still have impelled me to hold the paper firmly in the path it had

been travelling for so many years. But you will that there should be no further advocacy of, or sympathy with, the causes that had grown so dear to me.

"You had a legal right to make this decision. I have at all times recognized that right; but while recognizing it I continued for a long time to hope that I might be able to persuade you at least to let a dim light burn in The Bulletin window—not to snuff it out as you have done, and leave us in utter darkness.

"Even though I have thus far failed to convince you that you should be more in accord with my views, I feel that our close personal relations, extending through so many years, might have inclined you, though unconvinced, to yield somewhat to my views, and I might go on with the struggle, if I had you alone to deal with. But the influence of your nephew is growing upon the conduct of The Bulletin. He now owns a one-quarter interest and will ultimately own it all. As you well know, he is hostile to me and to everything that I represent. . . . He will eventually have his way. Thus my usefulness to you is at an end. . . .

"It may be that the old policies of the paper, which were so dear to me, were only dreams, but they have taken such a firm hold upon my imagination that I must cling to them to the end. I have gone too far to turn back. I should get lost on the way.

"Parting from you and The Bulletin after twenty-four years of intimate association is a tragedy, but I see no other course."

Evelyn Wells says that Crothers, after the first shock of reading this letter, remarked, "Why, we've been like brothers." Then he added, "Well, anyhow, I'll save ten thousand

dollars a year on his salary."

But, as Miss Wells comments, "The Bulletin before many years would be losing \$125,000 a month."

9

Mr. Older called me into his office to tell me what had happened and that he was moving to *The Call*. He didn't say Mr. Hearst owned *The Call*, and in legal form Mr. Hearst didn't yet own it. The Hearst name went on the masthead about a year later. I think Mr. Older was sparing my feelings deliberately, suspecting that after writing so many editorials complaining about Mr. Hearst's papers and policies I would find it hard to adjust.

I learned about the Hearst connection soon enough, but not from Older. When it came my time to work openly for Hearst I was really working for Mr. Older, and some of my old antagonism to Hearst vanished—not all, but some.

Hearst had seemed to me reckless in his drive for strong action against Mexico, but, as Older pointed out in one of his first statements when he took over the editorship of *The Call*, Hearst was then for a number of things we on *The Bulletin* had always supported: municipal ownership, liberal labor legislation, prison reform, the abolition of capital punishment, the initiative, referendum and recall, and other portions of the package that we Progressives in California had wrapped up and offered for approval.

But what happened first, after Older had told me the story, was that there was a lapse of some weeks between the time he left and the time he was ready to have me come over and join him on *The Call* as his editorial writer. And this was one of the most fantastic periods I ever lived through.

Mr. Older said to be patient, but this wasn't easy.

In the first place, Mr. Crothers decided that three editorial writers would be better than one—especially if I were the one. He thereupon brought in two new men, fortunately both good friends of mine, to help me. At first we all sat together, with our typewriters, at a big table in Mr. Older's former office: Maxwell Anderson and Charles Lapworth, a British newspaperman who had been in labor journalism in London, and had only recently escaped from some sort of writing for the Hollywood films, for which he professed a great horror—and myself.

We had a sort of wordless understanding with Mr. Crothers that while we weren't to write anything to which we knew he or Loring Pickering would object they weren't to order us to write anything to which we, in our turns, objected. The result was peculiar.

We three got on well together, marveling at Mr. Crothers'—and Loring's—folly in keeping us on the payroll. The work was easy, because, whereas I had previously had to do about nine hundred words a day, each one of us now did about three hundred. The trouble was to seem busy, but we somehow managed that, too.

What we wrote I don't now remember. I have had to go back to the files of *The Bulletin*—so much less than *The Bulletin* I had known and loved, yet still appearing under the old banner that had waved so valiantly over many a lost and many a victorious field—to clear my memory.

We sat there, day after day, for some weeks, and wrote, with unavoidable pauses for a smoke and a chat and a bit of wonderment about the world and the Paper. I can't recall to whom we turned in our copy. Perhaps we gave it to the

dilapidated managing editor who replaced Fremont Older, as a mild summer shower might replace a thunderstorm; a managing editor who appealed to our sympathy in his excessive caution and who really wanted to put on circulation but didn't know how.

One day Charlie Lapworth looked at me across the table, after I had tossed him the copy or proof of an editorial I had been writing. "That," he said, "is belles lettres." He smiled sadly. "You do it well," he went on. "Maxwell does it even better. I do it passably. But it isn't journalism."

"Mr. Crothers," I replied, "doesn't want journalism. He wants belles lettres. That is why we three are here. Let us eat while we can."

So we ate while we could.

We kept open the shades of the window opening on Market Street and looking across to the Phelan Building. In one of the offices in the Phelan Building, perhaps the very one where the gunman had once lain in wait to shoot Fremont Older and hadn't been able to work up his courage or willingness to do it, there were girls—pretty girls, we hoped, for they took an interest in us. Since one of us was prematurely bald and the others slightly year-worn, this seemed unreasonable. I see now that what happened may have been caused by curiosity and the spirit of mischief rather than by admiration.

At any rate, it was one of these young women's pleasures, when the sun was right, to try to flash reflections into our eyes with hand mirrors. I wish I could tell them now, in case they are still all alive and all young and lovely, that we liked this. We had to laugh and imagine, and not let ourselves be mourners, in this time of our relative youth,

at the feast of the mighty dead.

It was not Fremont Older who was dying. He had much more work to do, and would do it. But a newspaper is a living thing to those who have put their hearts into it, and when it grows old, or weary, or ill, or begins to die, the heart breaks with it, it is a personal bereavement.

It was that way with *The Bulletin*. I felt it more than the other two, having lived with the paper so long, but beneath the occasional gaiety, even with Maxwell Anderson and Charles Lapworth, those lovable cynics, there was a profound grief.

The time came when Mr. Older had made his arrangements with Mr. Hearst and was ready to take over *The Call*. He sent for me and mentioned the terms and the date. We didn't bargain, for I knew that what he could do for me he would do. I believe Mr. Crothers was then paying me \$55 a week—a raise of five dollars for not writing what Mr. Older would have wanted me to write—and Mr. Older said it would be a sin to move without at least a token additional raise, and got me \$60.

I gave Mr. Crothers a few days' notice—more notice than it was then customary for a newspaper management to give its staff members when it wished to get rid of one or all of them.

Mr. Crothers gazed at me with what I think was real regret. He wasn't comfortable under the new system, not even with the ancient managing editor who was supposed to build up circulation by getting the very best people to read *The Bulletin*. Mr. Crothers was a real conservative, down to the last rib. He liked to leave things the way they were, even though, as in the case of Mr. Older's favorite

policies, he hadn't liked them the way they were.

"You're going with Older," said Mr. Crothers reproachfully. I am glad to recall that he respected me enough not to try to bribe me with some fantastic salary offer—\$65 a week, perhaps. Or maybe Loring Pickering had let him know that though Loring would do almost anything for a fellow Stanford graduate he wouldn't begin with me.

"I'd rather not say where I'm going," I replied politely. "Shall we say I've had another offer."

That was what we did say. I went, with one more look about the dear, ugly old city room—and Older's office, that he'd inhabited so long and from which his personality was not easy to dislodge.

Not much had changed during the seven years I had been around there. The city room was still deep in cypypaper, as the day went on and as reporters writing their stories threw away the lead paragraphs and started over again. Reporters would keep on doing that, even though the paper went to hell and the sky caved in.

I said my good-byes. Some of these friends I would see again, but not so often as before. There would be a gap between them and myself, once I was on another and competing newspaper.

It tore my heartstrings to leave the old room for the last time. I felt loyal to its very furniture, the battered desks, the typewriters I mustn't use any more, the rickety chairs that might collapse under you if you weren't careful. These were our weapons, these were our accoutrements, these were the chargers upon which we had ridden to battle. This drab room in a dingy building was shot through and through with romance.

In Older's room, as I stood looking through the open door, I could see where he had sat during the hours of so many years, smoking his heavy cigars, swivelling in his chair to face each visitor, staring out the window when he was puzzled, thoughtful, or sad.

But often he would lean back until the crown of his bald head touched the wall; and in time this had left an observable stain. This was his unconscious signature, this was his unacknowledged halo, this said that Fremont Older had passed that way.

I couldn't bear to stay any longer. I packed up my few bits of reading-matter, scraps from a desk drawer, not much for seven years of writing, and walked over to the office of *The Call* to report to Mr. Older.

FAIR

NO VOTE TAKEN AT DAY SESSION

Final Data In
Has Not
by

In the late hours of the day, the Prison Directors in which he urges a plan originated by himself for a self-help organization among convicts.



Abraham Rueff.



WAY N

1000 LOIMER "JACPO"

Witness Tells Conversation
in Which Payment
Was Aided.

WASHINGTON, July 17.—The \$100,000 legislature "jack" about which revolved charges and the election of Senator Lorimer in the testimony at the open today's hearing before the Senatorial committee.

William Burgess, agent and treasurer of an electric company of Duluth, Minn., testified before the Helms investigating committee of the Illinois Senate that on a running out of Duluth about March, C. F. Wiehe, who is associated with Edward Hines, told him that "there was a jackpotted to elect Mr. Lorimer; I know I am talking about, because I subscribed \$10,000 to it myself."

Mr. Burgess testified today about this conversation, said he and Wiehe had not before that day. They began conversing in the smoking car.

Burgess said he made a remark about the Lorimer election, which finally led to the man, whom he said, was "a jackpot for Lorimer."

Shortly afterwards, according to the witness today, Wiehe said: "There was a jackpot for Lorimer election. I know what I am talking about, because I subscribed \$10,000 to it myself."

"Didn't you think strange that a perfect stranger should make a confession of whole corruption to you?" asked Senator.

CHOLERA

Fourteen-Year-Old G
Victim of Dread E
at New York

NEW YORK, July 17.—A fourteen-year-old boy, a victim of dread cholera from the New York continued today, was expert helping the local department. The 240 persons who arrived here two weeks ago on the steamer Moltke and are in quarantine will undergo examinations and a more time will be enforced at land, where fifteen cases are confined, with under suspicion.

Another death from cholera occurred at the Swinburn hospital during the night, the sixth. The latest victim, a fourteen-year-old boy, died today. The boy, who was from Hoffman Island, where a steamer Perugia from southern Europe, is still at the hospital, while he passed observation.

SITUATION

These cases, with the have occurred since the germ here from the reality of the danger from the epidemic in southern Europe.

While nothing ever panic exists here now receiving greater attention H. Doty, health officer, has felt called on to issue a statement.

Dr. Doty says that cholera can be received in one way through the mouth—and that there is no danger in ordinary contact.

R. L. DUFFUS

In the foreword of one of his books, R. L. Duffus wrote: "I long ago resolved I would never write anything in the autobiographical line if I could help it. I haven't been able to help it." This is a fortunate failure, for Mr. Duffus's reminiscences reveal the most important facts about his life, and somehow they illuminate one's own past experience as well. He has recreated in two earlier books small-town life not only as it was in Vermont but anywhere. In *Williamstown Branch* he remembers his boyhood in the little village of Williamstown, Vermont, in 1898; and in *The Waterbury Record* he reminisces about the year 1905 when he had his first newspaper job. For just \$6.00 a week he arose at 5:30 to sweep out the shop of *The Waterbury Record and Stowe Journal*, deliver the morning paper from Burlington and do all sorts of jobs for the paper which included interviewing celebrities who came to town and writing local stories. His first reporting assignment was a review of the high school play in which he starred.

After receiving his M. A. from Stanford University in 1911, Mr. Duffus continued his career as a newspaperman and worked as a reporter for *The San Francisco Bulletin*, about which we read in this book. In 1913 he became an editorial writer for the *Bulletin*, later for the *San Francisco Call*, and in 1919 he went to work for the *New York Globe*. Since 1937 Mr. Duffus has been a member of the editorial staff of *The New York Times*.

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